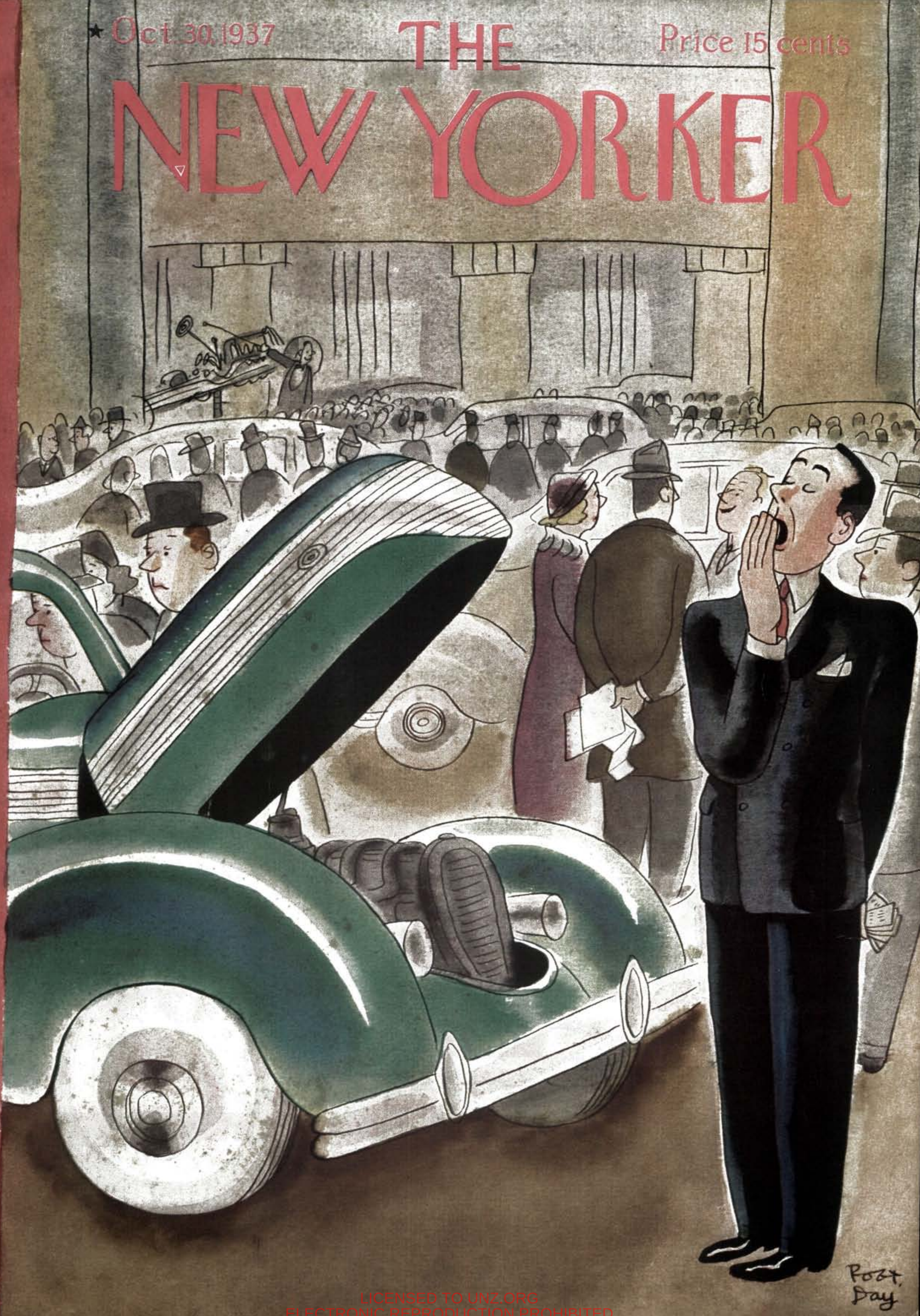
★ Oct. 30, 1937

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



All aboard for luxury

IN THE BIG IMPRESSIVE NEW LOW-PRICED STUDEBAKER OF 1938

YOU PAY SO LITTLE FOR SO MUCH MORE

THE NEW MIRACLE RIDE of the 1938 Studebaker is an unforgettable experience in relaxed comfort. Independent Planar Wheel Suspension with finest Hydraulic Shock Absorbers is standard on all models.

THE NEW MIRACLE SHIFT available at slight extra cost on all new 1938 Studebaker Commanders and Presidents gives you nothing new to learn. You shift more easily but in the accustomed way and the floor is completely clear.

IN the face of generally rising prices, Studebaker has spent millions for dies, tools and new equipment in order to introduce the lowest priced Commander and lowest priced President in Studebaker history . . . in addition to a great new low-priced Six!

Never since Studebaker automobiles first were built . . . and that covers a lot of time and a lot of cars . . . has so small an amount of money bought you so much impressive Studebaker luxury and fineness as you will get in any 1938 Studebaker model.

And to top that off, you'll get a Studebaker that's completely new . . . with body, chassis, appointments, advancements and performance the last word. A car with the balanced, clean-cut, functional simplicity of modern skyscraper architecture! And it's one of the handful of truly outstanding cars in economy of gasoline and oil!

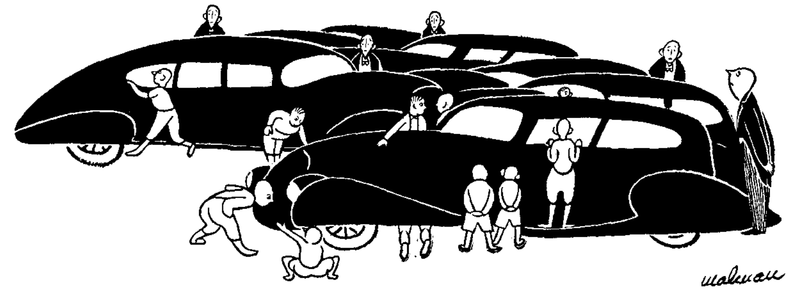
Go to the nearest Studebaker salesroom now and see and drive these low-priced luxury Studebakers of 1938. If you do, you'll give yourself a real advantage in your search for the utmost in 1938 car value. Sold on C. I. T. budget plan. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

New low priced luxury

STUDEBAKER OF 1938

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abbey Theatre Players—The excellent company from Dublin in a repertory of Irish plays. "The Far-Off Hills," Lennox Robinson's delightful comedy, continues through Sat., Nov. 6. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" and "In the Train," a one-act play by Frank O'Connor and Hugh Hunt, are announced for Mon. through Sat., Nov. 8-13. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. Mat. Election Day.)

Angel Island—George Abbott very generous with actors, scenery, and bloodshed in the season's first mystery play. Probably all right for its special public. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220.)

Brother Rat—If you take the word of two graduates of Virginia Military Institute, life at that institution is just chockablock full of fun and baseball. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Election Day, 2:45 P.M.)

French Without Tears—Three gentlemen conspire to avoid a predatory lady, while also learning French. Frank Lawton, Marcel Vallée, and Penelope Dudley Ward in a rather uneven English comedy which is funny on the whole. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs.)

George and Margaret—A gentle eccentric old English couple try to understand their modern children. Agreeable if you overlook the fact that you have heard most of it many times before. The cast includes Irene Browne and Morland Graham. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230.)

Having Wonderful Time—One of the nicest plays imaginable, dealing with honest kids in love and on vacation in a Berkshire camp. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546. Mat. Election Day.)

Room Service—Very, very funny explanation of the fact that you don't need money to produce a play. Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Teddy Hart, and Eddie Albert are in the cast, and George Abbott is the gifted director. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M. Extra Mat. Election Day.)

The Star-Wagon—Maxwell Anderson, talking rather nervously, takes us all back to 1902. Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish give admirable performances, both with and without gray hair. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540.)

Susan and God—Gertrude Lawrence and Rachel Crothers collaborate in producing one of the funniest and most terrible women in years. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Election Day.)

To Quito and Back—An author (Leslie Banks) and his secretary (Sylvia Sidney) find themselves involved in a very talkative South American revolution. Ben Hecht's play produced by the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

Tobacco Road—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870.)

The Women—Not a man in the cast, but, oddly enough, this tale of New York-Reno life doesn't need one. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and lots of others, all good. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390. Extra Mat. Election Day.)

Yes, My Darling Daughter—As pleasant a little comedy of mother love in the face of modern sex problems as you will find. Highly recommended. Lucile Watson, Violet Heming, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Election Day.)

You Can't Take It with You—There is a plot in this, something about a young couple trying to get married, but the main point is that everyone in it is crazy and very funny. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969. Extra Mat. Election Day.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Many Mansions—A play by Jules Eckert Goodman and Eckert Goodman, with Alexander Kirkland, Flora Campbell, Gage Clark, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353. 8:45 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

Babes in Arms—Light musical show with a nice score by Rodgers and Hart, and a cast of youngsters, including Mitzi Green, Ray Heatherton, and the Nicholas Brothers. (Majestic, 44, W. CIrcle 6-0730. Mat. Election Day.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

As You Like it—Dwight Deere Wiman presents the Surry Players in Shakespeare's play. The cast includes Katherine Emery, Shepperd Strudwick, and Anne Revere. Opens Sat., Oct. 30. (Ritz, 48, W. CIrcle 6-0480. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Election Day.)

Amphitryon 38—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of the Jean Giraudoux play. Opens Mon., Nov. 1. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

I'd Rather Be Right—George M. Cohan as the President, in a musical comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, with songs by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Opens Tues., Nov. 2. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114. 8:30 P.M.)

Golden Boy—The Group Theatre's production of a play by Clifford Odets, with Frances Farmer, Luther Adler, Jules Garfield, Phoebe Brand, Morris Carnovsky, and others. Opens Thurs., Nov. 4. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. 8:30 P.M.)

Julius Caesar—Shakespeare's play in modern dress, score by Marc Blitzstein, with Orson Welles, George Coulouris, Joseph Holland, and others. Opens Sat., Nov. 6. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-8444. 8:30 P.M.)

MISCELLANY

The Fireman's Flame—Burlesque melodrama depending for its effect altogether on your state of mind. You can ply yourself with drink while watching it. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 8-3355. Nightly at 9.)

French Theatre—André Barsacq's Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company in Labiche's "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon": Nov. 1-5, at 8:30 P.M.; Nov. 3 and 6, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

Cornelia Otis Skinner—Presenting her dramatic monologues uptown: Sat. Eve., Oct. 30, at 8:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116. UNiversity 4-3200.)

WPA Productions—"Processional," revival of the John Howard Lawson play. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Weekdays 8:30 P.M.; no Mats.) . . . "A Hero Is Born," a fantasy by Theresa Helburn, based on a fairy tale by Andrew Lang. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:30 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.) . . . Eugene O'Neill's cycle of four one-act plays of the sea, "Moon of the Caribbees," "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," and "The Long Voyage Home," with an all-Negro cast. Scheduled to open Fri. Eve., Oct. 29. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TIllinghast 5-1424. 8:30 P.M.)

For Children—Clare Tree Major's Children's Theatre Company in "Daddy Long Legs": Sat. Aft., Oct. 30, at 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.) . . . WPA Children's Festival of Art, Music, and Theatre. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Performances Oct. 30 and Nov. 6, at 10:30 A.M.; Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 2, and 6, at 2:30 P.M.; Nov. 1, 3, 4, and 5, at 4 P.M.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe—Final performances by De Basil's distinguished troupe. "The Gods Go A-Begging," "Choreartium," and "Le Coq d'Or": Thurs. Eve., Oct. 28. . . . "A Hundred Kisses," "Symphonie Fantastique," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Boutique Fantasque": Fri. Eve., Oct. 29. . . . "The Gods Go A-Begging," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Jeux d'Enfants": Sat. Aft., Oct. 30. . . . "Jeux d'Enfants," "Petrouchka," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Prince Igor": Sat. Eve., Oct. 30. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Le Beau Danube": Sun. Aft., Oct. 31. . . . "Francesca da Rimini," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Boutique Fantasque": Sun. Eve., Oct. 31. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-1200.) . . . Program not announced: Mon. Eve., Nov. 1. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room. Dress preferred.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the music in the Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—One of the smaller and more intimate places. George Sterney's and José Rodriguez's orchestras play in the Mirror Room.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—This perennial East Side favorite has Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Essex Casino, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Richard Himber and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras and songs by Betty Bryant.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Phil Grey's orchestra and the Conga Cubans.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100)—General Lodijensky is in charge of the Guard Room, where Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dancing until 10 P.M.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—The Neptune Room is open for dinner dancing only. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. Dress preferred.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The attractive Persian Room offers music by Eddy Duchin and dancing by Paul Draper. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The current show here features Sheila Barrett, Dario and Diane, and "Senator" Ford. Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Must dress. . . . Eddy Rogers' orchestra plays in the adjoining and informal Rainbow Grill.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The Crystal Garden opened recently with Rudolf

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

ANNALS OF CRIME 43

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW 64

BOOKS 93

THE CURRENT CINEMA 89

FOOTBALL 79

MUSICAL EVENTS 61

POPULAR RECORDS 62

OF ALL THINGS 36

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:

PARIS FASHIONS CABLE 82

FEMININE FASHIONS 82

ABOUT THE HOUSE 84

OUT OF TOWN 76

THE RACE TRACK 91

THE THEATRE 34

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? 28

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 37, Oct. 30, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

News of Plymouth's Great New 1938 Car

IT'S AN EXCITING CAR TO SEE..TO DRIVE..NEW RICHNESS OUTSIDE AND INSIDE..NEW COMFORTS AND DRIVING EASE..MORE VISION..AMAZING VALUE!

PLYMOUTH'S STORY

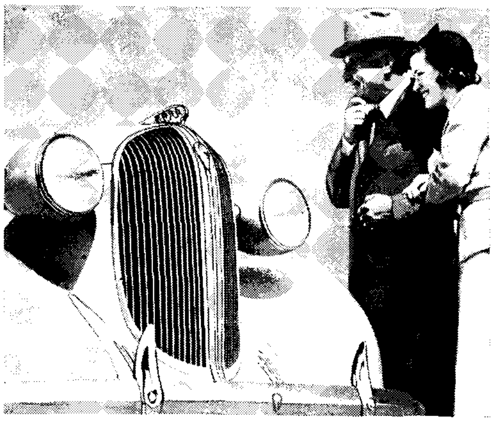
The new 1938 Plymouth celebrates a really outstanding record!

10 years ago Plymouth was introduced. People found it had *more* beauty, safety, economy. They *bought* by the *thousands.*

No car has ever risen *so fast!*

The 10th-year Plymouth is here ...the greatest car we've built. Be sure to see it...*and drive it!*

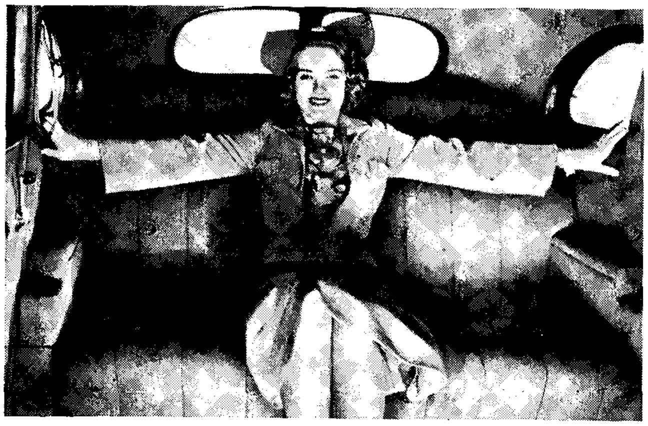
AMAZINGLY EASY TO OWN. The Commercial Credit Company offers very low terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.



1 **Step Up Close and Look** at this beautiful, new 1938 Plymouth! The radiator is new in contour ...look at that long hood! Headlights are larger.

2 **See How Easy** it is to adjust the front seat. It *rises* as it moves forward.

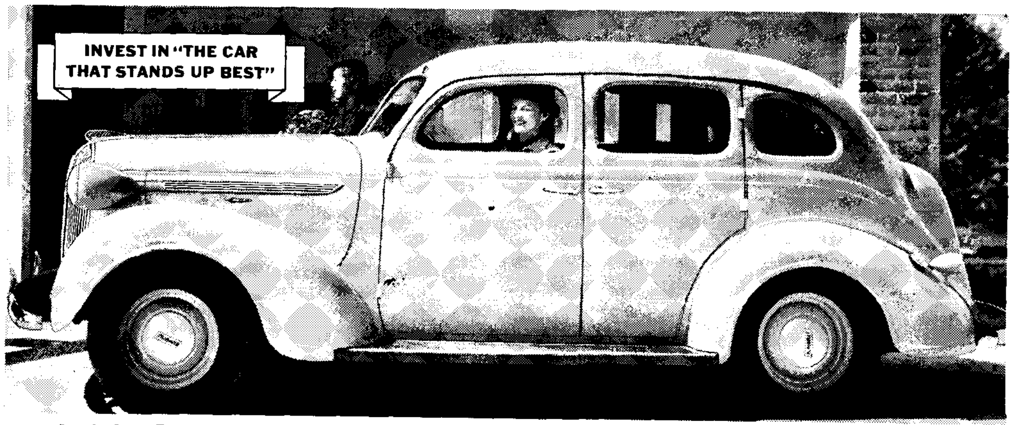
3 **This is News, Too!** Instruments are easier to read...and the hand-brake is out of the floor and under the panel.



4 **Stretch Out!** Enjoy the greater elbow room, head room and leg room. The whole car "floats" on Amola steel springs, with airplane-type shock-absorbers and live rubber body mountings.

5 **Hear a Watch**—Plymouth is sound-proofed like a radio studio!

6 **Look at the Trunk!** Besides the tremendous extra room, *it is fabric-lined!*



7 **Isn't it a Beauty? The New 1938 Plymouth!** The *only* low-priced car with Floating Power engine mountings...*double-action* hydraulic brakes ...an all-steel body. Go see and drive *"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

See the 1938 Plymouth

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friml, Jr., and his orchestra, and Ralph Rotgers and his tango-rumba band; dances by Jack Holland and June Hart; songs by Hildegarde. Dress preferred.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dinner and supper dancing.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Erwin Kent's and Ralph Gonzalez's orchestras alternate in the Restaurant de la Paix.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has Emil Coleman and his orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, has Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske sings his merry songs at midnight.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PLaza 3-0200)—Meyer Davis's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular and usually overcrowded before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Walter Feldkamp and Gus Martel.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Entertainment by Mark Plant, Gali-Gali, and others; dance music by Maximilian Bergère's and Val Ernie's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The handsome Sert Room offers music by Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, songs by Eve Symington, and dances by the comical Hartmans. Must dress.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000), has Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and an ice-skating show.... Benny Goodman's orchestra plays in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000).... Lani McIntire provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48 (WIckersham 2-4400).... Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (VAnderbilt 3-6000).... Paul Rebucci plays in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34.... Isham Jones plays in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.... Eddie Lane is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31.... Gene Fosdick plays at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 49.... Frank Novak is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54.... Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56, has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue.... Bill McCune plays at the "61" Club of the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights.... Mon Paris, 142 E. 53, features Charlie Murray's orchestra and the Coral Islanders.... Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has entertainment by Reed Lawton, Rafaelo Diaz, and the Yanyego Voodoo Dancers.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might stop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Madison Café, 15 E. 58; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Château Moderne, 42 E. 50; and Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has an elaborate and entertaining show, "Folies Bergère." Lou Breese's and Joe Rines' orchestras play for dancing.... The new International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, three orchestras, and other attractions.... Two other places with plenty of floor show are: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 6-5960).

Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra.... Jack White and Pat Harrington are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Sid Reinherz's orchestra, and a show featuring Margie Hart.... Tommy Lyman sings at The Oaks, 127 E. 47 (ELdorado 5-9624).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 7-1000), has Cab Calloway and a fine, big show featuring the Nicholas Brothers, Avis Andrews, and others.... The Harlem Uproar House, B'way at 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), has Erskine Hawkins' orchestra and a lively colored revue, with Bobby Evans and others.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Leo and his Spirits of Rhythm; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans and the Three Peppers.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Lou Ferris's orchestra.... Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has entertainment by Miller, Adams, and Glazer.... The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show.... The Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and the Village Barn, 52 W. 8, are pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners.... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sul-

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.]

Hill's on Nov. 2) at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271).... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: La Conga, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757), a new place, with Pancho and his orchestra; there's also Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269); and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644).... Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (CIrcle 7-6435).... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784).... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833).

ART

BIDDLE—Recent paintings and lithographs by George Biddle: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—American Impressionists, including Twachtman, Cassatt, Hassam, and Weir. Also, Egyptian and Assyrian Collections: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

CERAMICS—Sculptural and functional work by contemporary American ceramists, including the examples assembled by the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts for exhibition abroad: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 1 to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 7.

EILSHEMIUS—"All of Eilshemius," work done from 1844 to 1915; includes some appealing early canvases: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN MASTERS—Choice small pictures by Delacroix, Degas, Ryder, Homer, Luks, and others: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

GOYA—Complete "Tauromachia" and other prints: Keppel, 71 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

GROUP—Show of the younger group, including Guglielmi, Fredenthal, etc.; and of the elder group, including Marin, Sheeler, O'Keeffe, etc.: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

GUYS—Rare water colors by this still insufficiently appreciated master: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 6.

JAPANESE—Metalwork, Nō masks, and textiles. Also, accessions from excavations at Nīshāpūr: Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

KISLING—Feminine types, by an able painter with a smart attitude: Findlay, 8 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

KLEE—The Swiss painter and his influence. Also, works by Kandinsky and Picabia: East River Gallery, 358 E. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

LEHMBRUCK AND MODIGLIANI—Sculpture by the former; twenty-five drawings by the latter: Buchholz, 3 W. 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; starting Mon., Nov. 1.

LIEBERMANN—Prints and drawings by a leading German Impressionist once called "the apostle of ugliness": Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

MCCRADY—The "American Scene" in paintings by a young Mississippian with a keen sense of humor: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

MODERN MUSEUM—The Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection of modern painting and sculpture, and some recent acquisitions, including Van Gogh and Dali. Also, sculpture by William Edmondson and a small architectural exhibition, "The Town of Tomorrow, 1937 and 1927": Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M.

MONASTERY—George Grey Barnard's collection of French Medieval art, including superb Romanesque: 698 Ft. Washington Ave. Open weekdays 12 noon to 4 P.M.

MONET—Paintings by Claude Monet: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

PICASSO—Twenty years in the evolution of Picasso, 1903-1923: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; starting Tues., Nov. 2.... Twenty paintings, through 1937: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; starting Mon., Nov. 1.

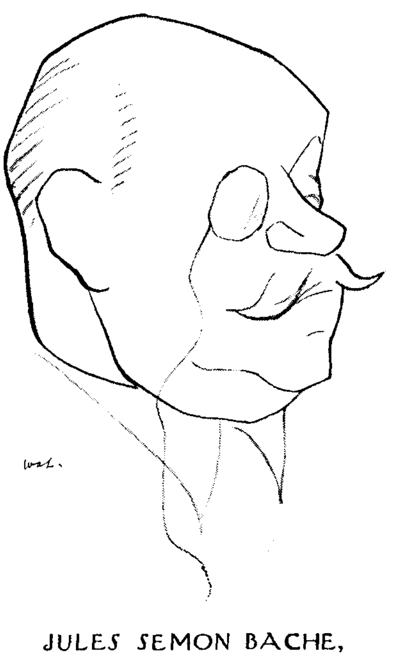
POMPON—Animal sculpture by François Pompon: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; starting Mon., Nov. 1.

REVIEW—Retrospective show of Surrealists and Neo-Romanticists in a Surrealist gallery. Includes Dali, Chirico, Eugene and Leonid Berman, Tchelitchew, and Ernst: Julien Levy, new gallery, 15 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. An exhibition of portraits by Pavel Tchelitchew opens Tues., Nov. 2.

WPA—A lively show of water colors and drawings by Avery, Ganso, Opper, Markow, and others, in a new gallery: Federal Art Project Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

MISCELLANEOUS—Water colors by Andrew Wyeth: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Flowers in water color by M. Schaetzel: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Water colors by Walton Blodgett: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Recent paintings by Lucile Blanch: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... Paintings by Frances Ferry: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 1.... Water colors by Minnie Belle Hutchinson; and undersea paintings by Ostrova: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Portraits by Dario Rappaport: Newhouse, 5 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Paintings by Minna Citron: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 4.... *Paintings by Joe Jones*: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.... Paintings by Theodore Lux: Nierendorf, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.... Decorative panels by Charles Prendergast: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... Paintings and sculpture by George L. K. Morris: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Nov. 1.... Four Rhode Island painters: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Paintings by Edmund Ashe: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Sculpture by Sally Ryan: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.... Drawings by Thomas Hart Benton; and a group show of paintings by Missouri artists: Associated American Artists, 420 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 6.... Group show: Uptown Gallery, 249 West End Ave. at 72; through Nov. 5.... Drawings by Herb Kruckman, New School, 3rd floor, 66 W. 12; through Oct. 30.... Water colors of water fowl and game-bird shooting: Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 E. 52; through Oct. 30.... "Sport-

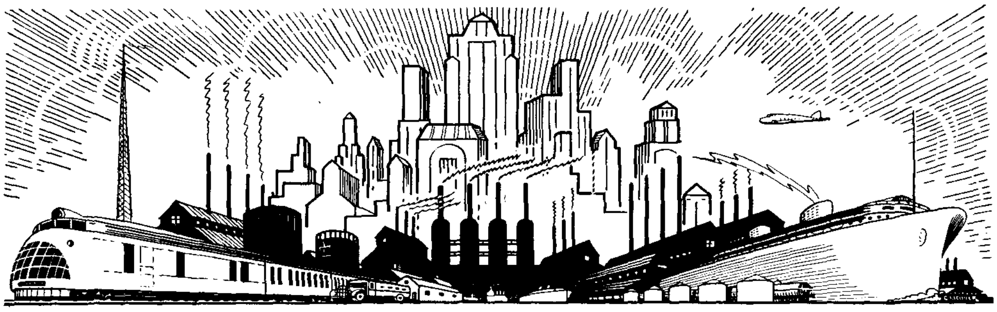
● ●



JULES SEMON BACHE,

who has presented the State of New York with an art collection valued at $10,000,000, housed at 814 Fifth Avenue and to be opened to the public in November. Since the federal government took back his collection of twenty-dollar gold pieces, Art has been his only outlet. He frequently gets up in the middle of the night to admire a masterpiece, preferably a Rembrandt of the late period. He plans to continue living in the same building with the pictures. The current wisecrack about the collection

BIG BUSINESS—NO. 3



Machines Make Jobs

THE increasing use of machines in industry has not destroyed jobs. It has created them.

When automobiles were made virtually by hand and the price was high, few people were employed in the motor business. But as mass production methods reduced prices and expanded the market, employment increased. Today the motor industry, directly or indirectly, accounts for the employment of 1 person out of every 6 at work in this country.

Higher wages have always followed increasing use of machines. When the United States was using $23 worth of machinery per capita, Great Britain was using only $10 worth and paying 1/3 the American wage. Germany was using $9 worth and paying 1/4 the American wage. China was using 5 cents worth and paying 1/20 the American wage.

It costs American industry approximately $8000 in capital investment to buy the machinery and tools needed to provide a job for each worker. In some industries such as railroads, the capital investment per worker is as high as $26,000.

18 of the major industries of today have been wholly developed since 1880. They would not be in existence except for technological advancement. Those 18 new industries today account, directly or indirectly, for the employment of 1 out of every 4 people at work in the United States.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

BANK OF NEW YORK & TRUST COMPANY

48 *Wall Street* · *New York*

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

New York's First Bank *Founded in* 1784

Copyright 1937--Bank of N Y & Trust Co

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A. Langdon: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Oct. 30. . . . Paintings and drawings by Charles Cagle: Tricker, 19 W. 57; starting Nov. 1.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

RICHARD TAUBER—Second recital by the eminent tenor. Viennese songs come at the end of the program: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 30.

BARTLETT AND ROBERTSON—One of the ranking two-piano couples. Several novelties: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Oct. 31.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—His first recital in town this season: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:45.

AMPARO ITURBI—Making her first New York solo appearance; also, début of Ossy Renardy, violinist: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Morn., Nov. 5, at 11:30.

EUGENE LIST—An unusually gifted young pianist: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 6.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 28, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 29, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 31; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 6, at 8:45.

CANADIAN CHOIR—Lord conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 29.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—*Beethoven Concert*, Federal Symphony, Sokoloff conducting: Sun. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:45. . . . Composers' Forum-Laboratory, works by Quinto Maganini: Wed. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:45. . . . Mozart Opera Concert, Greenwich Orchestra and soloists: Fri. Eve., Nov. 5, at 8:45.

OPERA

HIPPODROME OPERA COMPANY—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 8:15 P.M.—"La Traviata," Tues. Eve., Nov. 2; "Aïda," Wed. Eve., Nov. 3; "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 4; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Nov. 5.

SALZBURG OPERA GUILD—At the 44th Street Theatre, 44, W. of B'way—Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," Sat. Eve., Nov. 6, at 8:40.

SPORTS

BOXING—Pete Sarron vs. Henry Armstrong, featherweight championship; and other bouts: Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8:30.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Oct. 30—Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Army vs. Virginia Military Institute, West Point, 2 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, 2 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Providence, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M.

Sat., Nov. 6—Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Navy vs. Columbia, Annapolis, 2 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . *Fordham vs. Purdue*, Polo Grounds, 2 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Lehigh, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M. . . . Manhattan vs. Detroit, Ebbets Field, 2 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Joseph's, Lewisohn Stadium, 2 P.M.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or 8 Ave. subway. . . . Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: take B.-M.T. Brighton subway to Prospect Pk.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games leave: for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., *12:10 P.M. (special train)*; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon and 12:10 P.M.; for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R.R., 11:03 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11:30 A.M. and 12 noon; for Boston, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for Annapolis, take B.&O., W. 23 St. ferry, 8:10 A.M., to Camden Sta., Baltimore, and change there for Annapolis.

HUNT RACES—Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Sat. Aft., Oct. 30, at 1:30. . . . United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, L.I., Tues. Aft., Nov. 2, at 2. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:20 P.M.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—N.Y. Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Oct. 31, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn vs. Washington, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, Sun. Aft., Oct. 31, at 2:30.

RACING—Empire City, Yonkers: races daily at 2:30 P.M.; *through Sat., Oct. 30.* (Special train leaves Grand Central at 1:20 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The National Automobile Show: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, daily through Wed., Nov. 3. Open weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 10:30 P.M. . . . General Motors also has a show at the Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49, *through Nov. 3, 10 A.M. to* 12 midnight.

HORSE SHOW—The National Horse Show: Madison

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.]

PUBLIC BALL—The Horse Show Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Nov. 6.

POULTRY SHOW—The Poultry Industries Exposition: Port Authority Bldg., 8 Ave. at 15, Tues., Nov. 2, 2 to 10 P.M.; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 3-5, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 6, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—"Changing New York," an exhibition of photographs by Berenice Abbott. Also, "New York Theatre Productions as Photographed by Vandamm, 1923-1937": Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M. . . . Exhibition of work by American photographers, sponsored by U. S. Camera: Mezzanine Gallery, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 31.

RUGS AND CARPETS—An international exhibition of contemporary industrial art: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—American Indian basketry and blankets; also American furniture and decorations, the property of Mrs. Charles T. Baisley: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 29 and 30, at 2. . . . The library of the late Hon. Frederick Spiegelberg: Wed. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:15; Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 4, at 2 and 8:15.

At the Imperial Galleries, 23 W. 47—The property of Bertha Glemby Keller, including antique furniture, silver, porcelains, books, Oriental rugs, and jewelry: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 28-30, at 1.

NOTE—On Election Day, Tues., Nov. 2, the polls will be open from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

ARTURO TOSCANINI—Conducting the B.B.C. Symphony in an all-Brahms program: Sat. Aft., Oct. 30, at 3:30, WEAF.

BIDU SAYAO—Soprano soloist with the Ford Symphony, Ormandy conducting: Sun. Eve., Oct. 31, at 9, WABC.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—"As I See It," informal comments on the contemporary scene: Tues. Aft., Nov. 2, at 4:20, WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times are P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Leo *Reisman, 7:30, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's* Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. March of Time, 8:30, WJZ. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 9:30, WOR. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. "Essays in Music," Victor Bay conducting, 10:30, WABC.

FRIDAY—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour, 2, WEAF-WJZ. Margaret Daum, 6, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Kitty Carlisle, 10, WABC. *Dorothy Thompson*, 10:45, WEAF.

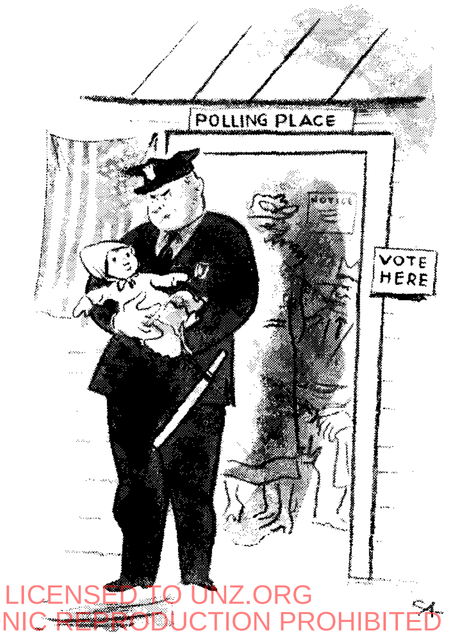
SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11:30 A.M., WABC. Football scores, 6:35, WJZ; 7:20, WEAF. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7, WABC. Jack Haley, 8:30, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. "Silver Theatre," 5, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, 5, WJZ. Sheila Barrett, 5:30, WEAF. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Oxford Ensemble, 7, WQXR. Jeanette MacDonald, 7, WABC. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. General Motors Concert, 8, WJZ. Tyrone Power, Jr., 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Richard Crooks, 8:30, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, 9, WJZ.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth, 9:30, WEAF. Benny Goodman, 10, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 4, WABC. *Gilbert and Sullivan Operas*, 7, WQXR. Eddy Duchin, 8, WJZ. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Walter O'Keefe, 9, WEAF. André Kostelanetz and Deems Taylor, 9, WABC.



MOTION PICTURES

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—Eddie Cantor's nonsense—half New Deal and half Arabian Nights—with tunes. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Thurs., Nov. 4; continuous from 11 A.M.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—A minor business with a few nice touches here and there, thanks to Eleanor Powell, Sophie Tucker, and one or two *other bright mortals. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14;* through Thurs., Oct. 28.)

CLUB DE FEMMES—Dannielle Darrieux in a French film of considerable interest that has, however, been sadly cut by censors. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

DEAD END—An expert version of the play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart, and the six original youngsters. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 28-29. . . . Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 29-31. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 30-Nov. 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 2-4.)

THE FIREFLY—Those fine old prewar Friml songs, with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones to sing them, but be prepared for too much plot and palaver. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE GOOD EARTH—A beautiful film of Pearl Buck's China, its farmlands, plagues, and famines. With Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Oct. 28-Nov. 3. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Oct. *28-Nov. 1.)*

THE GREAT GARRICK—A rather agreeable affair of costume and nonsense, with Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—This is a fine "life" film, exciting right through the Dreyfus Case to the end. Much thanks due to Paul Muni, and also to Joseph Schildkraut. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; *daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also* Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

MADAME X—Our old friend again, and all her agonies. With Gladys George and John Beal. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Sat., Oct. 30.)

MAYERLING—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer give us their picturesque, romantic, and tragic version of the great affair. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:52, 4:44, 6:36, 8:28, and 10:20 P.M.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL—Stokowski adds a fine touch to this. With Deanna Durbin. (RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; through Thurs., Oct. 28. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Nov. 1. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Oct. *29-Nov. 1. . . . 8th Street Playhouse*, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Fri., Oct. 30-Nov. 5. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 31-Nov. 2. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—The somewhat antique romance done in a big way, with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Oct. 28-Nov. 1. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 29-30. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 2-4.)

THE ROAD BACK—Not actually a successful film of *the Remarque novel, yet with superior moments* that give some suggestion of postwar Germany. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 29-30.)

SARATOGA—Race-track life, but only of interest because of the Jean Harlow scenes. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 2-3.)

STELLA DALLAS—King Vidor's direction, and several fine actors, lift this old and improbable story of *mother love to a position among the year's best.* (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs., Oct. 28. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 29-Nov. 4. . . . Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 3-4.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—A handsome résumé of the more familiar anecdotes of the Queen's life. With Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; Thurs. through Wed., Oct. 28-Nov. 3; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

REVIVAL

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair's witty

Home!

in PULLMAN Safety and Comfort

When the business trip is done, home seems the dearest spot on earth. To the man who uses Pullman in his business, it's certainly his choice for this most important journey of all—back to home and those he loves! He has, too, the added satisfaction of knowing that the family which he left behind has had not one anxious moment, no fears for his sure return! They know he's safe—he rides in Pullman safety and comfort.

PULLMAN — The Safest of Transportation Not a passenger or employe fatality in a Pullman car in nearly three years. And whatever the weather, you can depend upon Pullman to get you there. With this dependability, Pullman combines the essence of travel comfort—a deeply restful bed by night, club-like ease in daytime travel, cleanliness throughout the car, and in air-conditioned cars, controlled atmosphere that's fresh and invigorating. The inexperienced traveler appreciates travel by Pullman, for there every effort is made to create an inviting, homelike feeling of ease and relaxation.

You'll be surprised at Pullman's reasonable costs. Over 50% of all overnight journeys made are approximately 300 miles. For a lower berth this costs but $2.50. For a whole single occupancy section but $1.00 additional, or $3.50. The examples quoted are merely to show the reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations only, and do not include rail fare. For longer distances, of course, prices are in proportion.

You can enjoy Pullman's excellent service throughout the United States and in some parts of Canada and Mexico. Ask your ticket agent about it, or write for full information.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY

Copyright 1937 The Pullman Company

Give Your Mouth this NEW *Beauty Treatment*

Whiter, cleaner teeth and healthier gums

. . . at the Touch of a Button

SOLD AT

New York City
Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
B. Altman & Co.
Arnold Constable & Co.
Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Inc.
C. Klauberg & Bros., Inc.
(Hotel Biltmore & Woolworth Bldg.)
E. J. Layley, Inc.
(Grand Central Terminal)
Lewis & Conger
Lord & Taylor
Munsch-Protzmann Co.
(Ritz-Carlton Hotel)
Stern Bros.
A. Uhl & Co., Inc.
John Wanamaker
(And other leading Department Stores)
Brooklyn, N. Y. ....Loeser's
Hartford, Conn., The Harvey & Lewis Co.
Boston, Mass.
Adamo Drug Co.
(Hotel Statler & Parker House)
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Jordan Marsh Co.
R. H. Stearns Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Bailey, Banks & Biddle
A. Pomerantz & Co.
John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gimbel Brothers
Joseph Horne Co.
Singer Pen & Gift Shop
Baltimore, Md.
Hochschild-Kohn & Co.
Hutzler Brothers Co.
Washington, D. C.
Becker Leather Goods Co.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Mayflower Pharmacy
Raleigh Haberdashery
Shoreham Hotel Drug Store
Woodward & Lothrop
Columbus, Ohio. .F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Cleveland, Ohio
The Higbee Co.
Wm. Taylor & Son Co.
Toledo, Ohio. The Lamson Brothers Co.
Bellefontaine, Ohio. C. A. Diener, Jewlr.
Lima, Ohio.......Hughes & Son, Inc.
Akron, Ohio
The M. O'Neil Co.
The A. Polsky Co.
Detroit, Mich.
The J. L. Hudson Co.
Tuttle & Clark
Wright, Kay & Co.
Chicago, Ill.
Von Lengerke & Antoine
The Fair
Mandel Brothers
(And other leading Department Stores)
Indianapolis, Ind. . .H. P. Wasson & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn. . .Miller Bros. Co.
Nashville, Tenn. . .The Cain Sloan Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. . . .The Dayton Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.....The Boston Store
Omaha, Neb. . . .J. L. Brandeis & Sons.
San Francisco, Cal.
The White House
The Emporium
Charlotte, N. C. ....Efird's

Here at last is a tooth brush that provides *positive cleaning action*—no electricity used; safe for children and grown-ups — the Zerbee ROTATING Tooth Brush, designed in cooperation with, tested and approved by dentists, who agree that it heralds the dawn of a new day in Mouth Hygiene and the early control of gum diseases and tooth decay.

Here is a real Aid to Beauty—a new type of tooth brush that cleans teeth with amazing efficiency. You'll be fascinated by its gentle, thorough action — and the ease with which it operates.

And you'll be thrilled by the results. How much whiter your teeth look! How their beautifully polished surface gleams and glistens! How delightfully clean your mouth feels.

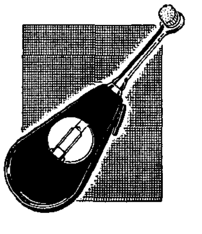
Look in your mirror after using the Zerbee ROTATING Tooth Brush and you'll see that each and every tooth surface, inside and out, front and back, and even *between the teeth* as far as the tongue can reach is CLEAN. For that little revolving brush sweeps away all film deposit, tobacco stains and destructive decaying accumulations an ordinary tooth brush cannot hope to reach.

See this new brush at any of the stores listed at the left. Or sent postpaid on receipt of check or money order if your dealer does not have it.

The world's finest tooth brush and it looks the part. All exposed metal parts Chromium Plated. Handles of beautiful "Lumarith" — Blue, Green, Rose, Black, or Ivory.

$10.

THE Zerbee ROTATING TOOTHBRUSH CO., INC.
Bellefontaine, Ohio



NON-ELECTRICAL • SAFE WITH WATER • 100% SANITARY

Mohair Velvet

SWINGS WIDE THE DOOR TO NEW LUXURY

AS YOU look inside the 1938 cars graced with Body by Fisher, your appreciative eye perceives a sleeker, softer, smoother upholstery than you've ever known before . . . It is a modern Mohair Velvet upholstery that provides a new "living-room luxury" of looks and of comfort . . . The slide-easy surface of this richly colorful, closely woven fabric is easy on clothes and is easily cleaned. Its porous back provides a cooler ride in warm weather—a more comfortable one in any season. And, despite its softness, this modern Mohair Velvet upholstery is durable almost beyond belief.

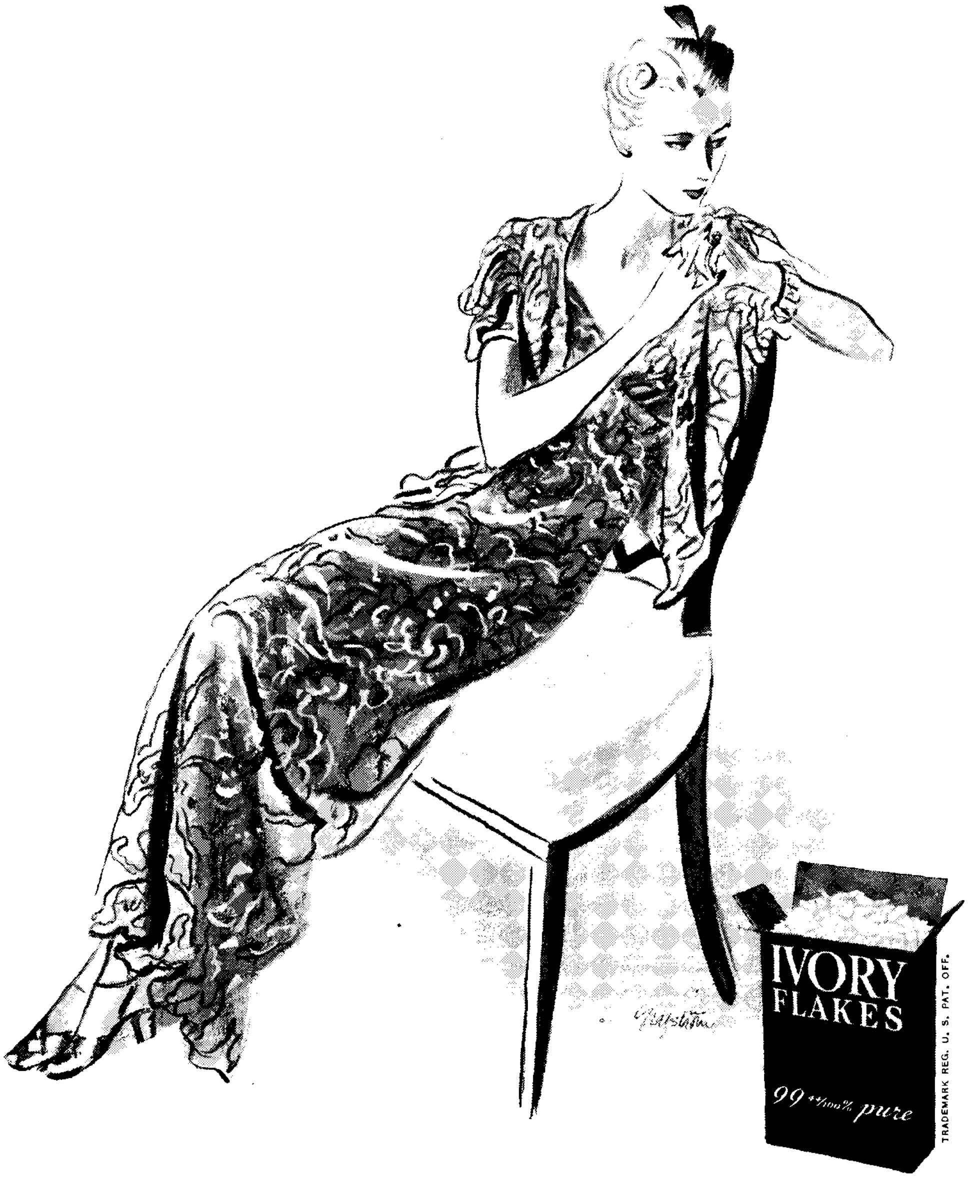
• • • •

Only General Motors cars have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher

UNISTEEL
TURRET TOP
GM
GENERAL MOTORS
Body by Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE

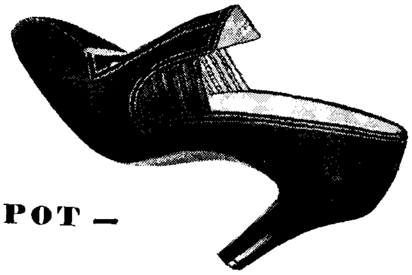
A breakfast ensemble of Cheney's Velvet · · · is a glamourous IVORY-WASHABLE



Of trousseau importance . . . a gown with matching jacket in shadow-brocaded velvet. Choose it in two tone colors of white, shell, horizon blue, black . . . And "Wash only with pure Ivory Flakes" as Cheney advises. Six Ivory washings left its fragile beauty untouched. Cheney knows that Ivory Flakes provide finest protection for this precious fabric and its lovely colors. Exclusive with . . .

L. L. Berger, Inc. . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
B. F. Dewees, Inc. . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
Richard Healy Co. . . . . . . Worcester, Mass.
Himelhoch Bros. & Co. . . . . Detroit, Mich.
The Lindner Co. . . . . Cleveland, Ohio
E. T. Slattery Co. . . . . Boston, Mass.

5TH AVE.
36TH ST.
E.36
5TH AVE.
Stetson shoes
Stetson shoes



NEW YORK'S NEWEST, SMARTEST SPOT— FOR DISTINGUISHED DAYTIME FOOTWEAR

BUT *recently opened,* STETSON'S *Fifth Avenue and 36th Street Shop is already the favorite spot of New York's best-dressed women. In these strikingly modern, luxuriously comfortable surroundings you are attended by a staff of footwear specialists to whom fitting is a fine art. Your search for distinguished daytime footwear will end here when you see* STETSON'S *latest Tailorite creations. Skillful, masterly interpretations of the tailored mode — models that combine both comfort and advanced fashion in the inimitable* STETSON *manner. . . . Charge accounts invited!*

3 STETSON TAILORITES

Stetson

SHOE SHOPS

Dealers also in other principal cities

IN NEW YORK:
5th Ave. and 36th St.
(Newly opened, with a separate 36th Street entrance for Men)
289 Madison Ave. *(For Men)*
152 B

Delicately tinted stockings—extra long, extra sheer, and so smooth they scarcely seem real—complement the ballet's frothy skirts.

Under the spangled chiffon "orientals" of the "Drury Lane" revue, legs are sheathed in faintest orange.

Eyes on ankles

MONA BARRIE (Lady Agatha) says: "We hardly ever get runs, thanks to Lux."

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR

promises a coveted pair of stockings to the lady at the fair whose lovely ankles fit them! These beauties of Old Virginia all reveal ankles worthy of the prize.

Brilliant red hose, dyed to match the bouffant embroidered petticoats of the "drum corps," are flawless in color, free from runs, after weeks of wear.

"in Virginia"

At the Center Theatre hundreds of stockings, in 15 colors, give you a gorgeous eyeful . . *they are kept color perfect with* LUX

IN spite of 18th-century sweeping skirts, this sparkling musical extravaganza contrives bright flashes of slim ankles for the eye. "Virginia's" producers insist on Lux care for all stockings!

For every pair has been woven to order, hand dyed to each costume. Thanks to Lux, brilliant silk tights and handsome hose—orchid, marine, crimson, green, cyclamen, magenta—are still unfaded.

Cuts down runs

"With Lux they wear much longer, too," adds Mrs. Jacie Hood, wardrobe mistress. "They hardly ever run."

Lux cuts down runs because it saves elasticity. In Lux there's no harmful alkali, as in many ordinary soaps, to fade colors. And it doesn't weaken silk as cake-soap rubbing may. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

ANNE BOOTH (the lovely Sylvia Laurence) says: "Lux makes my stockings last much longer!"

New York musicals—leading Hollywood studios—specify

for stockings

GARDENIA
DE
CHANEL

GARDENIA DE CHANEL

There are gardens in the south of France where grow the most fragile, exquisite and lyrically fragrant of gardenias. To Chanel belongs the secret of reproducing their perfume, flower-fresh . . . a perfume as evocative of romance as moonlight and distant music.

LES PARFUMS

CHANEL

GLAMOUR de CHANEL
NO. 5
CUIR de RUSSIE
(Russia Leather)
JASMIN de CHANEL

YOURS IS THE POWER TO COMMAND *the world's finest music* WHENEVER YOU WISH

Capehart

THE CHIPPENDALE

Combination Phonograph and Radio, completely automatic. Handles three to twenty records, up to 40 selections, of both 10-inch and 12-inch sizes intermixed. Plays both sides of each record in sequence, one side only, or repeats any record as desired. Reproduces entire symphonies, operas and album sets of recordings in their correct sequence. The Capehart Record Changer handles records more carefully than human hands—no chipping or scratching of records because they are always handled on their edges. The playing surface is touched only by the needle. The new and patented feather-touch, constant tracking, true tangent Capehart pick up assures longer record life and finest quality of tone. Twenty-three tube custom-built Capehart radio in combination. THE CHIPPENDALE, illustrated here, is but one of the beautiful and authentic cabinet stylings available.

THERE is magic in the power of good music to contribute to the happiness of living.

The right music, chosen to satisfy your mood, will entertain you, refresh you, lift you up . . . will soothe, exalt, inspire . . .

Likewise, good music, properly selected for the occasion, is invaluable in entertaining guests, adding immeasurably to the charm of your home.

But music to be effective for occasion or mood, is dependent upon availability—you must be able to get the music you want when you want it.

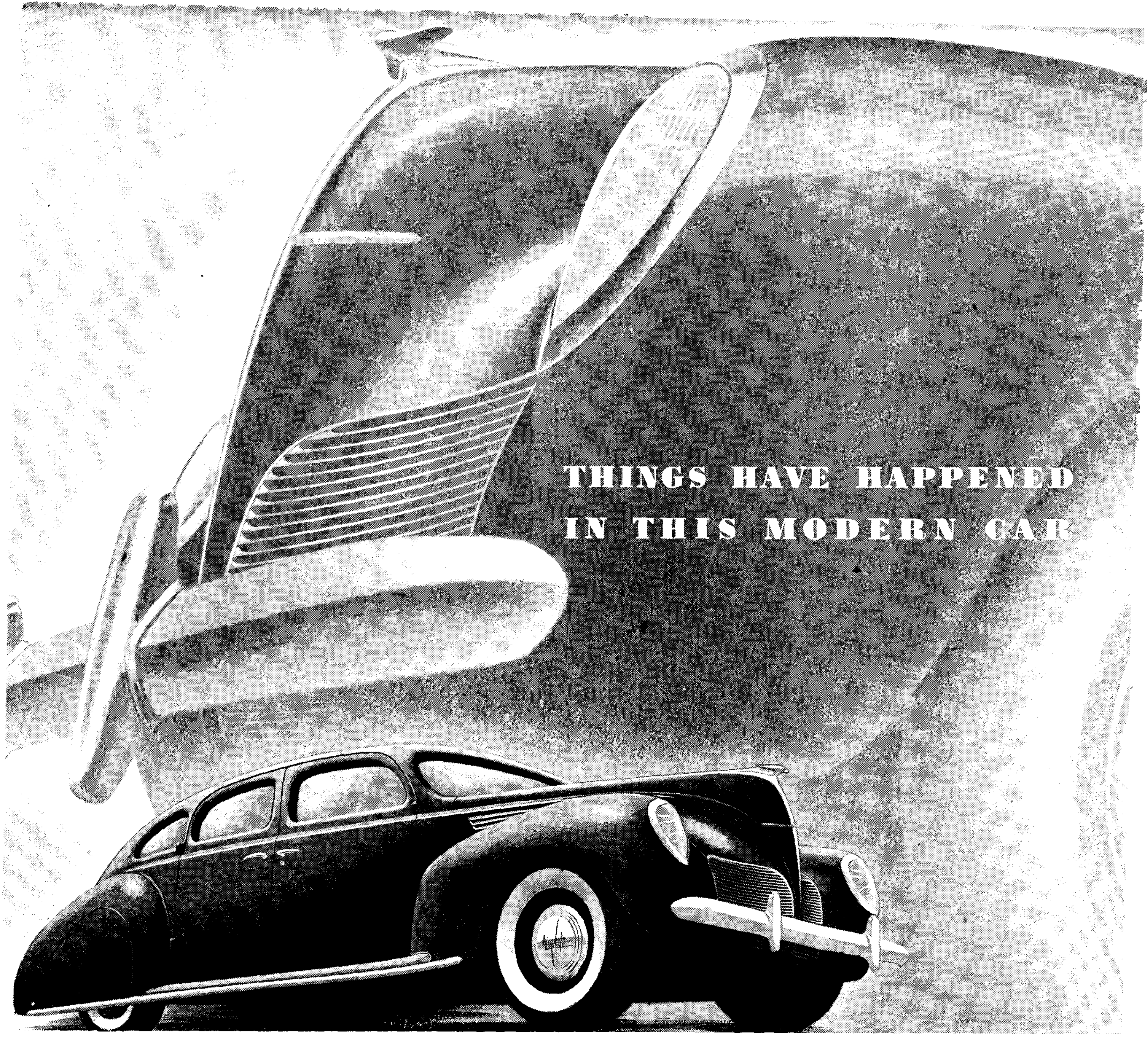
The Capehart, the modern fully automatic phonograph, with radio in combination, gives you the power to command instantly anything you want anytime, from the entire world of music. You can recapture, whenever you will, the indescribable beauties of the classic masterpieces by the great artists of the past. Likewise, you can enjoy over and over again the current music most appealing to you.

The Capehart is world renowned as the "finest musical instrument of its kind" because of its fidelity in reproducing both recorded music and broadcasts with incomparable beauty of tone, and also because of the superiority of its automatic features.

It is the only fully automatic phonograph-radio with the exclusive Capehart record changer, which plays both sides of each record in succession, reproducing complete operas, symphonies and album sets of music in their correct sequence. In fine homes everywhere, from the modest to the pretentious, where culture and high standards of excellence dictate the purchase of the best, Capehart is considered the indispensable musical instrument.

With a Capehart, you, too, will thrill to the new power that is yours in satisfying your musical needs and desires, no matter how varied they may be. Not until you see and hear the Capehart will you fully appreciate the wealth of musical satisfaction that this instrument will bring to you. Illustrated brochure and your dealer's name on request. The Capehart, Incorporated, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CONTRIBUTING TO THE A



Something happened to travel when the *first* Lincoln-Zephyr appeared. It changed prevailing ideas of power, comfort and safety in a medium-price car. Now, under autumn skies, a *new* Lincoln-Zephyr glides down America's roads. It, too, has changed!

It is bigger. The wheelbase is lengthened to 125 inches.

Graceful streamlines are even more pronounced. The front reminds you of some giant air-liner. Function, not mere style, decided its modern form. Thus, the low and horizontal radiator grille increases cooling efficiency.

The Lincoln-Zephyr looks as a forms as a modern car should perform. Beneath the hood is a V-type 12-cylinder engine built by Lincoln. (Did you ever drive a 12-cylinder car across country and average 14 to 18 miles per gallon? Thousands have, in the Lincoln-Zephyr.) This year's engine is even smoother, even quieter.

Something happened to ideas of car structure, too, when the Lincoln-Zephyr was built. In closed types, body and frame are not two units, joined together; but a single unit, a rigid framework of steel, to which steel top, sides and floor are *welded.* This structure is light, as an airplane fuselage is light; safe, as the arch-bridge is safe.

New luxury inside matches new beauty outside. There is more room for all, even in the already spacious front compartment, newly designed.

Two new convertibles bring a wider choice of Lincoln-Zephyr designs. They, too, show that things have happened in this modern car! Lincoln Motor Company, builders of the Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr V-12.

1938 LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V·12

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Preparedness Note: Mr. Lou Breese, engaged to supply musical accompaniment to the Horse Show, has been instructed to play sweet, not hot, cavalry chargers being now sufficiently keyed up by war talk.

Major L. L. B. Angas, the financial seer, who fascinates us, advertises that he will give you a personal interview upon your investments for $200. While our own portfolio would hardly justify an interview, we should enjoy being present at one, in the disguise of a secretary or nurse. We keep thinking about the interviewers, the unhappy who cast blindly for fortune, acknowledging their blindness, and those more unhappy who possess wealth and the incubus dread of losing it. We hope they learn truth from Major Angas, and find peace for their torn hearts, and a stay to the advance of nervous breakdown. We hope they read the future right, through the anastigmatic lenses of their seer. But if they fail, we suggest our own method of market divination, that of the Roman haruspices. We read the entrails of sacrificed chickens. We have been really very successful, and we're always sure of chicken.

In our short career of service to the community, we have apparently stirred different emotions in different hearts. Some years ago, for instance, Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut found it necessary to cancel his subscription because we were putting unsuitable ideas in his head, and a traveller recently reported that we were barred on moral grounds from the newsstands in Edinburgh, along with a sporty little item called *Film Fun*. More rugged critics, on the other hand, have complained that the work of our artists and authors has been too fragile and polite; that they wrought much too daintily in a sweating world. So it has gone, with the editors increasingly in the dark about the moral tone which is demanded of them. We are very grateful, therefore, to a young lady whose proud line goes far back into the history of the city, and who defended us the other night against a blackguard's charge of vulgarity.

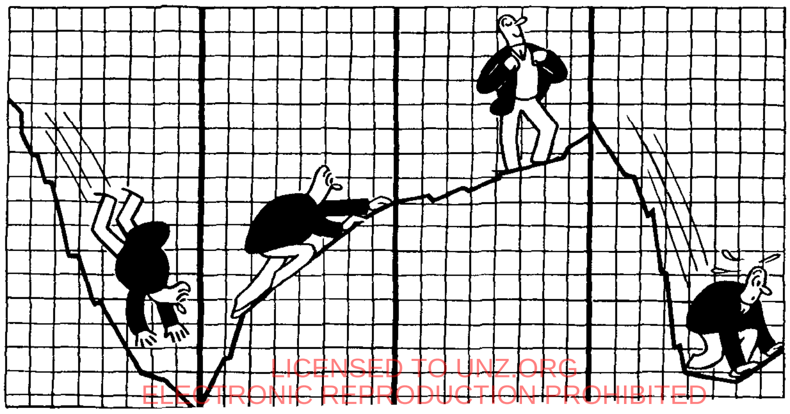
"Why, you're not vulgar at all!" she said indignantly, in reporting her experience to us. "*Esquire* is vulgar, I told him. *The New Yorker* is just *common*."

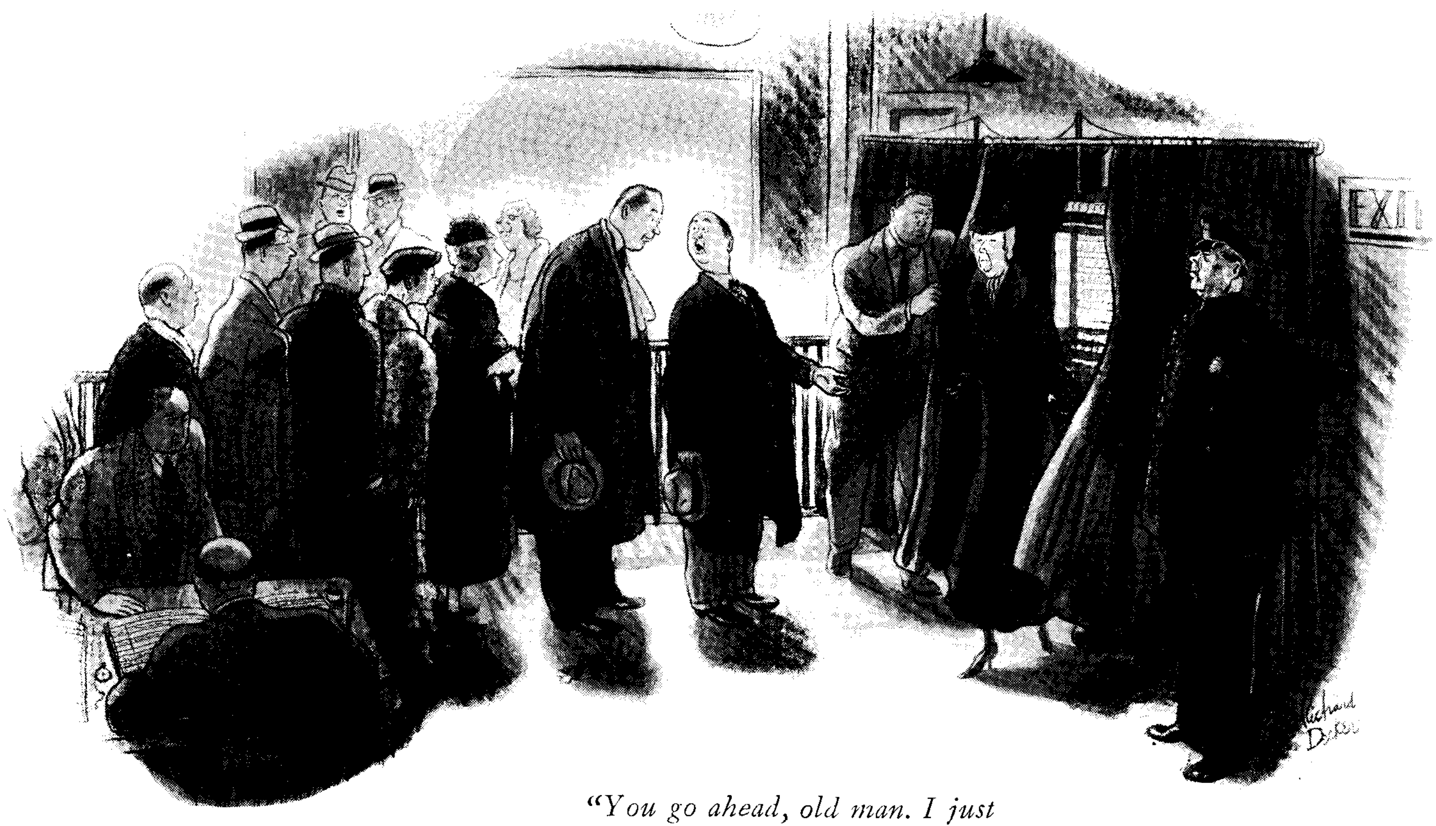
To be plebeian without vulgarity; common, if you must, but never vile—this, we feel, is the American dream, and our editorial policy will be founded upon it in the future. D.A.R. and *New Masses* please note.

An inquisitive and rather burly fellow we met in a club car last week has been observing the curious actions of the ladies in the Grand Lounge of the Radio City Music Hall. Eighty-five per cent of them stop, he finds, to give more than a passing glance to the slick, nude statue of "The Dancing Girl" they have there, and of those who stop fully three-quarters, he says, take hold of their girdles and give them an irritable—almost vicious—downward tug. He thinks this phenomenon proves something important, but he doesn't know what yet. We, too, suspect he's got hold of something there that is bound to be helpful, if not to the psychologists, to the girdle industry.

This time of year, when most of the football teams have already been definitely evaluated as "slightly improved" or "much worse," our sympathetic interest shifts naturally to the faculties and their unending war against vocational courses. We observe that St. Bonaventure, a Franciscan college where most of the students look forward to priesthood, is offering a course in Radio Announcing and Script Writing. We suspect there were some pretty warm debates in faculty meeting over that one, with practical considerations strongly urged against the conservative group who pleaded long for the old learning. We suspect, too, without knowing much about it, that the vote was taken at a time when Father Coughlin was still hot.

The photographs of 1938 automobiles going through their testing-ground paces which the rotogravure pages feature at this time of year cannot, in our considered opinion, be conducive to safe motoring. Racing test models through sand pits and over heavily rutted roads may be fine manufacturing practice, but a picture of "a Packard kicking up a big cloud of dust as it rounds a hairpin turn at high speed" is calculated to incite impressionable owners to manslaughter. As for the *Times* picture the other Sunday showing





"You go ahead, old man. I just haven't been able to make up my mind yet."

• •

with Flash Williams at the wheel, being "driven head on at a flaming structure built of substantial timbers and planks," to splinter the walls, penetrate "the dense smoke and intense heat," and emerge "with car and driver unscathed," we shudder when we think of what that may do to potential hell-drivers.

We know it isn't being constructive to go on like this, but the ways of the world of affairs strike us as increasingly confusing. We have an announcement from the General Motors people describing their exhibit at the Waldorf. According to this, the entire third floor of the hotel, where the new models are on display, is fixed up to look like "a colorful formal garden." The grand ballroom has been "elaborately transformed with walls of green arborvitae, trailing vines and birch and live arborvitae trees." Recesses of this idyllic retreat are accentuated by "clusters of vari-colored growing chrysanthemums," and bordered by low stone walls. Special lighting has created "an atmosphere in keeping with the garden scene and the luxuriousness of the products on display," while music is played by "a 16-piece salon orchestra composed of string and woodwind instruments." There is something mortuary in this. What must it do to the spirits of the old car-fancier to whom the purchase of a new model was a blithe adventure, a going-to-the-fair? What must he feel as he steals away from the 1938 models, lying there in state among the trailing vines and clustering chrysanthemums and wailing woodwinds, and climbs into his old jalopy out on the cold, leafless, klaxon-ridden pavement of Lexington Avenue? Maybe making for the nearest flaming structure, like Flash Williams, is his best bet after all.

Historical Incident

STRAIGHT from England, and on the very best authority, we have the story of how, after Edward's abdication, the Queen broke the news to her two daughters. As delicately as possible, she said, "Your father is to be the ruler. Uncle David isn't the King now." Princess Elizabeth was silent for a moment; then, in a matter-of-fact way, she asked, "Have they chopped off Uncle David's head?"

Last Chamberlain

WHEN the new City Charter goes into effect and the office of City Chamberlain ceases to exist, nobody will be more pleased than the present incumbent, Adolf Augustus Berle, Jr. He has been working to this end ever since he took office in 1934, at the start of the Fusion administration. The job is a historic sinecure, dating back to 1718, when Abram de Peyster, one of our early Mayors, established it for the benefit of his brother Cornelius. It was a tough job to abolish, because the Chamberlain is an officer both of the city and the state—his office theoretically controls the city funds, and, as treasurer of New York's five counties, he is responsible to the State Comptroller. Henry Bruère, now President of the Bowery Savings Bank, who served as Chamberlain in John Purroy Mitchel's reform administration, did his best to root out the office, but failed; when he heard that Berle was going to attempt it, he offered to bet that it couldn't be done.

The Chamberlain's office staff of twenty-five men handles all the city's bank balances, taxes, bond amortizations, etc.—something over a billion dollars a year—but the Chamberlain has traditionally done nothing. At one time the salary was $17,500. It was $15,000 when Berle took office; he cut it down to $8,500, and gave up the limousine and chauffeur that used to be at the

Chamberlain's disposal. The work he has done in office has been informal, non-Chamberlain work, such as serving on the mediation board in last year's elevator strike. He has likewise carried on a private legal practice—he has an office with his brother Rudolf—and his course in Corporation Law at Columbia Law School. He also has lots of other part-time activities—he's a special counsellor to the R.F.C., and does considerable research and writing in the field of corporation finance. His great aim, he has said, is to be a "scholar at the bar." In spite of his service under Roosevelt in '32 and '33, he dislikes being called a brain-truster; he points out that every President has had an advisory board, and that Roosevelt's became prominent only because there were so many problems to be dealt with before the inauguration.

Berle has led a full life for a man of forty-two, we should say. By the time he was twenty-one, he had completed his education at Harvard, including a course at the Law School. He served in the war with the Russian division of the General Staff Intelligence, and achieved a certain amount of notoriety when he walked out of the Peace Conference as a protest against the Treaty of Versailles. At one time he was secretary to Justice Brandeis, who is one of his heroes. Berle is, of course, an ardent Little Flower fan, and was active in the '33 campaign. "LaGuardia has God's golden gift of energy, and unlimited integrity," he says. He's fond of pointing out that it's only just that he should be the man to abolish the City Chamberlain's office. Cornelius de Peyster, the first Chamberlain, was an ancestor of Mrs. Berle, so Berle feels that he has discharged a long-standing family debt to the city.

Just last week Jeremiah Mahoney, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, publicly denounced the Fusion administration for breaking its word. They had promised to abolish the City Chamberlain's office, he said, and what had they done? Nothing!

Orders of the Day

REPRESENTATIVES of the nation's bankers met in convention in Boston two weeks ago, and part of the entertainment arranged for them was a concert by the Boston Symphony—which was given, surprisingly enough, not in Symphony Hall but in the First National Bank. The bank, conscious of its obligations as host, issued special instructions to the guards who were to serve as ushers at the concert. They were to wear new black neckties. Before reporting for work they were to polish their shoes. And they were to be sure to brush their teeth.

City Fish

AT the request of a gentleman who strolls frequently this time of year in Central Park, and who thought he saw a school of mullet frisking in the reservoir, we have investigated that body of water and would report to him and to our readers that there are mullet there, and also German carp, black bass, yellow and white perch, sunfish, and eels, in unknown numbers. They come in as fingerlings through pipes from the Catskill watershed, survive the effects of a chlorinating plant at 135th Street, enter the Central Park reservoir, grow, and are kept out of the city's water-supply pipes by screens at the outlets. Occasionally they are flattened against the mesh by the outpouring water, and are found by attendants when the screens are taken up to be cleaned. That's how the reservoir's contents are accurately known. The water goes on to serve low-pressure areas along the waterfront, and east of Eighth Avenue, north of 110th Street. The fish, in their adopted habitat, live on water plants, insects that drop on the surface, algae, and each other. In their native waters, they don't have to contend with crystals of copper sulphate, bagfuls of which are occasionally towed through the reservoir for purification purposes, but they now seem to have learned to like it.

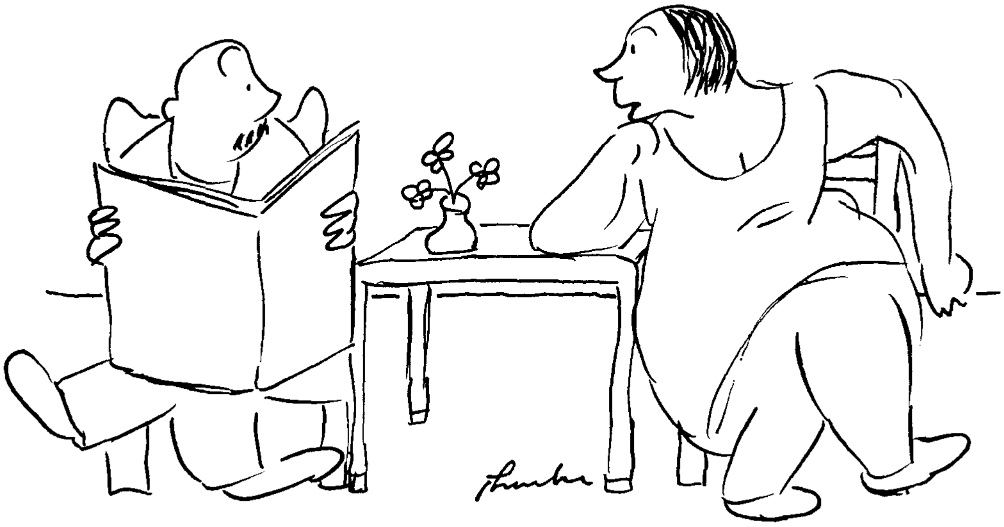
A few odd things have happened in connection with the fish in the reservoir. Before the war, a Jewish fisherman from the East Side received a permit to drag the waters for carp. He went out with a shad net in one of the Department of Water Supply's rowboats, got nothing, and came back eminently discouraged. Said the side was too slopping for seining. That's the last time a permit was issued for fishing in the reservoir, and the only other person ever known to have fished it is a fellow who showed up just before Election Day about ten years ago, following a telephone call from a Tammany official of the Department of Water Supply saying he was coming and to extend to him the courtesies and facilities of the reservoir. He was accompanied by a friend (who didn't fish), went out in a boat, stayed the rest of the day, and caught nothing. Nobody knows how he voted. You needn't be alarmed about the water's having fish in it. Means it's on the alkaline side.

Beadle

AN industrious theatregoer has told us about a man in front of him at the Music Hall the other evening, who fell asleep. He slid over in his seat, gasped a couple of times, and went into nascent snoring. Very promptly an usher appeared and shook him gently, saying at the same time, "Thank you, sir." The man collapsed further and let go a loud, convulsive gurgle that sounded as if it might be the very end of respiration. "Thank you, sir," said the usher, shaking him harder, and then, when this was unsuccessful, "*Thank* you, sir," rattling his teeth in his head. The gentleman was finally aroused, and straightened up. The usher came to attention, with a click of the heels. "Thank you, sir," he said, and retreated into the darkness from which he had issued.

Automobile Keys

IF you think you have the only set of keys to your automobile, you're living in a fool's paradise. As the result of an investigation started when we read a newspaper story about a mixup over two cars with the same lock, we have discovered that no automobile manufacturer has at his disposal more than 1,000 lock combinations, and that most of them have less. Fords, Chryslers, and the General Motors cars all have the 1,000-variety locks, and since, for example, 1,200,000 Chevrolets were sold last year, this means that there are 1,200 car-owners to each key. Manufacturers admit, furthermore, that it's hardly practical to attempt any geographical separation of cars fitted with identical locks; the man who parks beside you in the garage thus might have the same keys as you. The higher you go in the price range, the fewer lock combinations you find: fewer models are sold, and these aren't so attractive to thieves as cheaper cars, which



"*What ever became of the Socialist Party?*"

• •

are more easily disposed of. Except for the Rolls-Royce people, who are pretty well set with two hundred and fifty combinations, none of the foreign manufacturers give the matter of locks a second thought; the makers of Isotta-Fraschinis trustingly put the same lock on all their cars, and report that it seems to work out all right.

This situation may appear a little disturbing, but it's nothing to what it was before 1929, when Ford had only sixty-six combinations for all its models, and Chevrolet fifteen. It was then not impossible for an enterprising thief to acquire a complete set of keys, and this was done often enough to give the insurance companies a pretty severe headache. The keys now in use are cut from blanks which have five wards of five units each (or, to put it more simply, five saw teeth of five different possible depths), which gives 3,125 potential variations on one blank. Automobile manufacturers don't take advantage of all these because it would complicate the problem of replacing keys lost by car-owners. A few years ago, automobile door keys used to be more complicated than ignition keys; now, for no known reason, it's the other way round. There is no such thing as a passkey that will open any car, though there used to be a set of five that would open any Ford. Today the procedure of most car thieves is to get in a car by smashing a window and start the motor with a "jumper," a gadget that takes the place of the locked-off ignition coil.

If you will look at your car keys, you'll see on them code numbers consisting, usually, of a letter and some digits. Thus, a 1936 key marked P260 might mean Packard 11434 to a dealer. When you telephone him that you've lost your key, he looks up his sales records and finds the number, gets the code out of the safe, and instructs a locksmith to cut, on the blank used for Packard keys, the combination 11434—the various digits simply being instructions as to how deep to cut each of the five saw teeth. The code is usually confined to the use of the lock manufacturers, the dealers, and any licenced locksmiths they may care to trust. Charles Courtney, the lock expert, who has for the past ten years been head of the International Association of Master Locksmiths, says that if he can see forty keys of a new series, he can, by comparing the code numbers with the combinations, work out the code. It's the practice of his Association to pool all the dope they get on keys of new models, so they usually work out the code in no time at all. This is useful, for perfectly lawful purposes, when a manufacturer refuses to give out his code to locksmiths; otherwise, they'd have to turn away a lot of business.

Summed Up

AFTER one of those riotous, early-season cocktail parties in town, a young couple we know entrained for their home in Garden City. The evening was dark and rainy, and, what with one thing and another, they got off too soon and had to wait for the next train. The wife, deciding that there wasn't any use wasting money, explained to the conductor what had happened and asked if they had to pay their fare again. He said no, he guessed not; then, pulling a notebook from his pocket, he wrote a brief memorandum. The lady peeked, and saw his entry: "Two people gone wrong."

Jumps

HEARING that Ibrahim, the best of the Belgian jumping horses, was coming to the Horse Show this fall, we thought at first that perhaps the management had planned some form of high-jumping event, but this turns out not to be the case. The nearest a New York audience will come to seeing high jumping probably will be in the military championships. The jumps for this event will be five feet, and if there should be a tie, they will be raised three or six inches at a time until a decision has been reached, a process reminiscent of the bar-lifting procedure in the old high-jumping events, which were a feature of American shows in the past century—thrilling, dangerous, and frequently embarrassing to rider and horse, when the latter was left stranded on the jump. A horse can jump a foot and a half higher than a man, and he does it with a considerable handicap, since he isn't able to employ the California roll and is under the necessity of landing on his feet with the rider intact, more or less.

This summer, Ibrahim cleared a six-foot-ten-inch wall in a German show, which wasn't anything startling. Jumps of more than seven feet were rather common in the old horse shows. The acknowledged world's record was made by Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody's Great Heart, which on June 8th, 1923, jumped eight feet and thirteen-sixteenths of an inch at the South Shore Country Club, Chicago. Some years before that a mark of eight feet three inches had been claimed for Mr. Howard Willets' Heatherbloom, but while the jump was photographed, it hadn't been made at a horse show and the record was generally considered unofficial. This spring, in Australia, a native gelding named Lookout was reported to have jumped eight feet three, and if this is accepted officially, it will be considered the record. Such a record means something abroad, where high-jumping events are still featured, but little in this country. The National Horse Show abandoned high jumping twenty years ago, and several horsemen we've talked to cannot recall seeing the event at any American show in ten years.

There will be five new styles of jumps at the Garden show this year, designed after consultation with the officers at the Army's cavalry school at Fort Riley, Kansas. The most startling one will be a four-foot-three-inch-high canvas-covered bar suspended above some wildly painted oil drums designed to test the self-control and sanity of any horse that approaches them. The remainder of the jumps will be the sheep hurdles, field gates, brick walls, and so on of former years, but the management is planning to shift them around cannily into new arrangements. The management fusses with the jumps year after year as a lady does with her hats, and for the same reason.

Economy

A HARDHEADED man we know sneers at people who pay garage rent. He drives to work, in the Rockefeller Center vicinage, every morning, leaves his car on the street from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., and when he goes home, leaves it as near to his house as he can get, among the other all-night parkers. "Don't you ever get a ticket?" we asked him. "Sure," he said, "I get between none and two a month. I send a messenger boy to the Traffic Court with a dollar, the fine for parking overtime. The boy's charge is thirty-five cents, so if I'm unlucky, parking costs me two dollars and seventy cents a month." That, friends, is one reason every street in town is narrower than it should be.

Texan

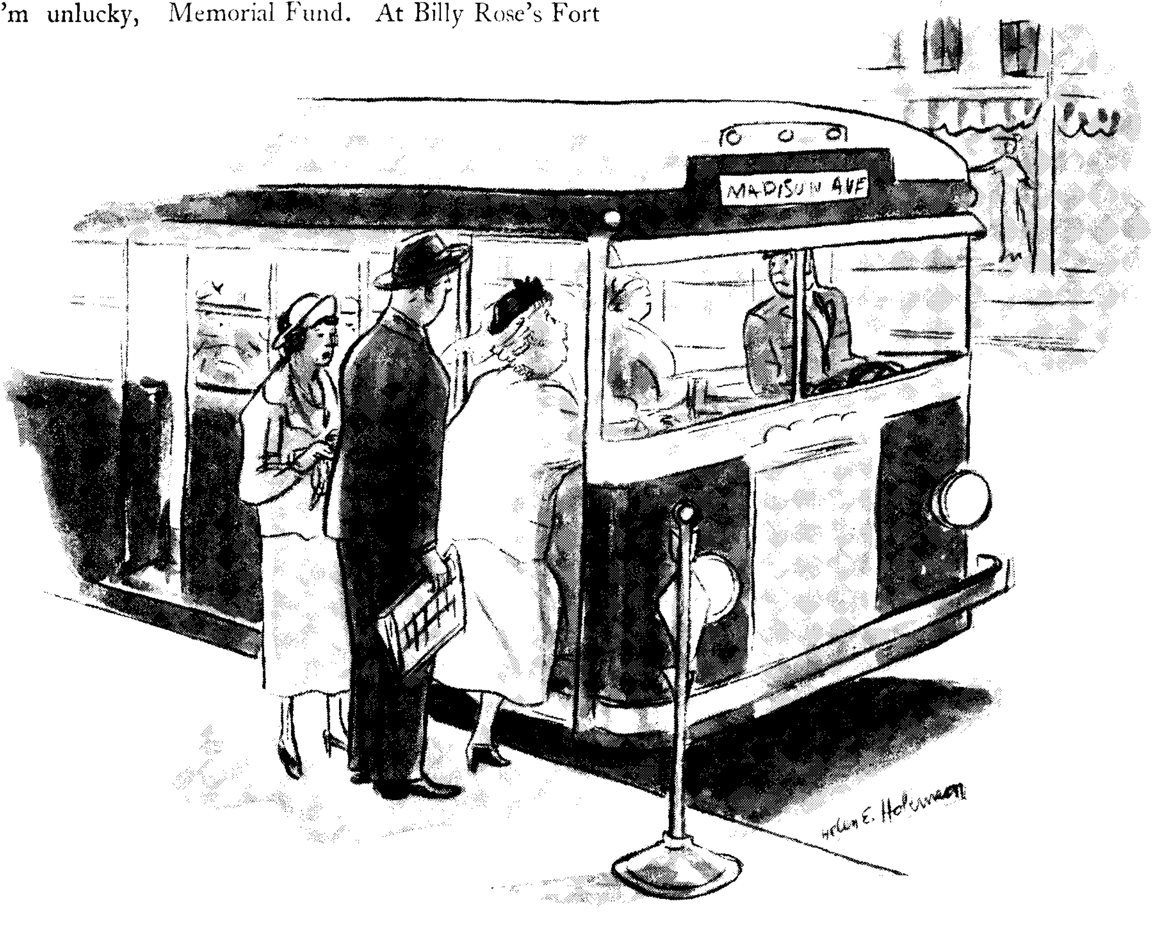
WHEN three hundred Texans arrived in town last Friday in a fifteen-car special train, accompanied by a band and two motorcycle cops, to attend the Fordham-Texas Christian University game, we decided that it was as good a time as any to look up Amon G. Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, which organizes all T.C.U.'s junkets. Mr. Carter is practically a legendary figure in the Southwest, and flies up to New York every month or so, dining with Lucius Beebe. Many New Yorkers know Mr. Carter through his custom of seizing visiting celebrities, entertaining them largely at his ranch outside Fort Worth, and keeping their hats. Mr. Carter seldom lets a man get away in the hat he came with; he keeps on hand a supply of Borsalino felts, in all sizes, and trades a Borsalino for the visitor's old hat inscribed with some suitable sentiment.

Mr. Carter's fortune, which is sizable, comes from his newspapers. Before acquiring them, he was an advertising man. In Fort Worth, he's regarded as a sort of one-man Chamber of Commerce, taking, as he does, an active part in Fort Worth's municipal feud with Dallas. (When Fort Worth built a football stadium, he arranged for it to have sixty-one rows of seats, just to top Dallas's, which had sixty.) Once he gave the whole T.C.U. football squad wristwatches; every year, he sends people turkeys at Christmas and watermelons in summer.

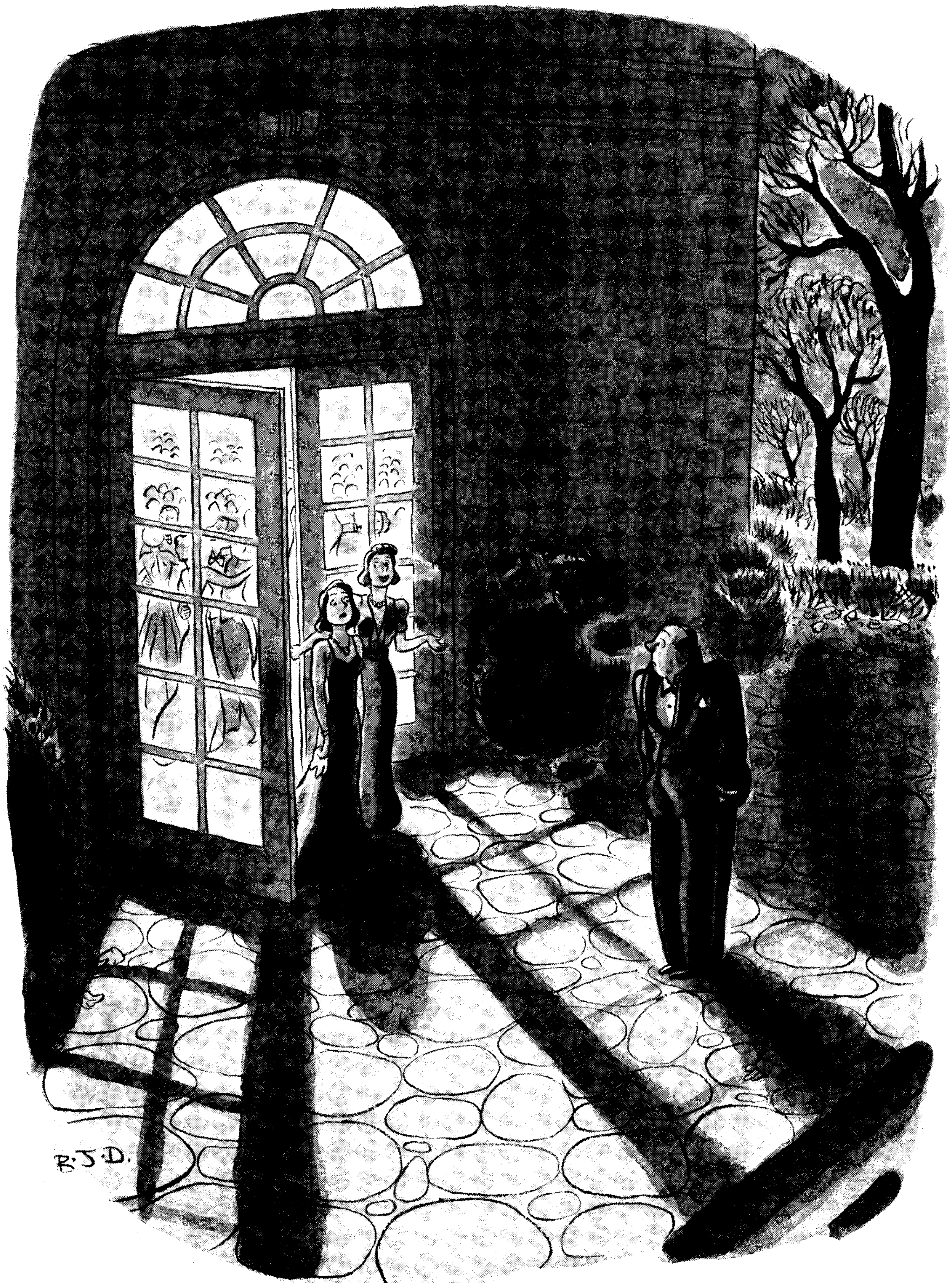
Will Rogers was Mr. Carter's hero. He has an enormous collection of photographs of himself snapped with the humorist, and shows them, one after the other, willy-nilly, to his visitors. He was one of the original backers of the movement to organize a Will Rogers Memorial Fund. At Billy Rose's Fort Worth fiesta last summer, he set up a Will Rogers Memorial Room, which was furnished to resemble as closely as possible Rogers' own living room and contained a collection of Rogersiana. It was originally Mr. Carter's idea that, out of respect for Rogers' memory, a bugler should play "Taps" every time anybody entered the room, whereupon everybody at the fiesta would come to attention. Rose finally whittled him down to one rendition a day, which turned out to be enough.

Labor Trouble

DOWN in the fur district last week there was a skirmish between rival labor factions, which eventually resulted in a large, calm patrolman's appearing on the scene and making one arrest. His captive was a frantic little picket who, though he had sustained all sorts of contusions, seemed less concerned about that than about the fact that his assailant could be seen fleeing down Seventh Avenue to safety. He tore himself loose from the cop's grasp and pointed dramatically. "Get that man, Officer!" he shouted. "He's the chief murderer and wise guy in that lousy union!"



"Would the Fifty-ninth Street Longchamps be crowded?"



"Miss Willis, this is Mr. Gaffney. He has claustrophobia, too."

A LETTER FROM THE BRONX

Bella Gross riffled the pages of the dictionary, paused at a leaf headed "dike," ran her finger down a column of words and, when she came to "dilatory," wrote "tardy and inactive" on a slip of paper. She thumbed the book again, hunted for "epistle," and snagged it after a little difficulty owing to her uncertainty over its spelling. She made the notation, "a formal letter."

Fortified by these two items, Bella was ready to plunge into the writing of the grave and important letter she had long planned. Whenever she engaged in such elaborate preliminaries—unearthing the coverless dictionary and bringing it into the dining room, placing pen, ink, and paper on the oilcloth table cover, using her "good" stationery, bought at a sale at Macy's—it was an indication that she was going to compose something of momentous importance.

And this letter to Monroe Rosenblatt, written in her mind time and time again, was of importance. Bella was finally going to do what she had so very often told her friends Jennie and Sarah she would do: "Give Monroe back to the Indians." It was one thing to make fine promises under a romantic summer moon at Kamp Kill Kare. It was another thing, she thought with burning indignation, to fulfill those pretty promises under the harsh and prosaic moon over the Bronx.

Bella reached for a sheet of her good stationery, so impressively monogrammed with the letter "G." No, she thought, no use wasting the paper. This letter needed careful construction. It would be better to make a rough draft first and then rewrite it. She disappeared into her bedroom for a moment and returned with several sheets of business stationery which she had filched from her office.

She dipped her pen in the ink, corrugated her forehead in deep reflection, and then, under several printed lines which read "Solomon Silk Mills, Harry I. Solomon, Pres., Silks, Acetates—Plain and Novelty, 'A Satisfied Customer Is Our Best Recommendation,'" she wrote, "Dear Monroe."

She studied this a moment. "Dear Monroe." No, that sounded too warm, too inviting, too intimate. That was hardly her present attitude toward him. Dear Monroe, indeed! She suddenly had it! All that was necessary was to add "Rosenblatt" to the salutation. "Dear Monroe Rosenblatt." That was it—formal, severe, cold, implacable. "I should have written"—she stopped to consult her notes, and then went on, slowly and painstakingly, employing an almost childish chirography—"this epistle before the present inst. but the reason"—again there was a visual consultation with the notes—"I was so dilatory was because I wanted to carefully weigh what was on my chest. Now that I have weighed same I am going to get it off my chest irregardless of whom it affects even though it be—" There was only a moment's pause to consider grammar, and then she wrote, "I."

"First of all," she went on, "I don't want to throw up anything to your face but I feel this matter must be thrown up. Namely you might of forgotten about the fact that when I left 'Kamp Kill Kare' you declared yourself with all sorts of promises galore. I took you at your word in connection with the matter and gave up some 'contacts' which to me I didn't want to give up, at the same time I thought inasmuch as you declared yourself the fair and square thing to do was not to go 'galvinating' around, not that I am the 'galvinating' type girl inasmuch as I wouldn't stoop to be that common. But still in all I wanted to be fair and square with you. In fact one 'contact' I had was very serious inasmuch as the certain party was 'matrimonyally-inclined' along the lines of marriage, only I thought he should have his two feet on the ground first because too many marriages end up on the rocks due to circumstances over which the girl in the matter has no controll. He's a professional person with a college degree."

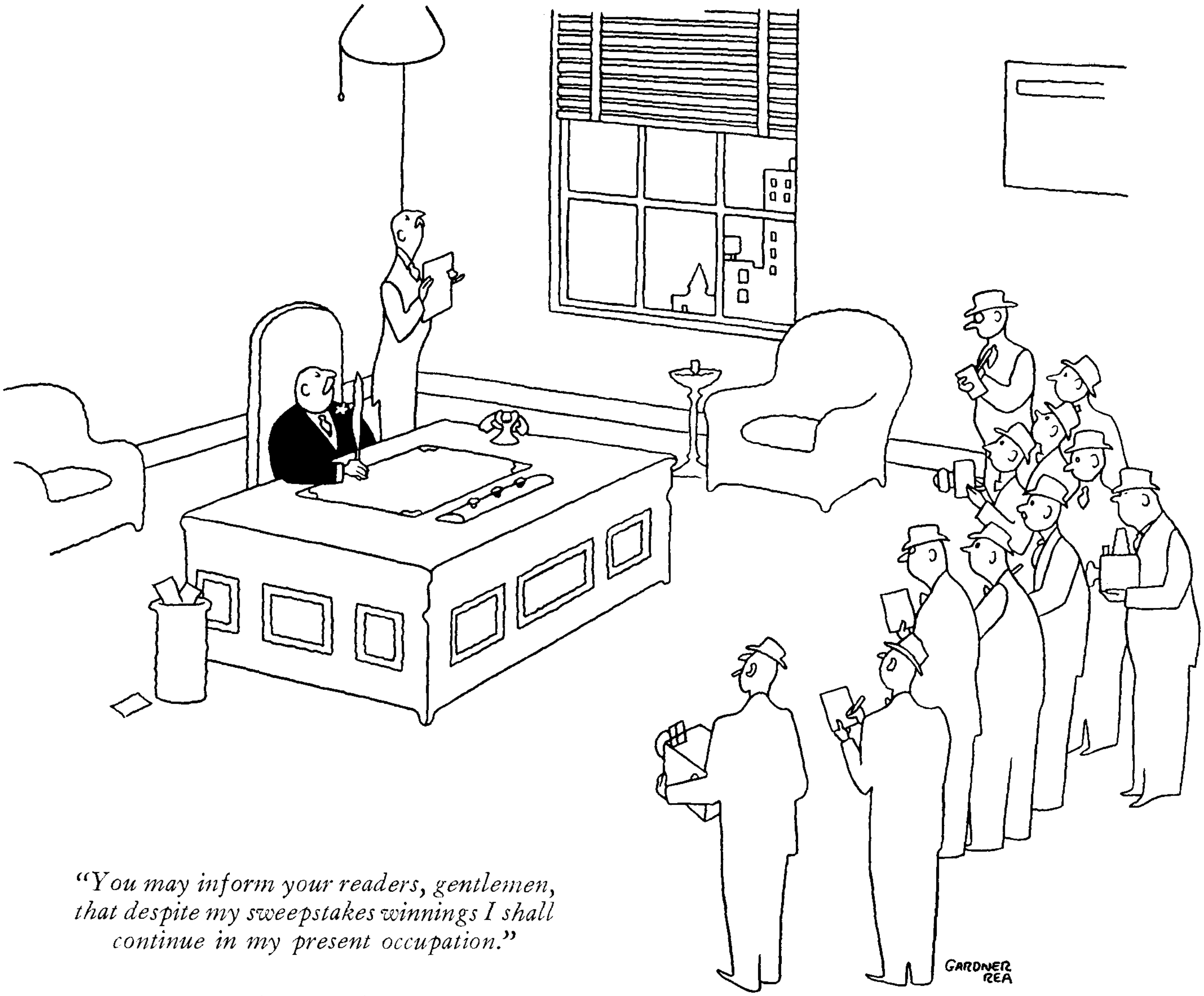
Bella allowed her mind to dwell on Max Fine for a moment. Poor Mac! A fine fellow — intelligent, well educated—a Certified Public Accountant. If only he had a substantial income. Well, what's done is done. It's silly to regret. Still in all, Mac's a fine boy, she thought, one whose friendship was certainly well worth keeping. Perhaps she ought to attend the regular meetings of the Excelsior Social Club. She had avoided these because of the embarrassment that would follow upon seeing and talking with Mac, the club's president. Oh, well. She sighed deeply, picked up the pen, and continued writing.

"For some time now we've been going out regularly with each other like clock-work. In fact, so regularly have we been going out with each other that one of my girl friend's (Jennie) commented on same and said, 'We're beginning to look like two peas in a pot' and everybody was taking matters for granted. To be crudly blunt about the matter, I too thought that the issue was understood. I hope you won't think me 'mercinarilly-inclined' if I mention the fact that I didn't bring up the matter of a ring but the matter was brought up by you, yourself. Well all you did was to bring up the matter without bringing up the ring. We been seeing each other regularly like clock-work and not once did you lift a little finger to get same but all you did was to talk 'a poor mouth' about how business was bad and the responsibilities you got and gee whiz, people are not buying merchandise like they used to and this, that and the other thing.

"In other words, Monroe, I suddenly came to the realization that I had no protection whatsoever in giving up my 'contacts' for what? So that you can keep me on tender hooks. So that you can come to my house for supper again and again, compliment my Mother on saying the food is very lucious, and then suddenly we wake up and find we got a boarder with us, only boarders at least pay the rent.

"Well I think that in view of this attitude on your part, in view of the fact that all the time you are saying that business conditions are bad so that we got to assume it don't warrant any serious step on your part, not even to the extent of a ring, in view of the fact that I am giving up chances which to me may prove valuable as I am not growing any younger each day and opportunities don't hang on trees, all a girl has to do is to go out and pick it off the tree just like if it was an apple or some piece fruit, in view of all this, Monroe, suppose we better call it just 'quits.'

"Now please don't get the idea I am calling you 'A Cheap Skate' just because I haven't got a ring to show on my finger. I am not placing you in that catagory whatsoever inasmuch as you have on several occassions shown me a very good time. Still in all if you had merely said to me 'O.K. Billie. String along with me for another couple months till business conditions gets on its feet and then everything will be O K' I



"You may inform your readers, gentlemen, that despite my sweepstakes winnings I shall continue in my present occupation."

• •

would of been only too pleased and happy to have strung along with you. But you didn't even have this common courtesy to the girl to who you apparently seemed so crazy about at camp last summer when you swore to me that this here was no typical summer romance you write down on ice it's quickly forgotten, but would culminate to a mutual union. Oh, no, not you! After all promises are cheap and cost nothing. What have you got to loose? Say, it's a wonder to me I'm openning my eyes now. God knows they were closed long enough before.

"So you see, Monroe, why it's better for me to get this matter off my chest once and for all rather than I should waste my time brooding about it because I just can't dismiss things with a snap of the fingers. Perhaps if I was the type girl who could dismiss things with a snap of the finger I would be better off today, believe me. So, Monroe, leave us call it 'quits' and just say it all comes under the heading of 'Experience.' I'm afraid that even if you should dig up a ring, and judgeing from the way your business is at the moment I can just imagine what type ring you would dig up, I'm afraid I'd still have to say 'I'm sorry, I'm not interested.' You had your chances and too bad, you didn't make the most of them. Better luck with some other girl next time. As for me, don't worry. I got along very nicely without you a long time before I met you, and I'll still get along without you inasmuch as I have some very worth-while 'contacts,' friends who don't talk a 'poor mouth' whenever they have to dig in their pockets, be it a ticket for a movie or just a chocolate ice-cream Sunday.

"This letter means 'finis' so please don't reply nor communicate with me via the phone inasmuch as I will be out. I am not 'sore-headed' the least bit about the matter but I merely want to drop it once and for all.

"Assuring you of my sincerest feelings about the matter, and trusting that you meet a girl who appreciates you a little more than I do in view of the whole situation, I am—"

Bella wondered if "Very truly yours" wasn't just a bit too businesslike and formal. But that was exactly what she wanted to be. She wrote, "Very truly yours, Bella Gross." There! Signing "Bella" instead of "Billie" would make him realize that their relationship was completely over.

She picked up the scribbled pages and read them carefully. Once or twice she stopped to make a correction and to consult the dictionary about spelling. When she had finished reading what she had written, she added, "P.S. Please excuse the handwriting." She then reached for a sheet of her good paper, inked her pen, glanced at the rough draft, and started to write, "Dear Monroe Rosenblatt."

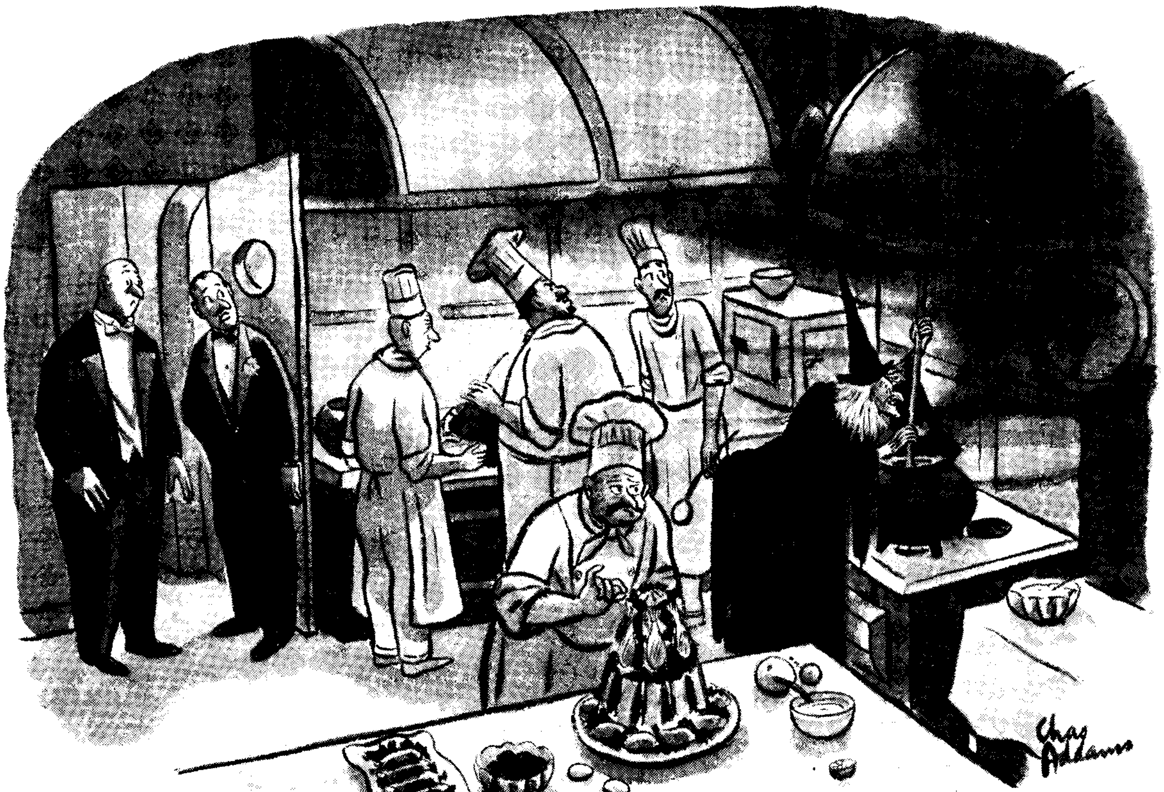
—ARTHUR KOBER

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER~V

[This is the fifth and last excerpt from a forthcoming book of family reminiscence by V. Sackville-West.—THE EDITORS]

DURING the last years of our mother's life, the incredible disorder of her bedroom balanced the general disorder of her life. No picture of her would be complete without a picture of the untidiness and, indeed, squalor in which she elected to live. Suspicion, always latent in her mind, had come to stay. (I think it may not be wholly fanciful to suppose it inherited from her riffraff Spanish ancestry.) She now suspected everybody—she who was by nature so generous, so open-handed. This element had always been present in her character, but it now attained proportions which were really neither normal nor hygienic. It meant, in effect, that she would never have her bedroom touched or dusted; it meant that the servants had to watch their moment while she was having her daily bath to dash in and make her bed; it meant that she kept odds and ends of food standing on tables because she declared that if it were taken away it would be stolen. The most expensive bottles of pickled peaches from Fortnum & Mason stood there, half empty, for weeks. Tins of truffles from Strassburg, jars of French mustard, pots of jam from Tiptree, samples of bath salts, scent from Coty and Molyneux, boxes stacked with old halfpenny envelopes intended for re-use, a stray bottle of kümmel or cherry brandy; and then, on her bed, letters, stationery, diaries, notebooks, handbags, fly whisks, eyeshades, unopened parcels, so that the general accumulation on the bed left her only about a quarter of the bed to lie in. Yet she never seemed to notice this discomfort. She was far more concerned with the idea that the servants would read her letters and diaries or move her possessions out of reach.

The clutter in the room was increased by piles of my own books, stacked on the floor, on chairs, on tables and chests of drawers. For one of her more persistent ambitions and enthusiasms was for my success as an author. I had, God bless her, the greatest difficulty in ever soothing her indignation against publishers, booksellers, reviewers, and everyone connected with the trade. No publisher ever advertised enough: why couldn't they take the front page of the *Daily Mail?* It cost five hundred pounds, did it? Well, she would pay for it, and gladly. No bookseller ever displayed his/my wares properly: why couldn't Messrs. Bumpus, Hatchards, Lamley, and the Times Book Club each devote a window to me for a week? She had heard that that was how "If Winter Comes" had been launched on its career. And as for reviewers, it was an unlucky day for me when she discovered the existence and efficiency of Messrs. Durrant's press-cutting agency. I am not aware that she ever actually wrote to a reviewer—I tried to forestall this danger by telling her that reviewers were strange people, full of unaccountable prejudices, and that she might be doing more harm than good—but what I could never prevent was her distribution of my books to all and sundry. Out of the real sweetness and generosity of her nature she did it, and out of the genuine desire to "help," but I must say I writhed in embarrassment when I heard of my wretched novels going to Cabinet Ministers, ambassadors, and the Queen. It was in vain that I begged my mother not to. She couldn't understand my point of view at all.



"She shows up every Halloween."

"But, darling, you want to get better and better known, don't you? You want to make money, don't you? Sans argent on ne peut rien faire. Et Hilaire Belloc lui-même told me once qu'un écrivain ne pouvait jamais réussir s'il ne perçait pas le leather belt of Suburbia."

How I wished Mr. Belloc had never made use of that disastrous phrase!

I said I really didn't mind about getting better known; and as for making money, it was very nice if one could, but it came second, a long way second.

"Je ne te comprends

pas du tout, ma chérie. A un moment tu me dis que tu ne peux pas afforder d'aller abroad"—perhaps I should explain here that in order to ease our relationship, I had for some years past rendered myself financially independent of my mother—"et puis next minute tu me dis that you don't care about making money. Et puis, tu écris des livres qui ne sell pas."

I protested mildly that "The Edwardians" had sold quite well, adding that I was sorry about that, because I hated writing novels, was a bad novelist, would never be a good one, and really only cared about writing poetry and other things.

"Oui, je sais bien: c'est très joli, la poésie, et je dois avouer que tu as écrit des choses qui me font pleurer" (as Ella Wheeler Wilcox also brought tears to her eyes, I could not take this as an especial compliment), "mais enfin la poésie, ça ne sell pas. Now you told me you were going to write a book about Jeanne d'Arc. Has it got any love interest?"

I said I was afraid not: St. Joan had died at the age of nineteen, and her few years of adolescence had been fully occupied by things other than love.

"Mais enfin, ma chérie, ma niña, you know love is the most beautiful thing on earth? Et c'est ce qui appeal le plus to most people. Now couldn't you introduce a love story into your St. Joan? It would make it sell much better."

"But Mamma, my book on St. Joan isn't a novel; it is meant to be history. I can't introduce imaginary episodes; I simply couldn't."

She looked wistful, regretful, trying to understand. Then she brightened.

"Tiens, j'ai une idée. If you say Jeanne d'Arc never had a love affair—ce qu'elle a manqué, la pauvre fille!—of course I see you can't invent one. You are as tiresome as McNed" (her name for Sir Edwin Lutyens) "with his endless talk of grammar in architecture. 'You must have truth,' he says, and it seems to me you say pretty much the same thing. Au diable ces artistes, with *their silly consciences.* But now look here, my silly, obstinate child—petite entêtée, va!—if you can't give a love affair to your Jeanne, couldn't you introduce one for Charles Sept with one of his ladies? He had lots, I know. I went round all his châteaux on my honeymoon—ah, how happy your Dada and I were then, et ce qu'il est devenu méchant pour moi depuis! enfin, n'en parlons pas—we were talking about Charles Sept and his ladies and a love affair for your book. Now there was—who was it? Diane de Poitiers? Cléo de Mérode? J'oublie."

"Agnès Sorel?" I suggested.

"Of course, Agnès Sorel. Diane de Poitiers, c'était un autre roi—Henri Deux, I think; mais enfin ils avaient tous des maîtresses; tu vois comme on m'enseignait bien l'histoire de France au couvent. Cléo de Mérode, she was somebody quite different. She was what George Moore used to call la haute cocotterie—oh, that old George Moore! what a bore he could be, and how amusing sometimes. Do you remember how he insisted once to come to Knole for Christmas, and how he wanted you to write a play with him—about Shakespeare, I think. He shut himself into the library with you for a whole afternoon and I was quite anxious, and how he came down to dinner without his tie? And how he minded, when he found out! As though it mattered, et lui qui était plutôt Bohemian. Enfin, je disais—do remind me, child, it tires me so much to think of what I was going to say, and those dreadful servants—they wear me out, so that I am bonne à rien."

"Agnès Sorel?" I suggested again. "Cléo de Mérode?"

"Ah oui, Cléo de Mérode!" She forgot the dreadful servants and went off into peals of her old delicious laughter. "Oui, George Moore avait raison: c'était la haute cocotterie bel et bien. C'était bien l'époque des appartements entretenus aux Champs-Elysées. And do you remember how Foch wrote to her—quel grand homme, que ce Foch! j'aurais bien voulu le connaître—he just wrote, 'Quand? Où? Combien?' and she replied, 'Ce soir. Ici. Rien.' C'est chic, ça, hein? Ce grand maréchal et cette grande cocotte—ça va bien ensemble, tout de même. Ça fait chic. I like that sort of thing.* But, darling, what was I saying? You really must help me. It is such an effort for me to remember everything, and I do try to help your books in every way I can, mais il faut aussi y mettre un peu du tien."

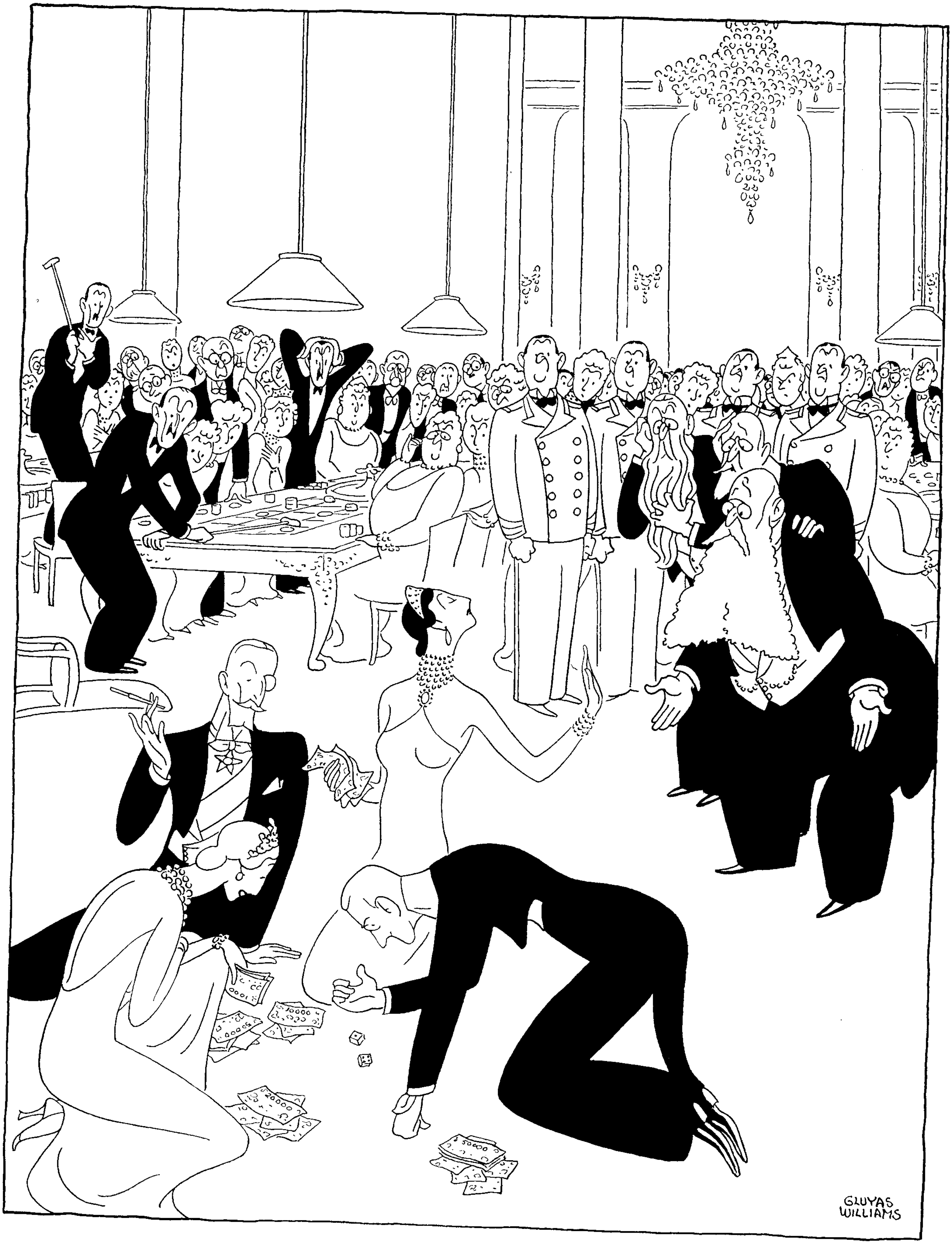
READING over what I have written, I seem to have made light of it and a joke of it, but really I don't mean to convey a wrong impression of what my mother was or of what she meant to me. It was a mixture of tragedy and—no, not comedy, but sheer fun. Even in the midst of her blindness and illness and general disability and hopelessness, she could still be better company than most people. Many people have told me what a clever woman my mother was, and what good taste she had; it was a sort of label tied onto her, but it *was utterly wrong.* She was anything but clever, and her taste was anything but good. What they never realised was that she was, above all things, herself. Wrong or right, tiresome, troublesome, turbulent, difficult, generous, mean, vindictive, revengeful, unjust, lavish, enthusiastic all in turn, she was always herself, and to be always oneself to that extent is a form of genius. "To thine own self be true"—never have I known anybody who to her own self was truer, in every detail, creditable or uncreditable.

It is not for me to write a panegyric of my mother; I think and hope that my love of her has been implicit in all that I've said about her; I will leave the last word to Mr. Rudyard Kipling as he expressed himself in a private holograph letter to a personal friend: "On mature reflection, *the* most wonderful person I have ever met. . . . It is outside all my experience, and of a type to which I know no duplicate."

—V. SACKVILLE-WEST

---

*I must disclaim all responsibility for these statements about Marshal Foch and Mme. Cléo de Mérode. For all I know, they may be chronologically incompatible, and my mother may simply have been attributing a good story to two appropriate characters. All that I have done is to reproduce, almost verbatim, a conversation.—V. S.-W.


GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

LITERARY RENEGADES

The E. Phillips Oppenheim Characters Who Preferred Craps

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE OPERA-HOUSE SLUGGER

THE New York *Herald* reporter assigned to cover the world's championship Greco-Roman wrestling match at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of April 30th, 1898, was considerably disturbed by what he saw. "The city has never before witnessed so disgraceful a spectacle," he wrote in the next morning's paper. "The magnificent surroundings and the associations of the spot in which it occurred, only served to deepen the impression."

The *Herald* man's colleague from the *Times* was less indignant, but equally impressed. He wrote, "The massive structure, the Metropolitan Opera House, home of music and refinement, has known many exciting nights, but never before in its history has it known such stirring scenes as those enacted on its stage last night at the wrestling match for the championship of the world between Ernest Roeber, the champion of America, and Ishmael Yousouf, known as the Terrible Turk."

Nor has the Met ever known such scenes since. The Roeber-Yousouf match was the feature of the first and last wrestling show held there. But even if the house had staged wrestling as regularly as the Ring Cycle, it could never have recaptured the mood of that wild nineteenth-century night. Ishmael Yousouf was drowned at sea a little more than two months after he met Roeber and never since this epic match have people taken wrestling so seriously. The Terrible Turk was an artist whose sway over the emotions of his audience has not been faintly approached, in recent years, even by Chaliapin. No one who saw the Turk could forget him, or, apparently, describe him accurately, for all accounts of his dimensions vary. He must have stupefied the beholder, like an avalanche or a waterspout. People who saw him were too frightened to take notes. There was only one man the Turk didn't frighten, and that was Ernie Roeber. Roeber is still living, a chunky, broad-shouldered man of seventy-four, with clear blue eyes and cauliflower ears. Survivor of that *Walpurgisnacht* of the Metropolitan, Roeber has the further distinction of not having been thrown by the Turk. "If he hat wrestled fair," Roeber says today, "I'd of done him sure."

Ernest Roeber was born in Hanover, Germany, but was brought to New York as a boy. He was a painstaking, hard-working young married man, with a good fifteen-dollar-a-week job in Rosenberger Brothers' tobacco factory on East Eighteenth Street, when he was forced by circumstances to become a professional wrestler. He was twenty-five; his son, Ernest, Jr., was already two years old. The compelling circumstances were all members of the Gashouse Gang, a collection of rough young men who lived in the neighborhood of the tobacco factory. They were regular weekly patrons of Harry Miner's Bowery Theatre. The headliner advertised for one particular week in 1888 was William Muldoon, the Greco-Roman wrestling champion of the world. Muldoon's act was a series of poses in Roman costume, followed by a challenge to any man in the house to come up and wrestle. He had a standing offer of twenty-five dollars to any challenger who lasted fifteen minutes.

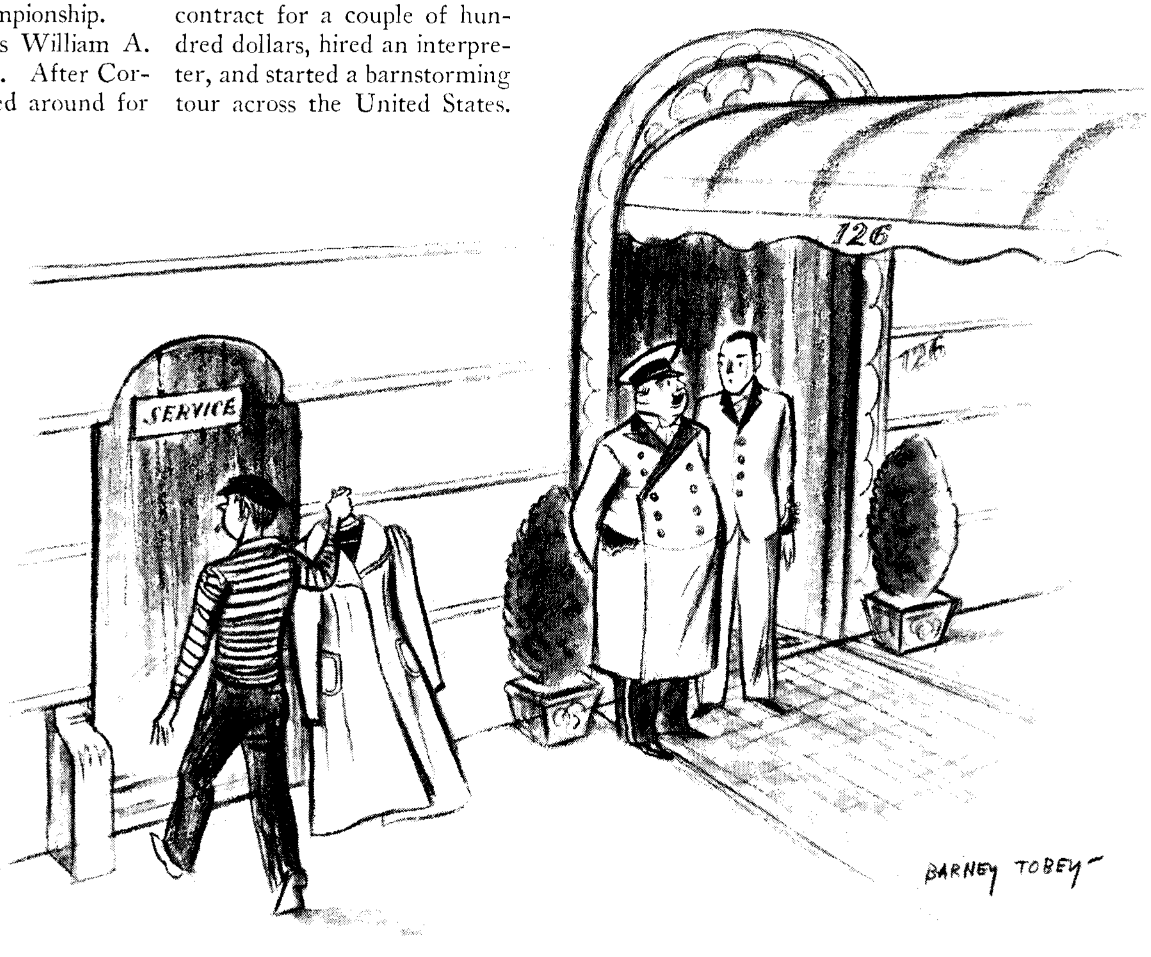
Ernie Roeber was known to all the Gashouse boys as the strongest Dutchman who ever hefted a case of tobacco, and also as a very good amateur wrestler. He sometimes performed at smokers and had wrestled in Turnvereins ever since he was old enough to be a member. The Gashouse boys wanted to see Muldoon lose his twenty-five dollars. Even more, however, they wanted to see a good roughhouse. So they visited the Roebers' flat and told Ernie he would have to challenge Muldoon. They told him that the gang would call for him on the evening Muldoon opened at Miner's and would escort him to a seat in the front row. Mrs. Roeber cried. She didn't want to be a widow. Ernie was glum. He expected to have his neck broken. But, he told his wife, if he wrestled, he might escape with a few broken bones. If he refused, his body would surely be found in some areaway, the skull smashed from behind. Consequently he attended the theatre and wrestled. He stayed the fifteen minutes, partly by clinging to the scenery whenever Muldoon got a good grip. They pulled down wings painted to represent trees, rolled through a curtain showing a scene on the Grand Canal, and fell into the footlights twice. When it was over, Muldoon declined to pay Roeber the twenty-five dollars, because of the damage to the theatre. From then on Ernie haunted Muldoon's Bowery performances, challenging him every night. Muldoon, who had been impressed by the young German-American's strength, bought him off with a steady job at the irresistible salary of fifty dollars a week. The champion was then a man of about forty, still a great wrestler, but not as supple as he had been. He engaged Ernie to travel with him in a capacity technically known as his "policeman." Every night Muldoon and Ernie wrestled an exhibition at some theatre. It ended by Muldoon's throwing his assistant. Then, when Muldoon called for challengers, Ernie took them on. If they qualified by staying the limit with Ernie, Muldoon would announce that he personally would meet them later in the week. The act always played one-week stands. If the local chumps had large followings who would come back later and again buy tickets to see their man wrestle Muldoon, Ernie was instructed to "let them stay." If the challengers appeared to be lone eccentrics, Ernie threw them. This spared the champion a great deal of trouble. Ernie wrestled with Muldoon six nights a week, fifty weeks a year, for four years, and toward the end of that period he began to feel dishonest. He had improved sufficiently to know he could beat the champion any night he wanted to. Repressed probity overflowed during the convention of the G.A.R. in Washington in 1892. The act was playing at a theatre at Thirteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. Ernie's wife and some of her cousins had come to Washington to see the Grand Army parade. Ernie got them a box at the theatre. His wife had never seen the act. Before the turn went on that night, he told Muldoon, "Tonight look out for yourself. It's on the level." Muldoon took the news like a gentleman. Ernie threw him in about ten minutes. However, the old champion didn't discharge him and then think up an alibi, as some wrestlers might have done. Instead, he appointed Ernie champion of the world and named himself Ernie's manager. After that he raised Ernie's salary to seventy-five dollars a week.

Years went by; Muldoon retired from the road to become a physical culturist, and Ernie, carrying on alone in the wrestling act, found it hard to earn a living. A Greco-Roman wrestling match is not an inspiring spectacle, except to Greco-Roman wrestlers. It includes none of the flying tackles, the "excruciating" toe holds, and the contortionistic leg scissors of the wrestling you see in the newsreels, because a Greco-Roman wrestler is not allowed to take any hold below his opponent's waist. To add to his income, Ernie took a job as trainer of Bob Fitzsimmons, the boxer. Ernie trained Fitzsimmons for the fighter's victory over Jim Corbett for the heavyweight championship.

Corbett's manager was William A. Brady, the theatrical man. After Corbett's defeat, Brady looked around for a new meal ticket. He found the Terrible Turk, stranded in a rooming house in Washington. Some contemporary accounts say that the Turk was six feet two inches tall, others that he was six feet six; some record his weight as two hundred and fifty pounds, some as three hundred and fifty, and there are various estimates in between. But all agree that he had lumps of muscle as big as baseballs on both back and stomach, and that he used to make them scurry around under his skin like mice. He had a bullet head, an extensive, pointed mustache, and arms so long that his hands hung below his knees, according to Brady, who is another survivor of the Metropolitan's night of terror. Brady says that the Turk never took a bath, because he feared it might sap his strength. Once a trainer approached him in a gymnasium with a bottle of rubbing alcohol. The Turk ran to Brady for protection, screaming in fear. He thought the alcohol was bath water. After wrestling, he always ate three sirloin steaks.

There was a story, which Brady made up, that the Turk had been the Sultan's favorite wrestler, but nobody really knew much about his pre-American past. He must have had one, for he seemed to be at least forty and he knew all the traditional Greco-Roman holds. Brady, in his memoirs, says that a Frenchman named Pieri brought Yousouf to this country. Pieri kept the vast Moslem a prisoner in a furnished room while he scouted around for matches. The Frenchman had an accomplice dressed in a policeman's uniform to mount guard over Yousouf. The Turk was afraid of anybody in a uniform. Pieri had promised Yousouf twenty-five dollars a week, but since he could get no work for him, the Turk almost starved to death. When Brady discovered the monster, he bought his contract for a couple of hundred dollars, hired an interpreter, and started a barnstorming tour across the United States. Brady paid the Turk fifteen hundred dollars a month, and fed him regularly. He also bought Yousouf a Turkish costume with a fez and baggy trousers. The only one he could get was the regalia of a Noble of the Mystic Shrine. Yousouf liked it very much. Wherever the Turk went, he wrestled to packed houses. Most of his opponents he simply picked up by the waist and heaved into the audience, an unconventional maneuver which sometimes caused a riot. Pitted against Evan Lewis, the American catch-as-catch-can champion, Yousouf scored two falls in six minutes. It was inevitable that he should be matched with Roeber. Brady was especially interested in the match because of his bitterness toward the Fitzsimmons camp. He felt sure the Turk would dismember the man who had helped Fitz beat Corbett.

Ernie then was a compact, powerful blond, only five feet eight inches tall, but thick through the chest and shoulders. He weighed about a hundred and ninety pounds. He was game for anything. The men met for the first time in the old Madison Square Garden, on March 26th, 1898. The match took place on a platform which was padded



"Well, well, she finally had that blue coat cleaned."

with a large mat, but had no posts or ropes around it. Ernie started off by circling around the Turk. Yousouf flattened one of his hands against the German's chest and shoved him off the platform. Ernie landed on his side, bruising his ribs so badly that the house physician said he could not continue. The referee then awarded the match to the injured man on a foul. The Turk danced around the mat as if it were made of hot coals. The crowd yelled, "Lynch him!" and "Kill the Turk!" and it took fifty policemen to get him to his dressing room. It seems strange that after such a prelude Frank Sanger, the manager of the Metropolitan, agreed to rent it for the return match, but perhaps he never read sporting news. Brady paid him fifteen hundred dollars for the use of the house.

THE second match between Roeber and Yousouf had the macabre appeal of a bout between a man and a rhinoceros. Brady had done a masterly job of building up the Turk as a monstrosity of nature. People who believed what they read in the newspapers thought Roeber should be forcibly restrained from suicide. But the prospect of bloodshed attracted them. For days before the match Brady had the Turk parading Broadway in his Shriner's fez and baggy pants, pausing frequently in prominently located restaurants. In the restaurants, Brady would seat his protégé by a window, where the public could watch him feed. The "sports," less credulous than the general public, were just as intensely interested. For them it was a resumption of the duel between Brady, who had managed Corbett, and Martin Julian, who managed Fitzsimmons. Julian and Fitzsimmons were to second Roeber. There had been great bitterness between Brady and Julian ever since Corbett's defeat, for Brady had set up a factitious claim of a "long count" in the sixth round, when Fitzsimmons had been on the floor. Corbett should have been awarded the fight then on a knockout, Brady pretended to believe.

At the Metropolitan there were ropes and posts around the ring, which was pitched on the stage apron. This left room for a great many seats on the stage itself. They were needed. The house was crowded, from the gallery to the stalls, and the *Herald* reporter was shocked to observe many women in the orchestra and boxes. Women almost never attended boxing or wrestling matches but these apparently relied on the reputation of the Met as a "home of refinement."

"Gentlemen with impossible waistcoats, rainbow cravats and lungs of brass were leaning from boxes that on calmer evenings are sacred to swelldom," the *Herald* man reported. During the preliminary bouts there was a foretaste of what was to come. When the wrestlers fell to the stage together, orchestra patrons could not see them plainly, so they stood up. Instantly there were roars of "Sit down!" from the impossibly waistcoated in the parterre boxes, who began to hurl tightly rolled newspapers. Reporters observed one gentleman leaning from a box and hitting out smartly with a cane.

Before the main event came a brief calm, in which Hermann Wolff of Philadelphia, the referee, announced that the contest would be "Greco-Roman, two falls out of three." Then Ernie came into the ring, accompanied by Fitzsimmons and Julian. With the Turk were Brady and a Greek masseur, who spoke Turkish and acted as second and interpreter. The Turk "towered ten inches above Roeber," according to the *Times*. The *Herald* held it down to six inches. Before the match, the Turk "made the muscles of his back and body to wriggle like snakes." The principals and seconds conferred. Ernie appeared to be warning the Turk about infractions of the rules. Ernie gesticulated broadly, making the motions of back-heeling and kicking, and shaking his head hard.

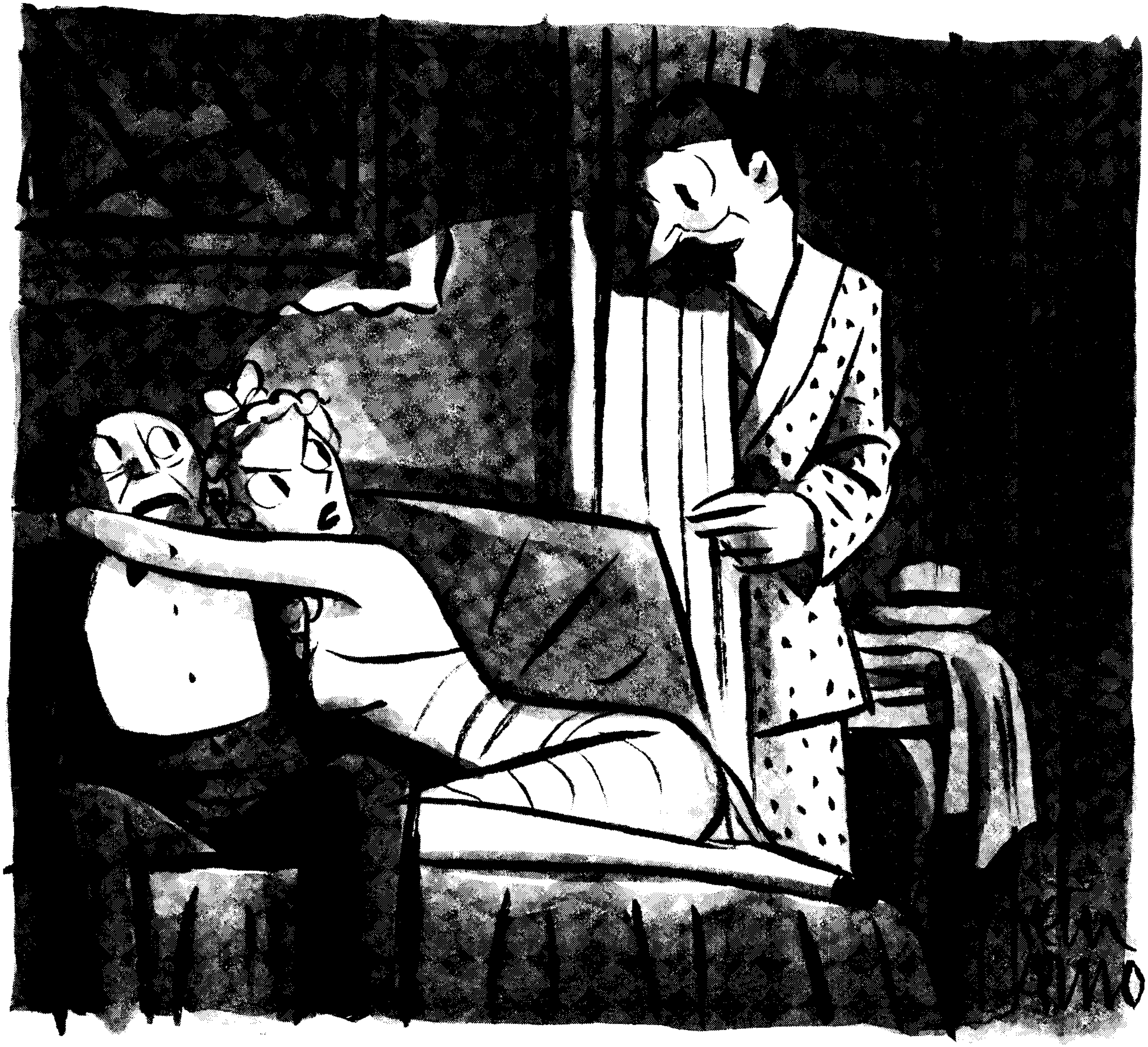
When the match got under way, cheering sections really warmed up. "From quarters which the George Goulds, and the Seward Webbs and the W. C. Whitneys call their own quiet little boxes, came roars to 'Smash him!' " the terrified agent of the *Herald* reported. Ernie was a sentimental favorite, but many had bet on Yousouf. Opening the match, the Turk stretched out his arms, bent forward, and with two hands on Roeber's neck pushed him face down to the canvas and let his weight rest on him. Then he tried to turn Ernie on his back by pulling at his left arm. It seemed the arm must break, but it didn't. "Perplexed, the Turk sat back on his haunches, biting the ends of his moustache and shaking his bullet-shaped head," the *Times* recorded. Then he tried to encircle Roeber's body with both arms, to crush the wind out of him. Roeber wriggled away. This exasperated Yousouf. He picked Ernie up in his hands and threw him at one of the unpadded wooden ring posts. Ernie crashed against the post and split it. Even spectators who had bet on the Terrible Turk screamed in fear. A number of men in the audience started toward the ring. They yelled "Stop him!" as if the Turk were a loose bull. Before Ernie could get to his feet, Yousouf picked him up again and threw him against another post. But the smaller man got up and tried to ward Yousouf off until his own head cleared. He still thought he could "do" the Turk if he got the right hold. The Turk approached him again, paused as if deciding where to grab him. Then Yousouf reached out his right hand and stuck his finger in Ernie's eye.

For a moment the crowd sat silent. Then Ernie stepped in and hit the Turk a terrific smash on the jaw. Ernie used to box with Fitzsimmons, and he could hit. "Twice Roeber drove his right arm into the Turk's face," the *Times* reported. The Turk looked mildly astonished and shook his head. Brady jumped into the ring, yelling "Foul!" Fitzsimmons jumped through the ropes, too, picked Brady up by the seat of his pants, and threw him off the stage. He landed on the reporters' table. The Greek interpreter got into the ring, and a policeman threw him into the audience. By now the ring was full of policemen, in their gray sugar-loaf helmets, batting any head they could reach with their nightsticks. The biggest and most tempting head, of course, was Yousouf's. Brady climbed through the ropes again, and was tossed out by the cops. Roeber punched the referee, who, he thought, should have disqualified Yousouf.

Meanwhile the boys in the impossible waistcoats were at it in the boxes. They were "clambering on each other's backs without so much as a 'bye your leave,' " said the *Herald*, and standing on chairs the better to smash down on the heads of their enemies. The gentleman with the cane went into action again. Wherever he saw a head, he hit it. Some of the ladies in the orchestra joined in the battle with umbrellas and hatpins. Holders of box seats found them well worth the extra money. The chairs were detachable, handy for throwing. The gallery boys, skeptical as always, set up a chant of "Fake! Fake!" and somebody led a chorus of a ragtime song called "Get Your Money's Worth." The referee announced that the match was no contest. There was fifteen thousand dollars in the house. The main bout had lasted less than twenty minutes. It took several hours to clear the Met. All the other newspapers agreed with the *Times* that "last night's disgraceful affair sealed the doom of the revival of wrestling in America." Ernie got eight hundred dollars out of it, the largest sum he ever collected for one match.

There was to be no third meeting. The Turk wrestled once or twice more, and then grew homesick for wherever he came from. One day he sneaked out of his hotel room and boarded the Bourgogne, a Compagnie Générale Transatlantique liner, as a steerage passenger for Le Havre. He had all his money, in gold, fastened around his waist in a leather money belt. Yousouf wore this belt even while he slept. The sailing date was July 2nd. On the morning of July 4th, the Bourgogne ran into a British sailing vessel sixty miles south of Cape Sable and sank. Almost all of her five hundred passengers were lost. Yousouf's immense carcass was washed ashore weeks later, and was identified by the money belt, which had been ripped open. There was nothing in it.

ERNIE today lives, tranquil and *gemütlich*, in a large brown clapboard-and-shingle house in Auburndale, a pleasant section of Flushing. Although he never made really big money, he held on to what he made, with a good deal of sideline coaching from his wife, who is named Minnie. Ernie owns his own home and a two-family house next door, which he rents out. He also owns a saloon a few blocks away. He leases it to a younger man, but he likes to spend his early evenings there, because, as he says, "it's a kind of advertisement for the place." Ernie was in the saloon business himself after he retired from wrestling in 1903. He ran a series of bars on Sixth Avenue until prohibition. Then he quit. But he had something of a second life in sport in the nineteen-thirties. His old friend and employer, William Muldoon, had become a member of the New York State Athletic Commission, which governs wrestling and boxing. He wanted somebody in



"Come now, dear—beddie-bye!"

direct contact with the wrestling business whom he could trust, so he appointed Ernie a referee. In the early thirties, when Jim Londos was champion and big crowds attended the shows in Madison Square Garden, Ernie was known by sight to all *aficionados*. A squatty, pink-faced man with a pink, bald head, he looked deceptively small and rolypoly in his gray flannel uniform. Muldoon, on Ernie's advice, never permitted a wrestling bout in New York to be advertised as a "match." They were all "exhibitions." So, Ernie says, it didn't matter whether they were honest or not. Ernie got into the modern spirit of the sport quickly. As a referee, he sometimes put on a better show than the principals. He practically stood on his head to look under the wrestlers' shoulders when they were on or near the mat, and he shook his forefinger in the faces of the rough boys with a broad pantomime of indignation that carried to the farthest galleries. After Muldoon died, Ernie says, he no longer got assignments to referee the big shows, so he surrendered his licence.

Ernie hasn't led a very active life since. Mrs. Roeber, a brisk, cheerful woman, entertains a ladies' pinochle club once a week. Sometimes Ernie joins in the game. The Roebers have two grown, almost middle-aged sons. Ernest, Jr., works for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Fred is a salesman for a whiskey house. There are several grandchildren. In summer, the Roebers usually go to a place they own in Sullivan County, or else to Stony Brook, Long Island, to visit their friend John Ruppert, an uncle of the brewer. Ernie's house in Auburndale once belonged to another wrestler, a man named Captain James C. Daily, and subtitled the Irish Giant. He was an all-round athlete, who would meet opponents in a program of boxing, weight-throwing, sprinting, fencing with broadswords on horseback, and wrestling. "He couldn't wrestle no more than my foot," Ernie says, "but take him all around, and he was a hard man to beat."

Ernie weighs about the same as when he was wrestling. His muscles have softened, and his girth has increased. His appetite, attuned to Mrs. Roeber's cooking, is magnificent. He likes to sit in the sun, his heavy arms folded across his barrel chest. His chin falls forward, the sun shines on his pink, bald head, and he sleeps. He wears gold-rimmed spectacles. His left eye waters a lot and often pains him. This serves to remind him of the Terrible Turk, for it was Ernie's left eye into which Yousouf stuck his finger. When visitors come out to see him, Ernie likes to talk about the match at the Metropolitan and explain what really happened in that tense moment before he socked the Turk on the jaw.

"Before we started, even, I tolt the interpreter to tell him, 'No rough stuff,' and the interpreter dit, because the Turk knotted his hett," Ernie says. "Ant I tolt Brady, 'If he is rough, I punch him in der chaw.' Ant he was," the old man says dispassionately. "Ant I dit.

"All that they sett, how the Turk didn't understant English, was a lie," Ernie says. "I tell you how I know. When I was trying to spar him off, I went like this." Ernie makes a disrespectful, Gashouse District sound with his lips, to show how he went. "The Turk understoot me perfect," he says. "Because it was then he shtook his finger in my eye."

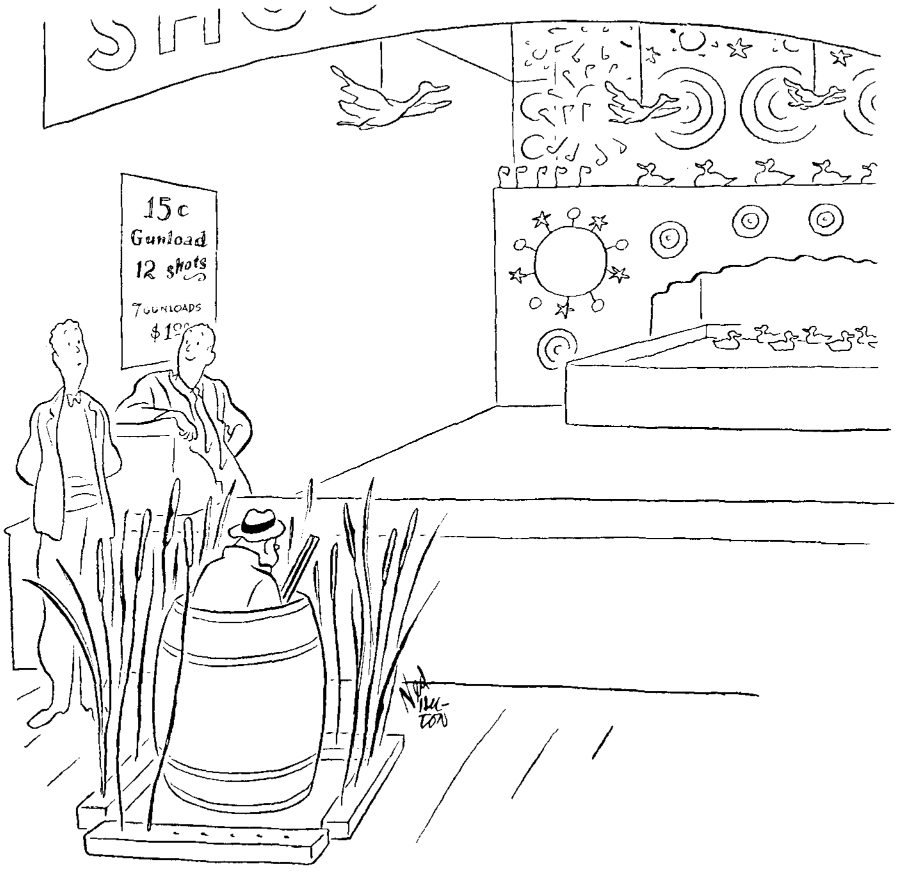
If the Turk hadn't understood Gashouse English and hadn't stuck his finger in Ernie's eye, Ernie believes he would have beaten the behemoth "fair and square." "He coultn't get a goot holt on me," he says, "and he would have tired hisself out in a couple of hours."

Ernie wanted a third chance at Yousouf, he tells the visitors, but under his own conditions. "I went to Brady," he says, "ant I tolt him, 'Leave me and the Turk together in a room, and have the reporters stay on the outside, and let us alone, no holts barred. Whoever can walk out on his own feet, he iss the winner.' I wanted to bet a thousant dollars. But he wouldn't do it." Perhaps Brady remembered that Ernie could box as well as wrestle.

Brady today is almost as busy and cocky a little man as he was on the night of April 30th, 1898. He manages his own theatre, the Playhouse, on West Forty-eighth Street, where he has produced a number of hits, including "Street Scene." Last March he published a three-hundred-page autobiography, called "Showman."

Bob Fitzsimmons, who seconded Ernie, lost his boxing championship to James Jeffries in 1899. By that time he was thirty-eight years old, but he kept on fighting for years, and retired when over fifty. He died during the influenza epidemic in 1918. Ernie likes to talk about Fitzsimmons—even more than he likes to talk about the Terrible Turk. "He was a nice fellow, Bob," Ernie says. "I liked the ground he walked on."

—A. J. LIEBLING



"He can't hit a thing without it."

WORLD'S FAIR ODE

SING, ye muses, in song condign
To the Fair of 1939!
The Chicago Fair was dedicated
In an elegant ode that was highly rated;
It glorified the Chicago show
And was written by the young Miss Harriet Monroe.
Dignity it had, and beauty and rhyme,
But alas! for the erosive claws of time!
Pardon me, please, if I quote a few
Lines to show what Time will do:

Spain, in the broidered robes of chivalry,
Comes with slow feet and inward-brooding eyes.
Bow to her banner! 'twas the first to rise
Out of the dark for thee.

And France, who once thy fainting form upbore,
Brings beauty now where strength she brought of yore;—
France the swift-footed, who with thee
Gazed in the eyes of liberty
And loved the dark no more.

Russia rides down from realms of sun and snow;
Germany casts afar
Her iron robes of war
And strikes the harp with thy triumphant song.
Italy opens wide her epic scroll. . . .

All hail! we bring thee vows most sweet
To strew before thy wingèd feet.
Now onward be thy ways!

Since that was sung by Chicago's daughter
Over the dam has flowed much water.
Since the days of that Columbian Ode
Over the earth much blood has flowed.

And now assist me, Muse o' mine,
To sing the Fair of '39!
Give me courage, and a cheek unblushing,
Featly to sing of the Fair of Flushing.

Hurrah! Hooray! and also Hail! En-
Tirely cheer for Grover Whalen,
For former Governor Alfred E. Smith,
And for everybody whom he is with!

BUT the chances are excellent that the Ode will be written
And recited over the radio by the author,
Who like as not will be Archibald MacLeish,
Who might say in part as follows:

There are people celebrating the
Discovery of America by an Italian named
Cristoforo Colombo, who didn't even give his
Name to the country. That was given by
Another Italian, A. Vespucci. What did
Colombo do but find a country wreathed
Now in slaves? Quotas keep the Colombos and
The Vespuccis out, and where are the
Indians Colombo found here? Exploited by the
Government. The best-known picture in this
Country is "Custer's Last Stand." Somebody should
Paint "Capital's Last Stand," reading from
Left to Right, but there is no Right or
Rights anywhere but in the U. S.
S. R. And who helped Colombo discover? Spain. Torn by the
Talons of Hate, as what land is not? I sing America, the
World's Unfair, and lift my glass in a
Toast: I give you America, the land of the Free, to hear the
Publishers tell it, Press; and the home of the slave. I
Give you America. I don't want it. O
Land of Pretentiousness!

OR—who can tell and who can say?—
It might be done by Edna Millay,
Whose love of beauty of form and line
Might sonnet the Fair of '39:

O sea that sounded on the coast of Maine,
I hear thy swishing surf in every shell
Of my collection that I love so well,
In the searing sun and in the eroding rain.
For I have builded me an aqueous fane
Where I may worship water, and the spell
That shackles me, no less binding than the swell
Of Bach and his mutational refrain.

So bless me with the benison of speech,
That I may have the tongue simply to say
The wild cascading words, each over each,
That fill my soul when I see Flushing Bay!
O let my thirsty body fail to cower
At the exhibit of electric water power!

ODES from the country, odes from the city
Will be sent in to the Ode Committee;
And poets bitter and poets sweet
Will battle, vie, strive, and compete.
But of all the singers east and west,
I cast my vote for Edgar Guest.
On him I'd bet my dimes and dollars
If he sings substantially as follers:

It takes a heap o' money to give this World a Fair,
And everyone should do their level best to travel there
To see the folks from Finland and Java and Japan,
And maybe see a lady dance with nothing but a fan;
To see the many wonders that show that man is smart,
And learn that every human has a warm and beating heart.
You'll want to tell the folks at home of the Big Town's noise and blare,
For it takes a heap o' money to give the World a Fair.

But money isn't everything, and riches aren't all,
And it's true that the higher up you go the farther you will fall.
And many a wealthy man's affairs you'll find are in a mess,
For money can buy bread and meat, but it can't buy happiness.
So remember you can see as much of this here fine World's Fair
As though you were this country's most important millionaire.
Oh, swell the crowds that come to have a time that's super-fine,
For it takes a heap o' people for the Fair of '39.

Let these and other poets take the hint!
There's plenty of time to do your lyric stint.

THE THEATRE

WHODUNIT

THERE is not much to be said about "Angel Island," at the National Theatre, except that George Abbott, its producer, has been prodigal with scenery, actors, and bloodshed. The action takes place in a fairly mysterious old house on an island off the coast of Carolina, and the atmosphere, which appears to be a combination of horror and high society, is nicely indicated by one of the ladies early in the first act. She has, we learn, been having an affair with a married gentleman in the cast, and his wife is proving a little difficult. Nothing, however—not fear or remorse or embarrassment—can overcome the guilty lady's spectacular refinement.

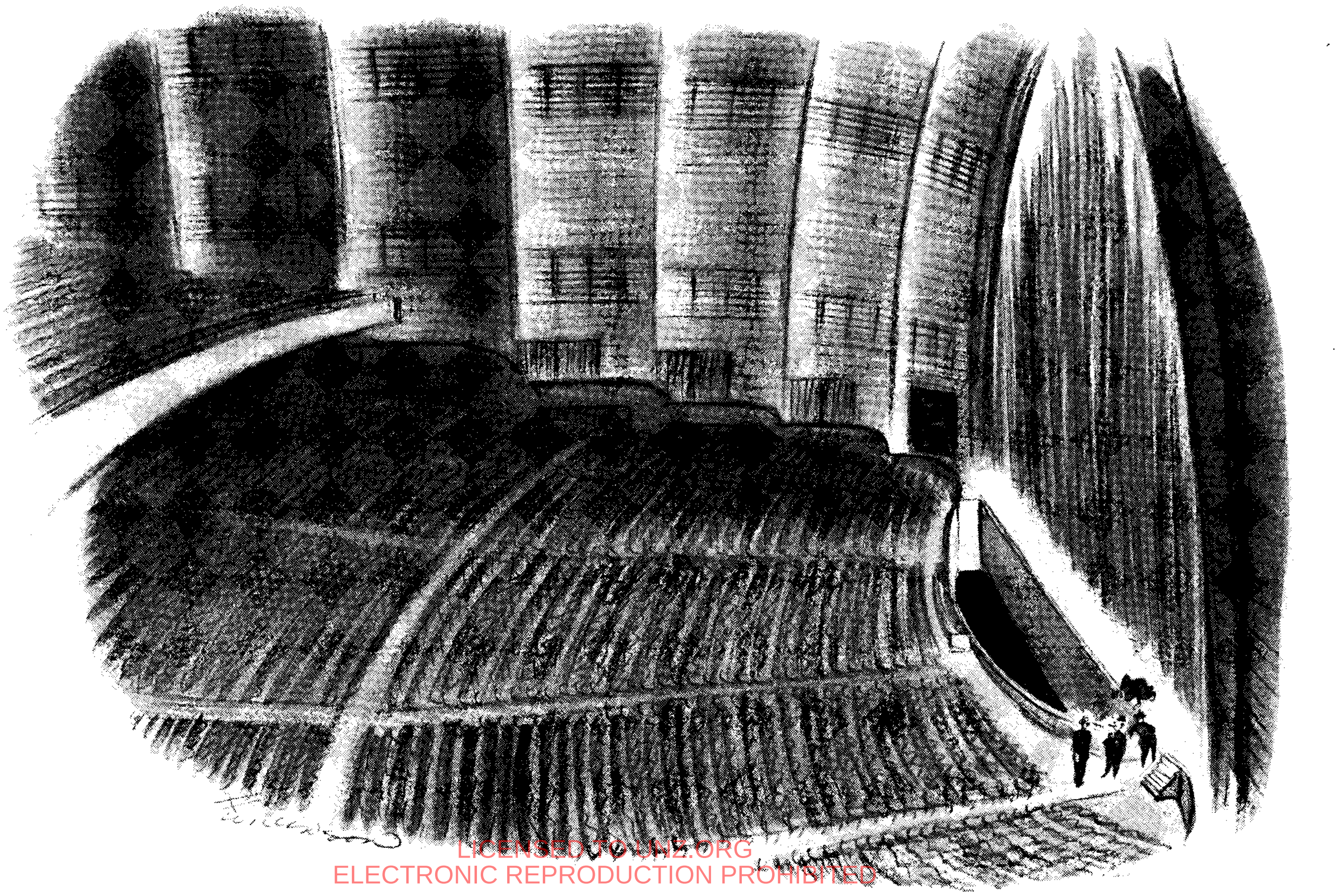
"Your wife acts like she's getting veddy suspicious," she informs her paramour, in cultivated tones. "She watches me like a hock."

One or two similar remarks that I tried to write down on my program in the dark are either lost or illegible, but it is safe to say that they were in this same genteel key and that on the whole Mr. Abbott's employees speak precisely though all hell breaks loose around them.

As a matter of fact, they are tried to the utmost, because presently the deceived wife comes tumbling down the stairs and her screams, though terrible to hear, are understandable and may even deserve our sympathy, for she has been run right through the middle with an icepick. A little later Alec Richfield, a cad who wears eyeglasses on a string, is also stabbed and dies before your eyes, and finally the author of both these deaths is shot himself, at close range, with a squirrel rifle. In addition to actual homicide, the play is profuse with doors that open in the dark, cut telephone wires, comedy servants comically terrified, missing jewels, and the chilly screaming of the heroine (all the ladies in "Angel Island" are fine screamers) when she finds herself locked in the library with the murderer. Altogether, if the author and Mr. Abbott have overlooked one cliché of the melodramatic form, I'm sure I don't know what it is.

Unfortunately, Mr. Abbott's generosity has not resulted in a very exciting play. For one thing, I'm afraid we've all grown a little too wise for such simple and familiar horrors. It is too much to expect that even the most nervous ladies will be alarmed year after year by the same formulae, and I would suggest that it is almost time the boys began looking around for something else. For another thing, either because of a gathering fog in the author's mind or even conceivably because of Mr. Abbott's usual briskly-paced direction, things seem to happen too fast and for no very apparent reason. It would, for instance, take a much more alert customer than I to explain the solution at the end, and on the whole it is probably unwise to let the mystery persist beyond the final curtain. I am sorry about all this, because there should always be at least one good murder play around the town.

Eric Wollencott and Joyce Arling, incidentally, head the large, tormented cast. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



Novice

"They laughed when I stepped into the kitchen—but when I served lunch—sustained applause . . . Cook and everybody was out last Thursday. Bob and the others drove up—at noon, of course (they would!). They'd ragged me so, saying I wasn't the home type. I said to myself 'Lady, you better settle this, once and for all'. I told them I'd get their lunch. And ten minutes later, lunch was served.

Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup

(I've raved about chicken gumbo ever since cook and I discovered Campbell's has the real chicken-and-tomato magic, the grand garnish and seasoning.)

Melba Toast
Fresh Grapefruit Salad

(Cook, bless her, had the salad makings ready in the ice box.)

Petit Fours **Tea**

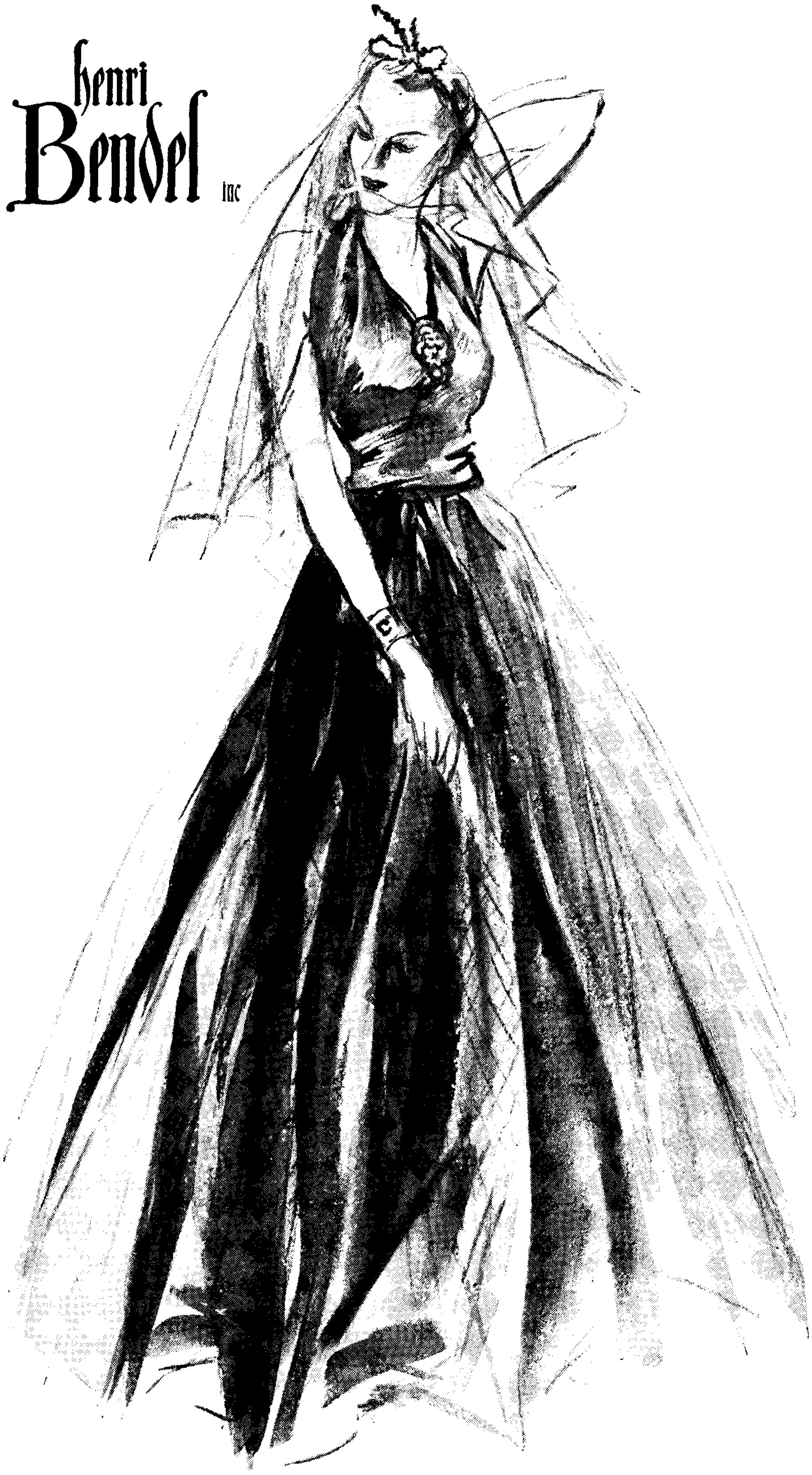
"The crowd stopped jeering and started cheering . . . Who said that kitchen work was hard? Even a novice can serve expert meals with Campbell's Soups in the pantry!"

—or Expert

In many a great house nowadays the master cook turns to Campbell's for the fine soups he must serve. With the respect of one craftsman for another, he tastes, nods, and concedes he cannot do better than Campbell's. To try to improve upon Campbell's Soups would be what he calls "lily-gilding". It is for their innate lavish quality that he chooses such soups as Campbell's sumptuous Cream of Mushroom, Campbell's savory Mock Turtle, and Campbell's fine Consommés. On this quality he stakes his reputation as a provider of fine soups.

Campbell's
CONDENSED
MOCK TURTLE
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

Campbell's
Soups



henri Bendel inc

Layers of tulle for the skirt...a gleaming metallic bodice
...Party Dress for November-December festivities... $75
The Tulle and Paillette Head-dress . . . $20

Both in our Immediate-Wear Salon

OF ALL THINGS

WE are pleased to hear that polls and surveys forecast the reëlection of our favorite Mayor. Still, we would feel easier in our mind if some eminent football prophet would pick Mahoney.

•

Mahoney has not convinced us that he has more than a bowing acquaintance with New York's system of government. As the campaign nears its close, he still sounds like a man who would have to ask his way to the City Hall.

•

The Japanese have resorted to the bribery of soldiers in their effort to break down resistance in the Shanghai district. They believe in peace at any price up to $1.47 a head.

•

In announcing the national deficit as $695,000,000, the government follows the sound precedent established by the motor industry. That sum is much easier to laugh off than $700,000,000 would be.

•

Mr. Borah is not in favor of that proposed mid-term convention. He feels that the Republican Party can disagree with itself just as well in the privacy of the home.

•

Agricultural experts are trying to think up a law which will help the farmer without bringing too much pain to the city slicker's neck. The ever-normal quandary.

•

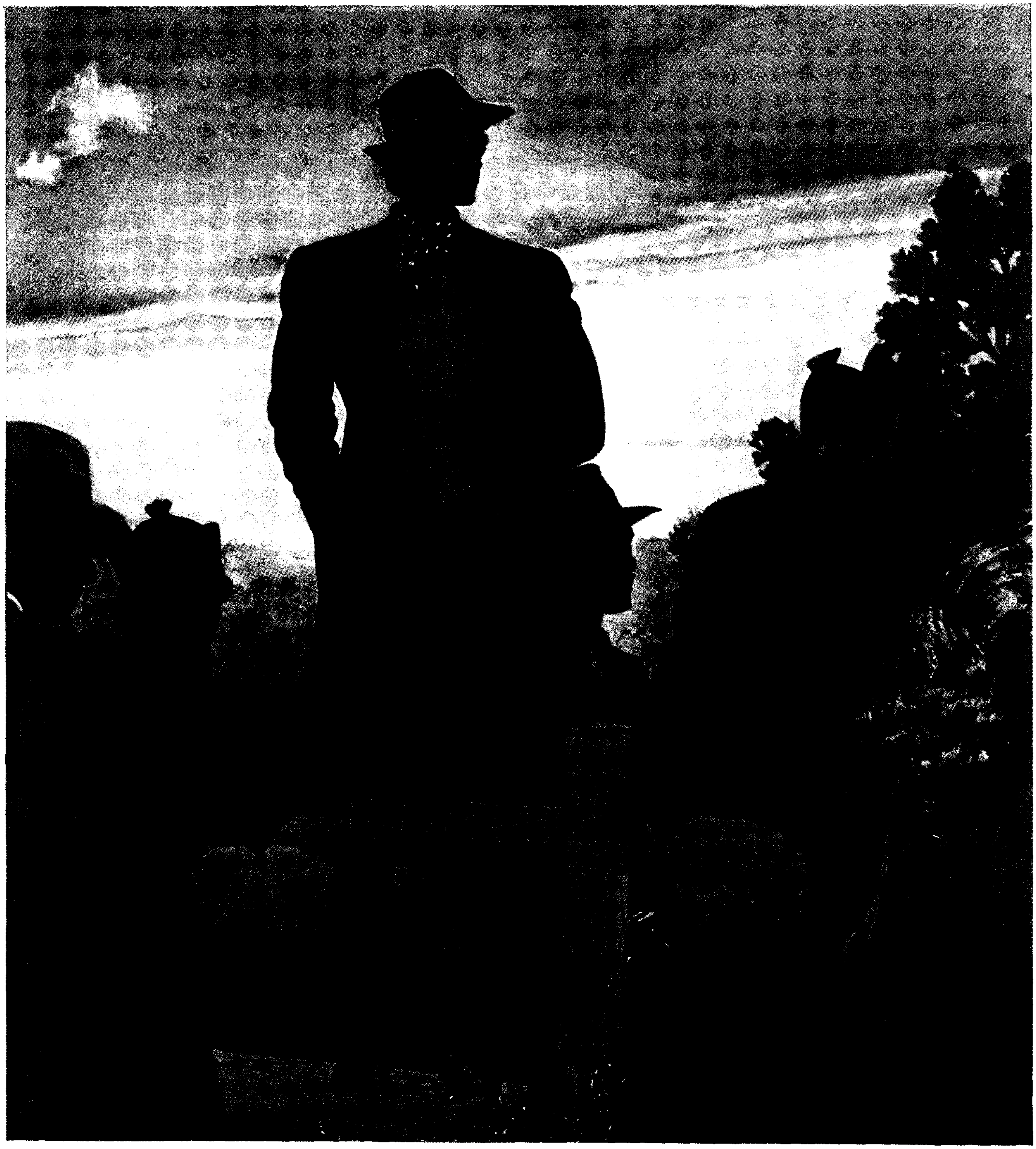
In Arkansas' special election, Governor Bailey, an ardent New Dealer, was defeated for Joe Robinson's seat. The victor was Representative Miller, who admires the President's great heart, but thinks he had better bring along his own head.

•

This week the automobile-makers ask your coöperation in restoring prosperity. Throw away that piece of 1937 junk and get a car with an exciting, revolutionary ashtray.

•

The Treasury Department wonders why there is a decreased demand for two-dollar bills. Our guess is that most shoppers find, these days, that a five-spot will do just as well



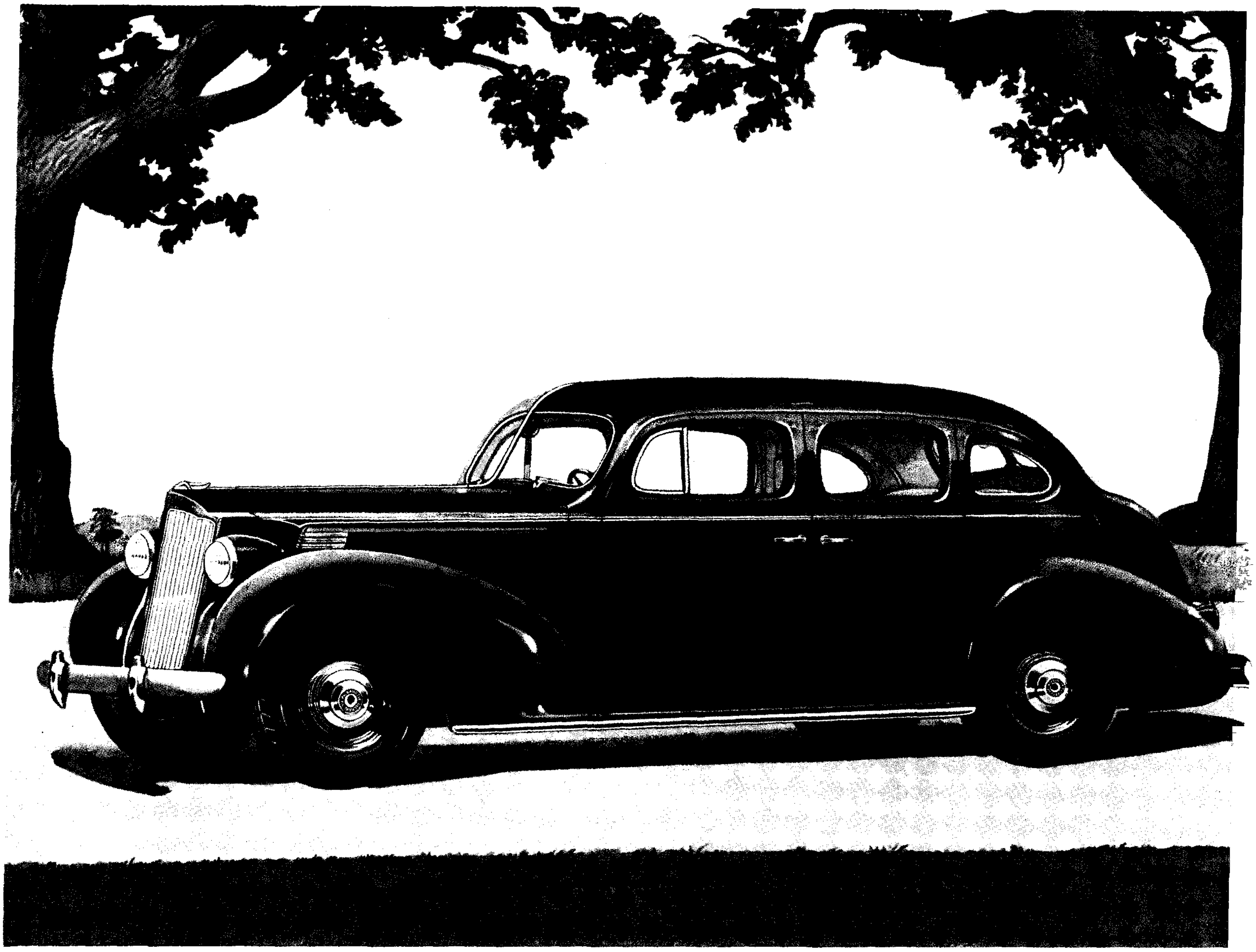
At race meets this Fall you will see woolens lovelier than ever. Loosely woven fabrics in textures like fleecy clouds . . . and colors that seem to mirror autumn sunsets. Tweedy things in deep, rich hues. Shetlands with the brilliance of the season's foliage. Perfectly beautiful fabrics . . . delightful to touch, to see, particularly to *wear.* Many of them will be the new Hockanum Woolens, now found in all sorts of casual clothing at better shops everywhere.

HOCKANUM *Woolens*

Hockanum Mills, Rockville, Connecticut   Founded 1809

Division of M.T.Stevens & Sons Company, North Andover, Mass. J.P.Stevens & Co., Inc., Selling Agents, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York

Step into the new 1938 PACKARD SIX



The Touring Sedan, one of five beautiful Packard Six models for 1938

—You'll think you stepped

WE —Want a pleasant surprise? Go to your Packard showroom . . . step into a new 1938 Packard Six or Packard Eight . . . and you'll think you're in the wrong Packard.

YOU—What do you mean, "wrong" Packard?

WE —You'll think you're in one of the senior Packards, the most expensive Packards.

YOU—Why so?

WE —Because both of these surprising new 1938 Packards are *seven full inches longer* in wheelbase. And so roomy

WE —Is there! The trunks are so enlarged this year you can literally carry baggage enough to take your family on a trip from coast to coast.

YOU—With all that extra size, these Packards ought to ride better!

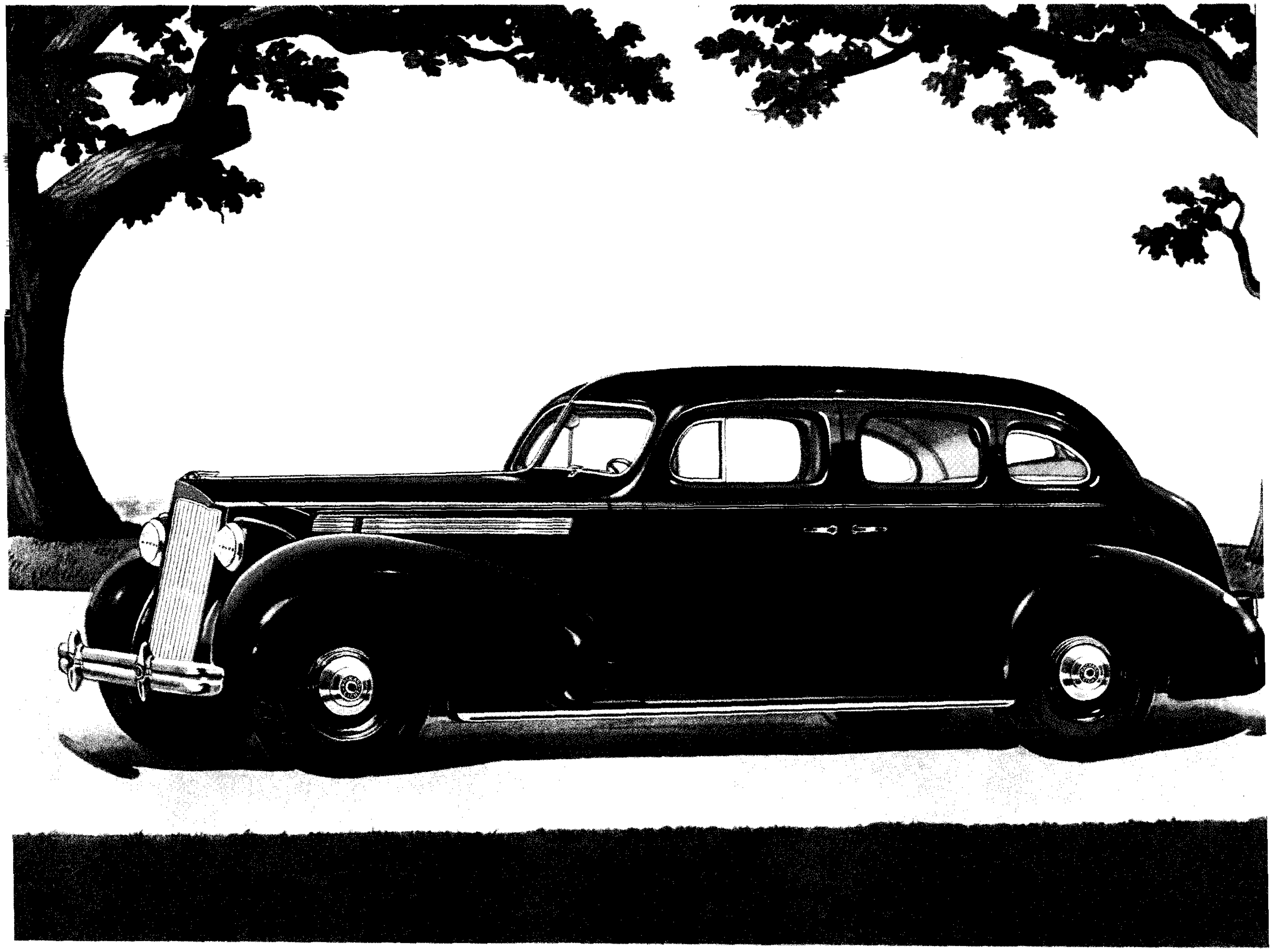
WE —And *how* they do! But not alone from the larger size. You see, Packard *engineers*—as well as Packard *stylists*—have worked out some rather wonderful improvements. They've developed a new rear suspension . . . with the world's first *opposed* shock absorbers

WE —They give you the *gentlest* ride ever built into a motor car; the effect of independent wheel suspension all round. They're the greatest contribution to comfort since the introduction of balloon tires.

YOU—That's remarkable. How about *safety*—I'm a bug on that.

WE —Packard has always been one of the safest cars made—and we've gone ourselves one better. These new engineering developments give road adhesion that enables the new Packards to hug the road like a train on a track. Sidesway has been reduced; that means

Step into the new 1938 PACKARD EIGHT



The Touring Sedan, one of nine beautiful Packard Eight models for 1938

into the wrong Packard !

YOU—Yes, I know those all-steel bodies—noisy, aren't they?

WE —Not these. It took us three years of hard work, but we've developed *a really quiet all-steel body!*

YOU—How about upkeep?

WE —Packard challenges any car made on economy of upkeep. They're inexpensive to run. And easy to *keep* in perfect running condition.

YOU—For instance?

WE

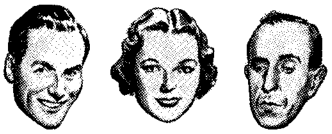
YOU—Mmmmm—mighty strong claims, mighty strong claims.

WE —Granted. That's why we say—SEE YOUR PACKARD DEALER. Take a ride, and discover to your astonishment that if anything, we've *understated* the amazing things these new Packards will do!

YOU—Can I really afford a Packard?

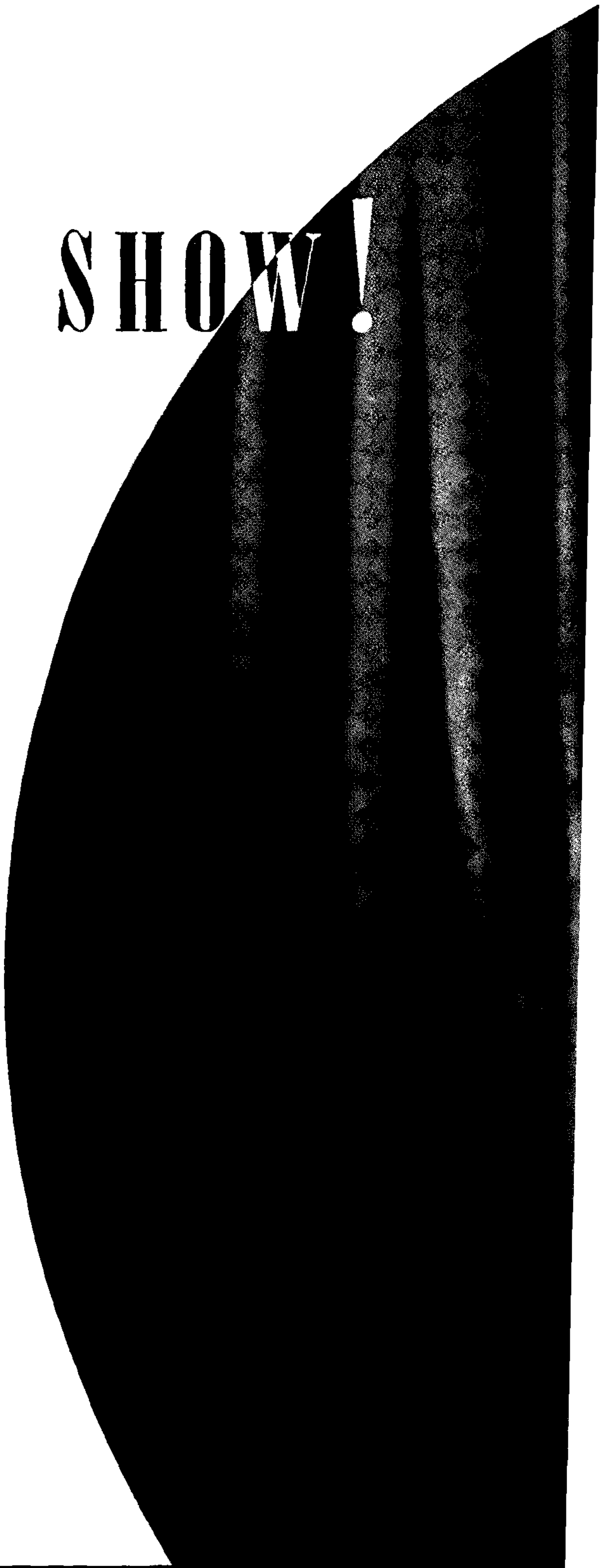
WE —We were just coming to that. Your old car will probably cover the down payment on a new Packard Six or Eight. The monthly payments can be worked

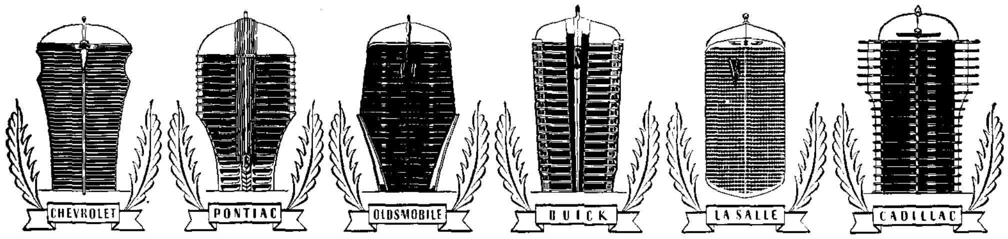
YOU HAVE A DATE TUESDAY EVENINGS



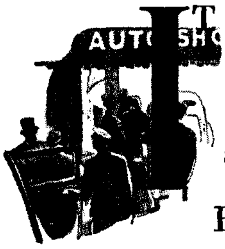
Each Tuesday evening, at 9:30 E. S. T. over the N. B. C. Red Network, Packard brings you one of the most entertaining full-hour shows on the air! Lanny Ross, Charles Butterworth, and Florence George head a

"STEELING" THE SHOW!



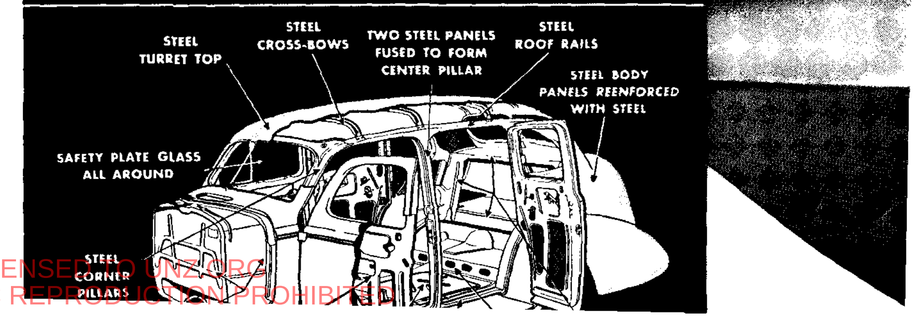

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
LA SALLE
CADILLAC

The Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher is available on only six makes of cars, all products of General Motors. So they alone can offer you the smart styling, the luxurious comfort, the full measure of safety that this glorified steel body provides.

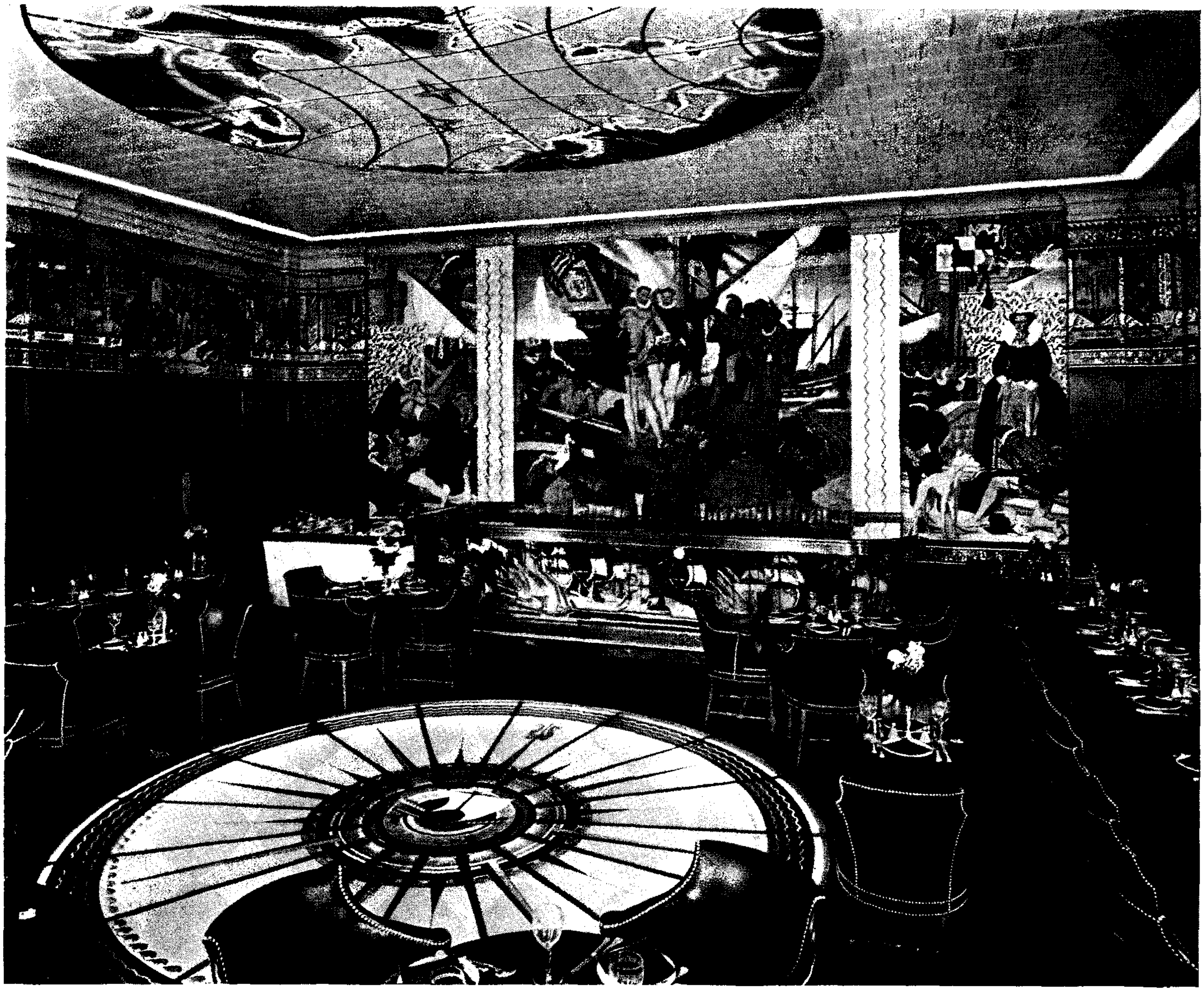


IT happens at this year's automobile shows, just as it has happened before ● Knowing eyes, admiring eyes see in the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher a glorified steel body that sets the style trend — still a step ahead of tomorrow ● They find here comfort "wrapped in a beautiful package," combined with safety fortressed in steel — steel fused to steel — one sturdy, solid unit ● The masterwork of fine craftsmen, this impressive structure, insulated against cold and heat and noise, offers larger doors, wider seats, roomier interiors — and the four-seasons' advantages of Fisher No Draft Ventilation ● The notable beauty of the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher is reflected in all General Motors cars—the only cars that carry the proud seal: "Body by Fisher."

WITH STEEL FUSED SOLIDLY TO STEEL THROUGHOUT, THE UNISTEEL BODY IS SHOCK-PROOF, WEAVE-PROOF, SECURE


STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS FUSED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REENFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS

UNISTEEL
TURRET TOP
GM
GENERAL MOTORS
Body by Fisher
ON GENERAL MOTO



"Raleigh Room"—Hotel Warwick, New York

Photographed Direct in Color by Powers

CAPTURED COLOR

A. J. Powers Esq.,
Dear A.J.:

Until I painted the Raleigh Room, my acquaintance with four color work dates back to days when the camera was only able to get 25%, the remainder was subject to the color feeling of the individual engraver.

The results of POWERS DIRECT COLOR PROCESS more than amazed me! They have succeeded in getting the FEELING of the room as well as the FACT. An artist could ask for no more.

Dean Cornwell

A POWERS' direct color reproduction holds everything the camera sees. For in POWERS' studio there is skill *behind* the camera—skill to transform a mere photograph into a picture that has all the detail and reality of the original—an illustration that has *life* and *sparkle.* This is what has given POWERS' reproductions their high reputation among advertisers and agencies.

If it would interest you to see the unusual equipment which makes it possible for us to produce fine plates more quickly and at lower cost to you, we will welcome the opportunity to show you through our plant.

POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION

TWO HUNDRED FIVE WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET · NEW YORK CITY

ANNALS OF CRIME

SING A SONG OF HOMICIDE

IT is one of the niceties of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence that unless a murderer has stood in the dock before a jury of his peers, his murder doesn't count. The victim may be thoroughly dead, the deadly weapon patent, but until twelve unbiased men have listened to the evidence in open court, have looked upon the fiend and said, "Yes, he did it," the presumption of innocence rests upon him. That, I suppose, is why nowhere in the assembled annals of crime will you find one single word about John Hayes, the poet who called himself Poor But Honest Jack—no mention of the January night, some twenty years ago, on Cragle Hill in Union Township of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, when he bludgeoned to death his wife Josephine and slashed the rubicund face and neck of Helen Jordan.

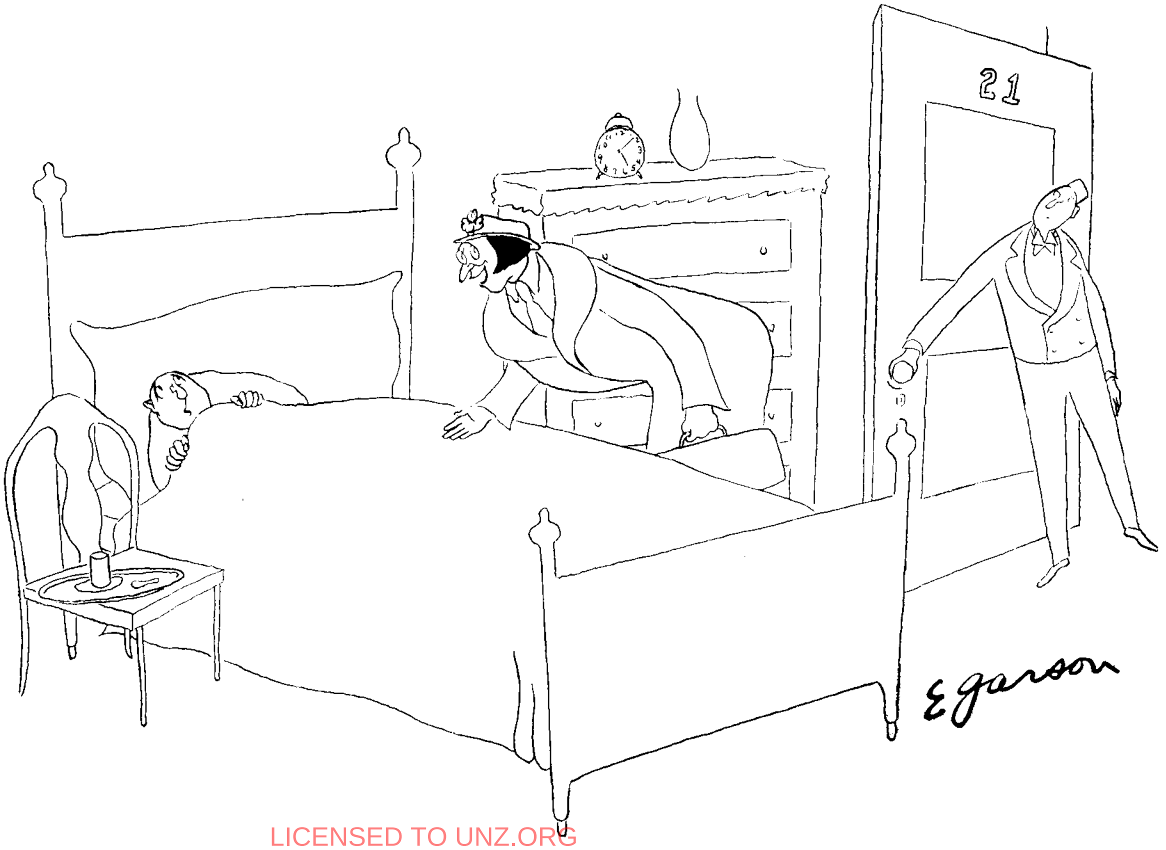
There is little doubt that John killed Josephine. Helen saw him do it. Well, not exactly saw. She watched Josephine go into the barn with John, and heard the woman scream; and it takes only the simplest kind of figuring to put *that* two and two together. Then, there was the motive—which was Helen herself—and the very evident preparations. Finally, John demonstrated his capacity for violent action when, shortly after Josephine's murder, he made an attempt on Helen's life in the presence of several witnesses. But John was never tried for his crime, because he was never caught. From that distressing hour to this distant day, neither hide nor hair of him, dead or alive, has come to light. His footprints in the snow led the state police to the D.L.&W. tracks, and there the trail congealed.

As murders go, the killing of Josephine Hayes was an average affair—unimportant people, a drab victim, and a crude sort of slaughter. It is, looking back, only John's poetry which entitles it to immortality beside the widely known felonies of the brash Dr. Crippen and the meek Judd Gray, who both tried like John, to put a lethal ending to a sexual predicament.

Early one morning in January, 1916, I answered a phone call at the office of the Wilkes-Barre *Times-Leader*, where I was a reporter. The county correspondent at Hunlock Creek was calling. "I got a local item for you," he said breathlessly. Then he dictated: "Helen Jordan, eighteen, of Cragle Hill, burst into the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Cragle of Union Township late last night, screaming, 'Oh, my God, Father's murdered Mother in the barn!' Ten minutes afterward, John Hayes, fifty, adopted father of Helen, entered the house and attacked Helen with a knife. She has been taken to the Nanticoke State Hospital, where her wounds are believed to be serious. State troopers found Mrs. Josephine Hayes, forty-two, in the barn of the farmhouse. She was dead. She had been beaten to death. John Hayes has disappeared. Funeral details will be announced later. I guess I got everything in."

Because I had answered the phone, it became my murder. As a matter of fact, it could not have been in better hands, for through the preceding twelvemonth I had turned into something of a specialist in homicide. For reasons known only to themselves, pre-Mussolini vendettists, in flight from Sicily via Manhattan, had chosen Luzerne County for their duelling ground. Peter the Ox carved up Lupo the Wolf because of something that had happened back in Italy, and Giuseppe the Fox settled Peter, and then a friend of Peter's had to adjust matters with Giuseppe. And I wrote them all up, using a stencil. When you get bored with Sicilian revenges, there's nothing like a native American sex crime for diversion.

SWATHED in bandages, but more scared than damaged, Helen Jordan told me she was too afraid of John to say a single thing about the whole business—why, one word out of her, and John would come running right back and rip the hospital to pieces. Then she talked about it steadily for hours. There wasn't any doubt, she said glibly, that John killed Josephine because he wanted to be free to take up with her. Both she and Josephine knew that that was what he was after. She and Josephine had talked about it a good many times, and that was why they had run away together, right after Christmas. But John had come after them, and they



"But I am Dr. F. R. [illegible]"

EACH SPARK SETS OFF

That's why the new DYNAFLASH ENGINE, *and* TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING, *make the 1938 Buick chassis the Most Modern in the World*

IT'S literal fact that you ride the whirlwind when your foot is on the treadle that bosses the new Buick DYNAFLASH engine.

Every five inches this thrilling car travels, a fist-size hurricane lets go in a cylinder head, lending tornadic force to the downward power-push of the piston.

You feel the swell and lift of it, the dynamic eager flow of it to the quickening wheels, but you feel it tamed to the firm cool smoothness of polished marble through silk.

Every action of this magnificent traveler is a miracle of poise and quiet and security, and every drop of gasoline you burn gives up gloriously more of its hidden power.

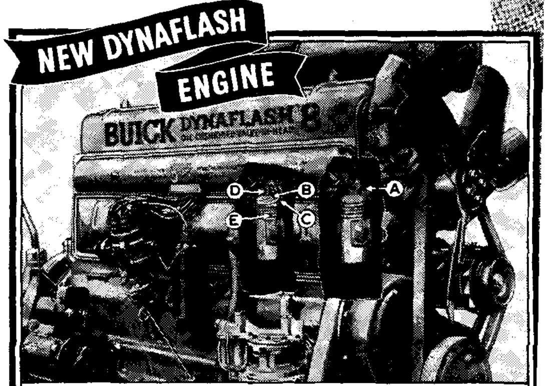
Slip into the driver's seat, sample for yourself the inspired engineering that sets the 1938 Buick head and shoulders above any other automobile you will meet this year.

Apart from the flashing beauty of the car, its luxurious room, its sumptuous fittings, measure the astounding *performance* of it, and the *ride* that matches its astonishing stride.

That level, floating, jarless going, that sense of almost *flying*, is given you by Buick's new TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING, which, adding new safety to new comfort, also lengthens rear tire life and blessedly reduces skids.

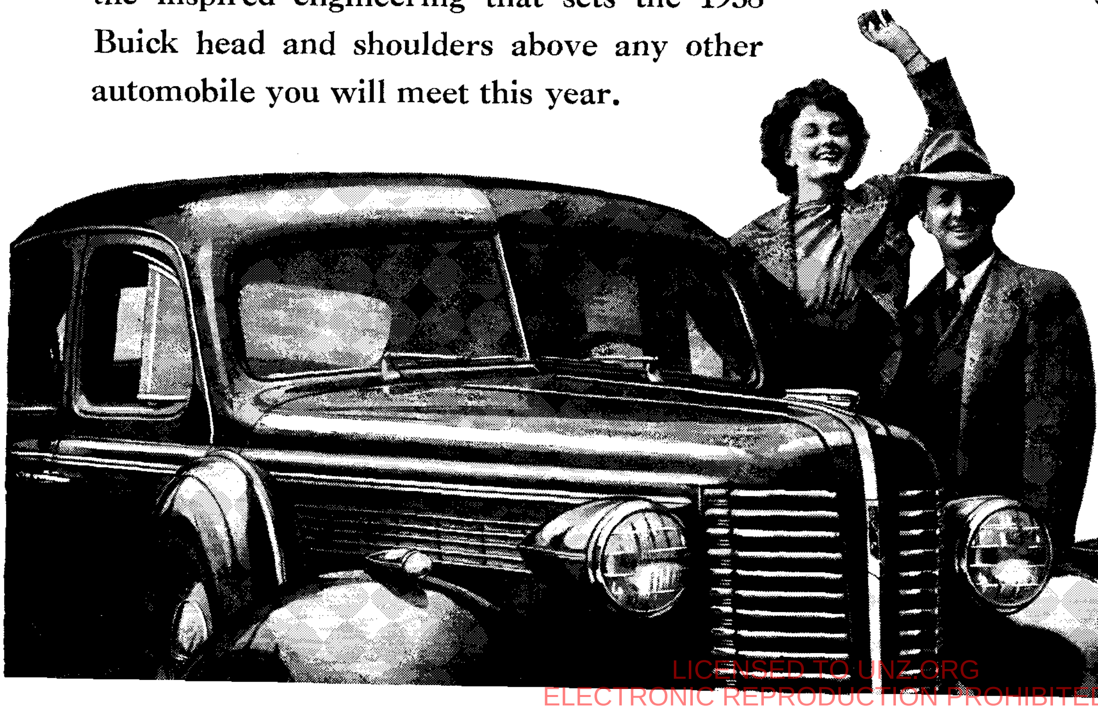
Not one but *both* of the standout engineering features of 1938 are yours in the new Buick — which tells you how to make your every new-car dollar do its full duty this next year!

NOW ON DISPLAY AT THE NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW AND AT ALL BUICK DEALERS'



EVERY SPARK SETS OFF A CYCLONE!

Rushing into the cylinder at speeds as high as 250 miles an hour, the fuel charge (A) strikes the Turbulator (B) built into the piston and instantaneously is converted into a tiny cyclone (C) of terrific turbulence. Spark (D) flashing into this *cyclompression*, fires a faster, cleaner, more furious explosion which drives piston (E) with almost 10% stronger power-push from same rationing of gas.



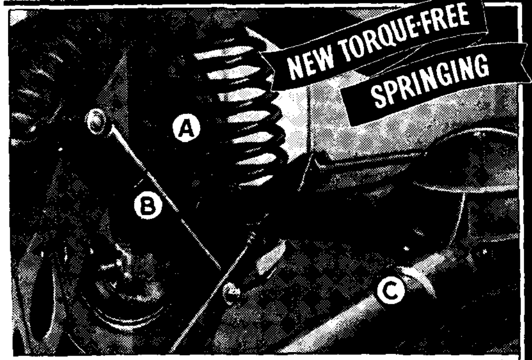
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

GM AN EYE TO THE FUTURE AN EAR TO THE GROUND

A TINY CYCLONE!

WARNING
BUICK
NEW
AUTOMATIC
TRANSMISSION

THIS CAR SHIFTS FOR ITSELF!
Buick SPECIAL, Series 40 models can be obtained on special order with the new Buick Self-Shifting Transmission, built-in at the factory, at extra cost. In all ordinary driving, gear shifts are made up or down automatically, without attention to clutch or gas treadle and without taking your hand from the wheel. 90% of all travel is in a new quiet "fourth" speed which saves 10% or more on gas and up to 50% on oil. Front seat floor is cleared by removal of gear shift lever.



A SAFETY CUSHION ON EACH WHEEL!
Buick replaces the usual leaf spring with this special spring (A) of stout coiled steel and big direct-acting Transport Type shock absorber (B). Rigidly aligned by Torque Tube (C), rear axle and wheels cannot twist or distort, cannot affect steering, greatly reducing danger from skids. No shackles, no grease points, no chatter, no premature rear tire wear from wheel-slip.

BUYERS' DIGEST OF THE 1938 BUICK

NEW DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE—world's ablest eight, with a cyclone in every cylinder.

NEW TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING—unvarying flutter-free ride, lengthened tire life, greater anti-skid safety. No shackles, no grease points.

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE in chassis sealed against dirt, water, wear.

NEW QUIET ZONE BODY MOUNTING scientifically silences body noise and rumble.

ANOLITE PISTONS, durable, long-lasting, light as alloy but tough as iron.

AEROBAT CARBURETOR patterned after airplane practice for unfailing fuel feed.

NEW BULL'S-EYE STEERING holds car on line with minimum steering wheel movement.

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES give safe, sure, smooth stop with a toe touch.

KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING in permanent, constant-cushion balance with rear.

UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER with built-in jumbo luggage compartments on all closed models and safety plate glass throughout at no extra cost.

BUILT-IN DEFROSTER connections and new-mode styling on all models.

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION optional at slight extra cost on all Buick Special models.

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

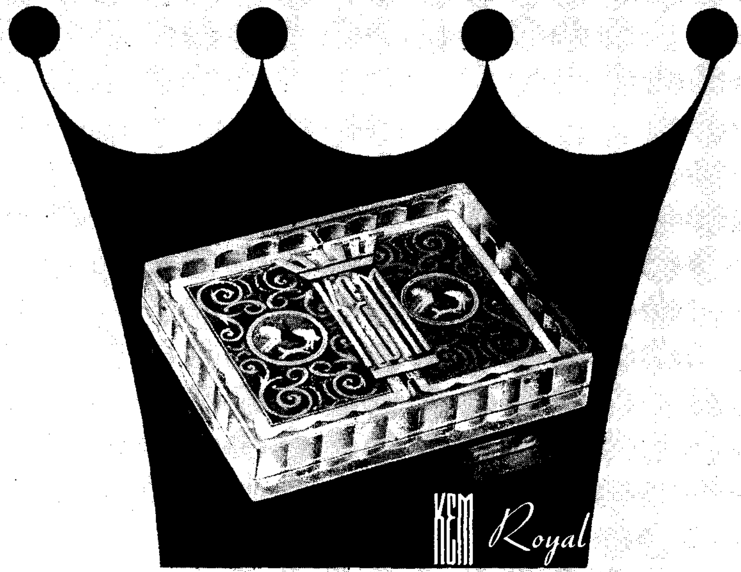
"Better buy Buick!"

AROUND THE TOWN WITH
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
by RUSSELL PATTERSON
WHAT'S THAT SAP GOT THAT I HAVE'NT GOT?
ROOM 'RENT
CORN TIPS
Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES
London
NEW YORK
Montreal
RUSSELL PATTERSON

TIP TO THE HIGH HAT My friend—pull that carton of CORN TIPPED VIRGINIA ROUNDS out of your plug hat . . . and then see what happens! That divine creature will be yours forever. She knows their CORN TIPS keep her lips and lipstick kissable and immaculate. And . . . my friend . . . she knows you have something the other guy hasn't.

FREE—Every Week 5 Walnut Cigarette Humidors—monogram—and 200 Virginia Rounds are given away to the writers of the 5 funniest 'GAGS' (this ad is an example). Ask your dealer for Free Entry Blank or write us. 435 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LONDON • MONTREAL BENSON & HEDGES NEW YORK • NEWPORT



Kem Royal, the Season's Outstanding Gift

The unbreakable box is made of Lucite, the new DuPont material with the diamond luster and pure clarity of cut crystal. ℭ The unusual and handsome card back was designed exclusively for this package. ℭ Every one knows KEM, the washable playing card of a silken plastic compound. ℭ The friend to whom you give KEM ROYAL will receive the finest playing card made — an expression of your good taste and regard.

TEN DOLLARS—INCLUDING TWO DECKS OF KEM CARDS

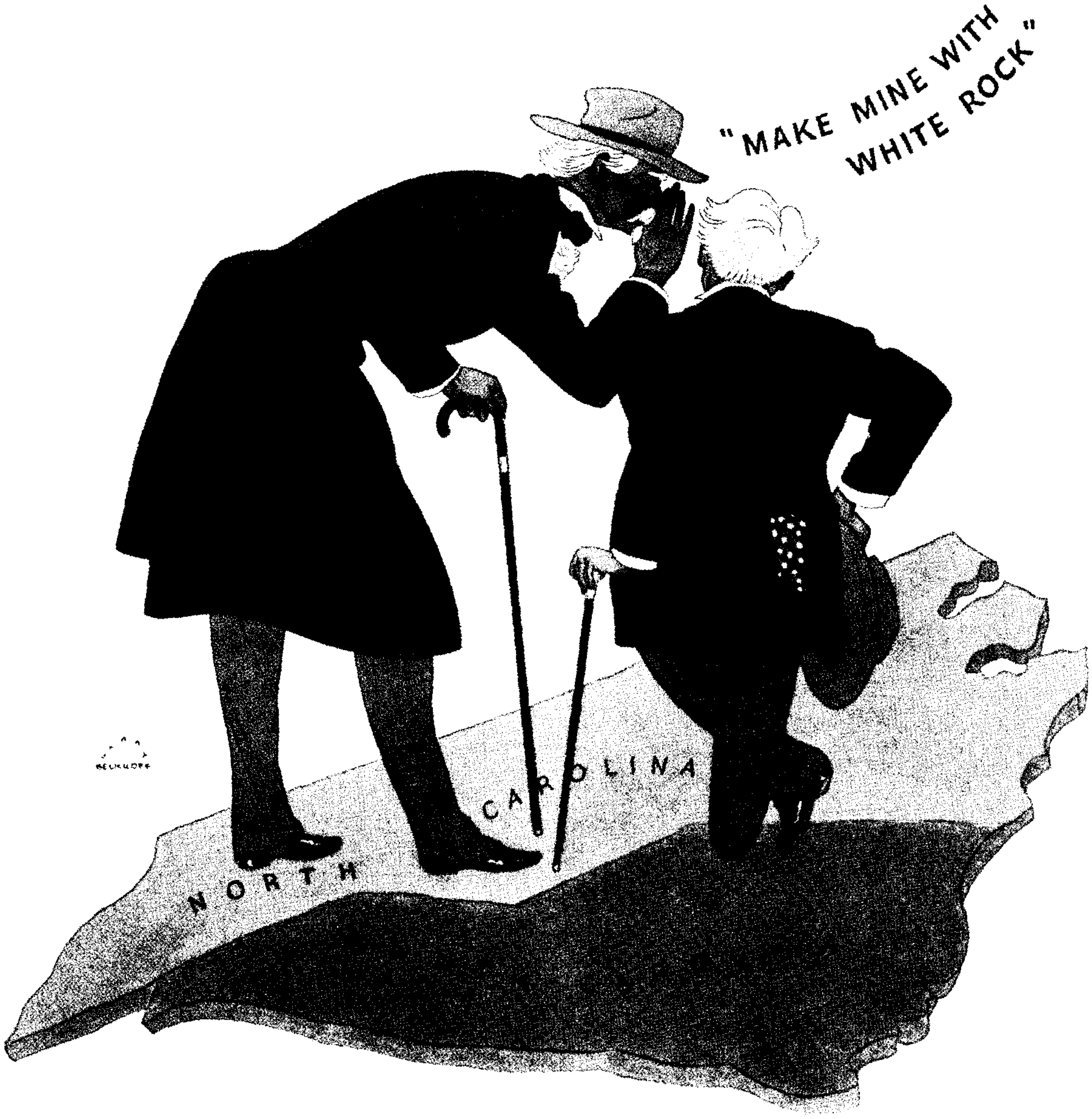
Kems are also available in other beautiful containers
FROM $6 PER SET
Send for a free copy of "The Thrilling Story of Kem Cards"

had allowed themselves to be persuaded to go home with him. That was their biggest mistake. But what could you do? John was always a wonderful talker.

Josephine had been a second wife, a small, timorous, lonely creature, who, to put it succinctly, led a hell of an existence. John nagged and beat her when he was home working the farm. Winters, he took a job in the railroad yards at Chicago, leaving her with Helen in the snowbound farmhouse on Cragle Hill. The women never had been able to decide whether it was worse to have him home or away. The couple had taken Helen from an orphanage when the girl was thirteen, and had adopted her—which is to say, they had put her to work at domestic drudgery and farm labor without pay. As she developed into a lusty, full-bosomed female, John looked on her and found her good. He secreted her from the youth of the neighborhood: no church, no school, no parties for Helen. When he was around, the women of his household weren't even allowed to look out the window or wave to neighbors passing on the road. Whenever Helen left the house, he followed. There was much talk about it through the township. But the neighbors were careful not to let John hear them talk. His temper was too mean, and his arms too strong. He claimed, for one thing, to have a peculiar diversion—swinging from a rope knotted into a hangman's noose, to get used, he said quite frankly, to hanging, just in case. Unless John was a contortionist or used a fake noose, he probably never actually hanged himself. The chances are he merely talked about it to impress his neighbors and to give them a psychopathic hint of his murderous ambitions. Six feet tall, and weighing two hundred pounds, with a parrot-beak nose, thick black hair, and bushy brows over black, beady eyes, John was the kind of man you didn't make friends with, even though on every tree and wooden bridge in the township he had carved his disarming autograph, "Poor But Honest Jack."

Eventually terror gave Josephine and Helen a little courage. After John had left, ostensibly for the city, late in December, the women decided to run away. Their destination was the poverty-stricken home of Helen's widowed mother, in a little New York State town. They told the neighbors where they were going. That was their first error. John came back unexpectedly a few days later, and the neighbors told him where the women had gone. His manner when he caught up with them was penitent. He went and he pleaded. On bended

What the Governor of North Carolina really *said to the Governor of South Carolina*


"MAKE MINE WITH WHITE ROCK"
NORTH CAROLINA

The man who can build a perfect highball knows that the mixer is as important as the mix-ee. So he uses White Rock to *improve* the flavor of his liquor. He knows it is a pure *mineral* spring water, *not* a carbonated local tap-water.

WHITE ROCK WATER

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

CADILLAC

Presents

THE GREATEST CARS EVER TO BEAR THE GREATEST FINE·CAR NAME

Here are the new Cadillacs, and the new LaSalle . . . the greatest cars ever to bear the greatest fine-car name.

Embodying the industry's newest and simplest method of car control, the SYNCROMATIC GEAR SHIFT —and revealing the most beautiful and luxurious coachcraft ever to grace a motor car—they are finer, in every phase of their excellence, than the magnificent cars which won 46,000 buyers in 1937!

LOOK AT THE NEW LASALLE, for instance! This great Cadillac-built V-8 has been bettered, refined and improved throughout. It is far more beautiful. It is easier and safer to drive. Yet, its traditional economy has been preserved.

LOOK AT THE NEW CADILLAC-FLEETWOOD! Much more luxurious, roomy, and beautiful—with power increased and performance improved—it is, by far, the most magnificent V-8 in Cadillac history. Yet, it is moderately priced, and is unusually economical.

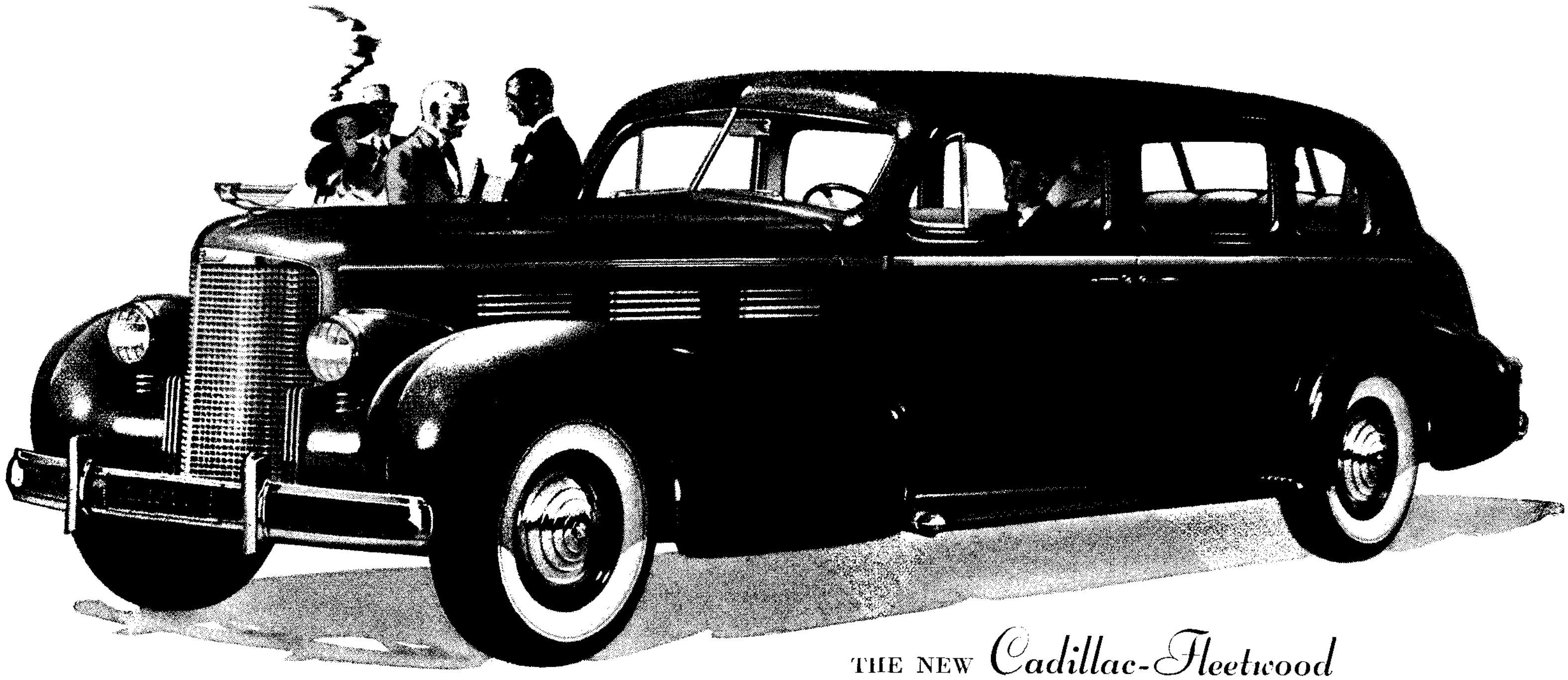
AND, FINALLY, LOOK AT THE NEW CADILLAC SIXTEEN! Redesigned around a completely new motor, the Sixteen was created to lead the world in everything that makes a motor car desirable. Yet, it is amazingly practical in every way. Not only is it easy to handle —but it is priced in the range of the 12-cylinder cars!

The new LaSalle and the distinguished new Cadillacs are ready for your inspection. Why not see them today!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION ⸗ *General Motors Sales Corporation* ⸗ DETROIT, MICHIGAN

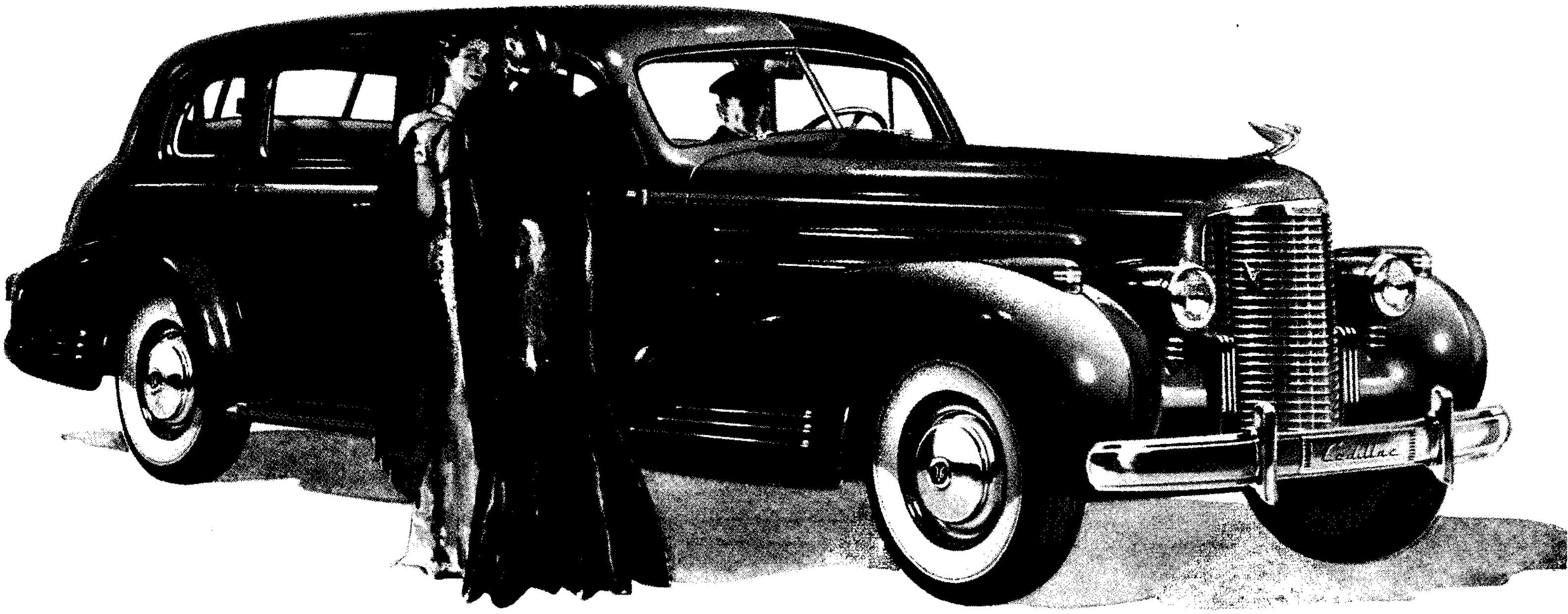
THE NEW V-8 *LaSalle*

The new LaSalle V-8 retains LaSalle's characteristic *style*—but exteriors have been completely re-designed to reflect more adequately the car's great power and sturdiness. The distinctive radiator grille is more deeply curved and lamps are now mounted in the valleys between the low, sweeping fenders and the hood . . . giving a front end ensemble of striking new beauty! Louvres, bumpers, running boards are all new. Vision is improved. Due to the new remote-control Syncromatic Gear Shift, the front compartment floor is level, and entirely unobstructed. There are five body types, with luxurious new upholsteries and appointments.



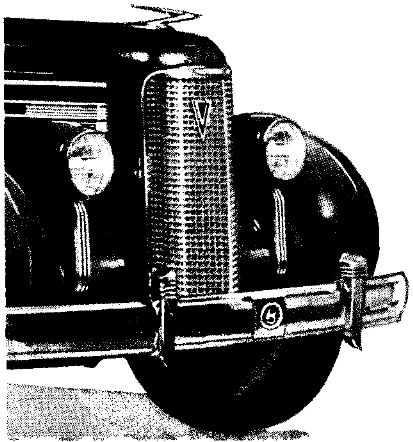
THE NEW *Cadillac-Fleetwood*

Only Fleetwood could build bodies of such astonishing *roominess* and *comfort*—and yet achieve coachwork of such *authentic* grace and style. Interior roominess is literally amazing in the new Cadillac-Fleetwood. Every passenger has ample room for relaxation. Even the auxiliary chairs cushion the largest men in perfect comfort. Performance is equally luxurious—the traditional brilliance of the V-8 engine being heightened by a substantial increase in power. There are twelve standard models from which to choose. Custom bodies are also available for this chassis.



THE NEW *Cadillac Sixteen*

The new Cadillac Sixteen is America's most revolutionary motor car. Its new "Wide-V" engine is a marvel of compactness—occupying no more space than the average "Eight." Yet its performance is truly sensational. In speed, smoothness and resiliency, it knows no counterpart. The new Sixteen is an eminently practical car, too. The daintiest feminine hands are completely its master. There are twelve standard body types by Fleetwood. In addition, custom creations may be had to suit any requirement. Remember . . . if you want more than *eight* cylinders, *get sixteen!*



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in Amphitryon 38

The Season is Upon Us

THE playhouses are alight—with mature, well-rounded entertainment.

For which, very naturally, we of Stage rejoice. For, we prefer pointing with pride to viewing with alarm.

Now, as the theatre season burgeons, more and more plays deserving of your attention come upon the boards.

Stage appraises and evaluates them for you. It illumines their best moments with good pictures and well written text. In Stage you will find the cream of the jest, the highspot of the evening's entertainment.

It must be that our enthusiasms are contagious. A rapidly growing host of alert men and women are turning to Stage these days.

The November issue should be on the stands as you read this. Try poring over it.

Now—as the season gets into full stride—add pleasure to your playgoing.

Stage THE MAGAZINE OF AFTER-DARK ENTERTAINMENT

35¢ a copy 50 East 42nd St., New York $3.00 a year knees, he begged them to forgive him, promised to be good and gentle and kind. They'd move to the city, start a new life. Everything would be different —they'd see. Just come back to the farm to pack up the household goods, and then off for Paradise. Poor, dumb creatures, they listened and believed.

On the journey there were many things which should have made them suspicious, had they not been such naïve and timid women. John had purchased three railroad tickets, one for himself to Shickshinny, the village nearest the farm, and two for the women to Hunlock Creek, the station before Shickshinny. However, he told the women, truthfully, that they would all three get off the train at Hunlock Creek. "I don't want the neighbors to start up their talk," he explained. "I don't want them to know I ran after you and brought you back. It's none of their business, and besides we're only staying such a little while that it isn't worth starting talk." Evidently his ticket to Shickshinny was intended merely as a plant, to establish —should he be checked up on later— that he and the women were not travelling together. He ordered the two women to sit by themselves on the train, and to speak to no one. He sat in the smoker, alone.

It was dark when they arrived at Hunlock Creek. The village, with lights twinkling on snowy hillsides, looked like a picture on a Christmas card. John pulled his hat down over his eyes and went into a grocery to buy crackers, eggs, bread, and coffee. The women stood outside, heads down, as John had ordered them to. The roads from Hunlock Creek to Cragle Hill were thickly carpeted with snow. It was a light and starry night. "Walk like I tell you," John ordered. Josephine, who was smallest, went first. Helen, behind her, stepped carefully into Josephine's tracks, and John followed Helen. Only one set of tracks remained: the large, heavy footprints of a man. Thus, John must have figured, it could never be proved that the women got any farther than the depot in Hunlock Creek.

The three of them reached the farm after ten o'clock. John put the packages on the porch and fumbled with the lock. "I can't see," he said. "I got to get a lantern. In the barn. Come along with me, Jo. Help me find it."

Josephine meekly followed John into the barn, while Helen waited on the porch. Apparently, to make a deduction from the fact that the barn was later found to have been filled with kerosene-soaked straw, it was John's pla

bludgeon his wife to death with a heavy club, which had been freshly cut from a stout young tree, set fire to the barn, and escape with Helen before the girl could find out what had happened to her foster mother. The plan went wrong when, probably as the result of some clumsiness on John's part, Josephine screamed. Helen heard her, and ran like a rabbit across the fields to the nearest house, where the Cragle family lived. She begged them to hide her. John found her there ten minutes later, crouched behind the parlor door. He was cool. He smiled as though nothing had happened. He drew her toward him amiably paternal. The Cragles—Ma and Pa and the boys—all stood around just waiting. They said afterward that they had been petrified. Certainly none of them raised a hand to stop John when he began, with swift, businesslike strokes of a short-handled knife, to slash Helen's face and neck. But the girl fooled him. She dropped to the floor unconscious, and John left her for dead. It was a good half-hour before the Cragles got their wits together and telephoned the state police. A set of footprints leading to the railroad tracks showed which way John had gone. But never anything more.

That was the story that Helen told me, but, as it turned out, it wasn't even half the story. When I climbed Cragle Hill with the state police, to see the place where the foul deed had been done, I found out that John had been a poet, and his poetry was as damning as any of the other evidence against him. Helen didn't know about the poetry. Nobody knew about it, so carefully had the man preserved his literary secret.

All over the outside of his barn John had painted warnings: "Danger," "Keep Out," and skulls and crossbones. These had sufficed to keep ordinary

Your Rugs
need a Beauty Treatment before you entertain!

When's your first Fall party? How do your winter rugs look? Oh, they're beautiful beneath the grime, but *how about the grime?* Don't leave it there for guests to see—they'll probably have just received back their freshly cleaned rugs and they'll notice yours! (For nowadays hostesses know that if rugs are to stay beautiful and unharmed by grit they must be cleaned each year.) Have *your* rugs cleaned *now,* at the start of the social season. Just call Brown. He'll pick up your rugs or your wall-to-wall carpetings, clean them and return them in a few days immaculate and glowing! He uses the Certified process, the only one *guaranteed** by Good Housekeeping! His charges are extremely moderate—

1.62

cleans your precious hand-made 3x6 ft. Oriental and 5.94 cleans your big 9x12 ft. domestic rug. Other sizes, and wall-to-wall broadloom, proportionately low. Upholstered furniture and draperies also cleaned, at very modest prices.

Westchester and Long Island Service

Call MUrray Hill 4-6666 *Now!*

C·H·BROWN CO.
ESTABLISHED 1889
305-13 East 45th St.

MEMBER Certified Rug Cleaners Institute
OUR WORK GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *

The Choice of those who know wine

and rightly so, because Gold Seal Champagne is made in the "champagne district of America"... by the true French method of fermentation in the bottle... yet costs less because there is no added import tax or ocean freight.

For bouquet, pleasing taste and effervescence, choose Gold Seal.

GOLD SEAL Champagne
NEW YORK STATE

Send for free book, "Let's Talk About Wine."

Urbana Wine Co., Inc., Urbana, Hammondsport, N. Y.

Benny Friedman
USES
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVING

Closes pores.
Fights off sore spots.
Conserves natural skin moisture.
Cools, refreshes your face.
Excellent after ELECTRIC shaves!

FREE
2 weeks' supply
Good only in U.S.A.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. NY16, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

Name

Street & No.

trespassers away. Inside the barn were huge banks of straw saturated with kerosene. Under the straw the troopers found two small powder kegs, with lids nailed tightly down, boldly labelled "Dynamite" and "Hands Off." Gingerly, with the utmost caution, they pried off the tops, and then they felt like fools. The barrels were stuffed with paper, thousands of flimsy sheets, packed down tight, each bearing a printed poem "by John Hayes." He had evidently been his own printer, using a rusty, dusty hand press that stood in a cobwebby corner. "It's the god-damnedest stuff," the troopers said when they handed me a sheaf of ballads. It was.

No catastrophe, anywhere, for a period of about thirty years had escaped John's facile pen. Born when the Civil War was ending, knocking about the world in his twenties, he had burst into song whenever bloody disaster struck the front pages. Young John, working on the railroads, thinking of getting married, had doted upon details of anguish, had written, sanctimoniously and always, of death.

Did you know that the floors of Ford's Opera House in Washington had once collapsed, dragging a score of men to their graves? Nor did I until I chanced upon:

Ford's Opera House Disaster

In Eighteen hundred and Ninety Three Upon the Ninth of June
The District of Columbia was once more cast in gloom.
Friday's black veil of sorrow and canopy of dispair
Darkened this Nation's Capital City and and Spread Sorrow every where;
FORD'S old familiar Opera House, that stood for many years,
Once more has played itssorrowful role of spiling a Nation's tears:
Once more its curtains have unveiled an Act this nation moan s.
That melted hearts and craped the Doors of many happy Homes.

The dead reposed on every Hand and moanings rent the air,
Of maimed and mangled victims who were scattered every where,
And mingled with their pitious cries were sympathetic shreaks.
Of friends and tender relatives who quickly filled the streets.
There were Brother's, Sister's, Sweetheart's, Wives and Children too,
All assembled at the ruins hunting those they loved so true,
"Papa, come kiss your baby", one little Urchin said,
But alas, it has, had. its fare-well kiss, Poor Papa lay near-by dead/

Once upon a time, there was a British man-of-war, the Victoria, which went down in the Mediterranean, off

funereal and somewhat inaccurate ballad about it:

On the twenty second day of June in eighteen ninety three
On a hot and glary afternoon on the mediteranian sea,
Off the coast of ancient Syria, where the Siroccos do rave
Four hundred gallant British souls have met a sailor's grave;

On this above ill-fated day five British men'-o-war,
Were manoeuvering off Almina, twas no victory to score.
when by a sad misfortune the fatal ram of the Camperdown,
Sent many hundred British souls and the pride of their Navy down.

No mortal eye has ere be-held such a fatal wreck before.
so many lost in calm and peace a few cable lengths off shore,
They were mangled by the mighty screws or scalded painfully
Their helpless shipmates standing by they die'd in agony.

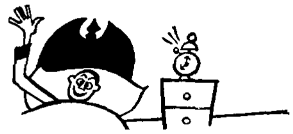
John wrote a poem titled "Milwaukee Again in Mourning," which, while containing the usual fatalities, is a particular favorite of mine because of the briefs it makes out for fireproofing and against midgets:

Twas the quiet of morning when sweet dreams—and slumber's,
Held sway o'er the City with Irony wrist,
When the ALarms gave the warning, to Milwaukee's great numbers
Of that ill-Fire-Demon, once more in their midst,

As we gaze on the Davidson, Theatre ruins,
Be-hold an inscription, which reads“fire-proof”
But today they are diging Nine brave Hero's tombs,
Who fell to their death with this treacherous roof,
As this Long solemn Cortege is traced through the City
By thousands who mourn for those brave Hero's lost
May the rich be affected with both shame and Pity
And build Fire-proof Building's regardless of cost,

There should be handed down in Milwaukee's Tradition.
what all Generation s would not fail to heed.
'Never place the Creator's work on Exibition—
Such as Midget s to add to your miserly greed,

In the light of the psychiatric knowledge of our later day the whole business



EVERY MORNING IS A *Good Morning*

WITH A SCHICK SHAVER

■ It's the happy way to shave! A man goes to the breakfast table smiling. The morning coffee tastes better—the whole day seems brighter when there can be no smarting, stinging or cut face from the morning shave.

The quick, smooth and gentle action of the Schick leaves the face without a sign of stubble and, with continuous use uninterrupted by blade shaving, the skin becomes naturally soft and younger looking.

The Schick has no blades—it cannot cut. With the Schick you use no soap, water, brush or lotions—no facial preparation whatever.

Any authorized dealer will show you

He will explain how simply and easily you can learn to shave the Schick way and change shaving from a dreaded nuisance into a positive pleasure. AC and DC $15

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

SCHICK SHAVER
NO BLADES • NO LATHER

Empress of Britain

128 Day

WORLD CRUISE

Featuring

EGYPT • INDIA • BALI

AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND

From New York
January 8, 1938

THE ROUTE

MADEIRA
GIBRALTAR
ALGERIA
MONACO
FRANCE
ITALY
GREECE
PALESTINE
EGYPT
INDIA
CEYLON
STRAITS
SIAM
HONG KONG
PHILIPPINES
JAVA
BALI
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND
FIJI
HAWAII
CALIFORNIA
PANAMA

Let the famous *Empress* show you the world over which she rules as queen ship of "The World's Greatest Travel System." Throughout this luxurious earth-girdling voyage, Canadian Pacific's own local representatives will be waiting to greet you and make your way smooth. Particularly in the British port of Hong Kong, where *Empresses* have been known for generations, and in Australia, New Zealand and Fiji, regularly served by Canadian Pacific lines, you will welcome the feeling of security and confidence which the *Empress* on her own "home waves" can give!

Fares from $2300 up *(less than $18 per day).* Details from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: 344 Madison Ave., N. Y. VAn 3-6666. 40 other offices in United States and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

would have been patent: This troubadour of catastrophe had murder in his heart. John wrote the following epitaph for Josephine sixteen years before he killed her:

"They are gone", yes some are dead. and
  as tears for them I shed;
TO a beter world i know their Soul's have
  flown,
But these tears i cant re-strain for it fills
  my Heart with pain...
So I'll trust that God above will join us
  in Eternal Love
When all of us from this sad world are
  gone....

If an analyst had chanced upon this saccharine, sententious verse, he might have been able to prophesy the events that came inevitably to pass. But John hid his secret well in the kegs on Cragle Hill, and his neighbors knew only that he was queer and mean. In the back country there are lots of queer and mean people, and John was no worse than many others. If you don't like your neighbors, you gossip about them, but you don't psychoanalyze them. And, after all, whatever John did, whatever he said, he always threw over it the cloak of sanctimony. The keynote of the old hypocrite's character is a single line which he used over and over again in his poesy: "Aye, peace to all beneath the sun, we only want what's right."

—Zelda Popkin

•

HAVE YOUR CAKE TOO DEPT.

[*Adv. of Lander's Blended-Flower Talc in a movie magazine*]

YOU CAN TEMPT... EXCITE... THRILL AND STILL BE REFINED... IF YOU USE THIS TALC THAT'S PERFUMED WITH BLENDED FLOWERS

Ah-h-h!... what madness you can stir in the blood when you appeal to a man's sense of smell! Like the cave-man of old, seeking his mate among sweet flowers of the forest, a modern man is primitive, too.

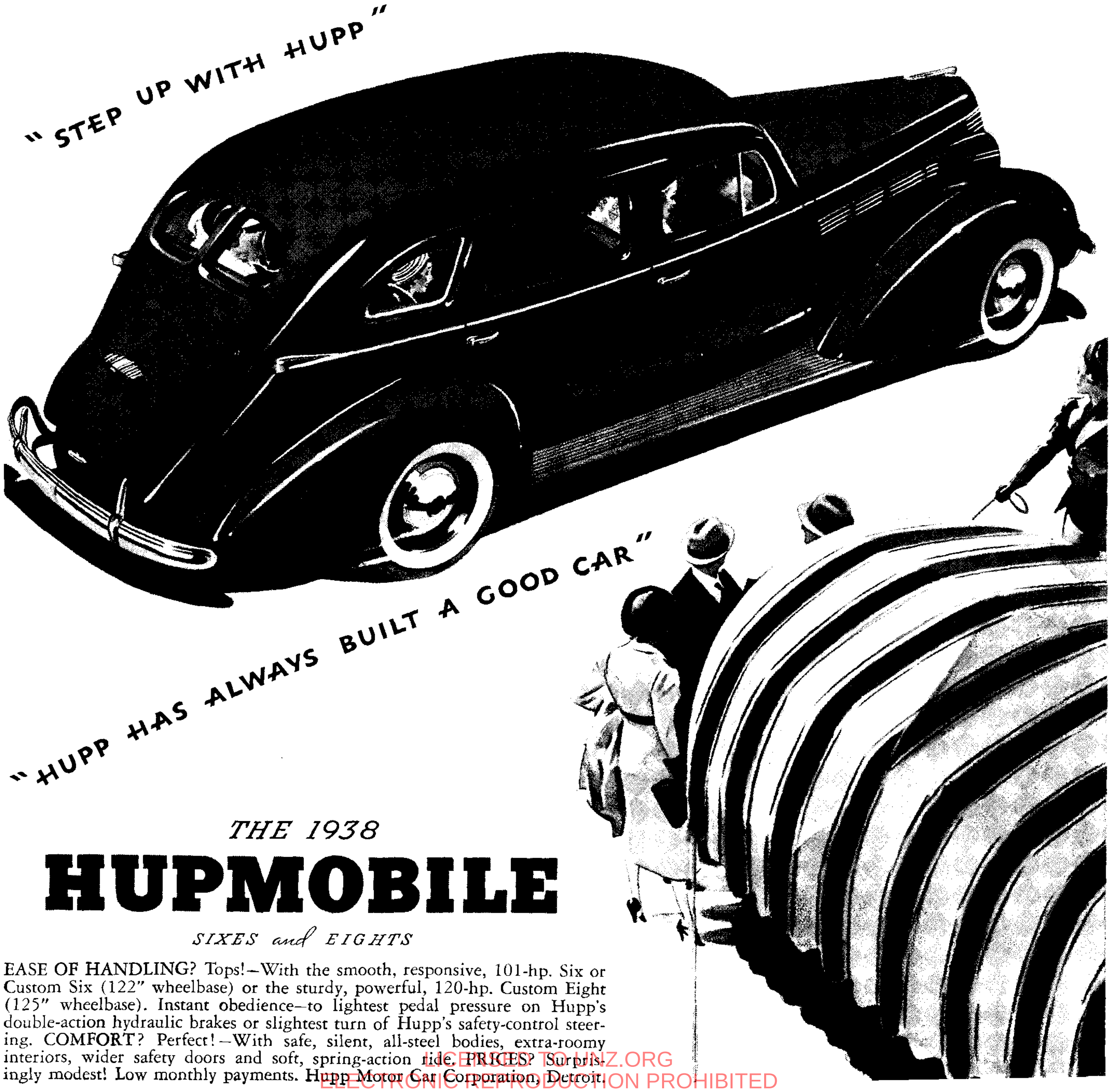
His heart beats madly... he yearns for you... when you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. Lander's Blended-Flower Talcs have this tempting, exciting perfume that men adore. Try the Lilacs and Roses Blend... dust your whole body with this exquisite powder ...smell sweet all over!

Then, stand on your toes... stretch up, up... and whisper, "I'm utterly lovely—thrilling. I *can* win love." And you'll *feel* the power to go forth and conquer. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more...

It guards your refinement... makes a man long to protect you, because you're sweet as a flower. There may be fever in his kisses, but there'll be worship in his soul. He *knows* you're refined. Strong-scented talcums give the wrong idea. Play safe, get Lander's... perfumed with a blend of true flowers. Only 10c each at

FINE CARS FOR 30 YEARS . . NOW THE FINEST FOR 1938

IT HAS been the Hupp tradition to build quality automobiles —fine cars only—since 1908. Few cars can approach the reputation the Hupmobile has established during those thirty years. Roomier, more beautiful and more luxurious than any of their distinguished predecessors, the new Hupmobile Six, Custom Six and Custom Eight are built to meet the demands of those who want their motor cars to combine *distinction* with sparkling performance and lasting reliability. These truly *different* Hupmobiles will be owned by motorists who keep their cars well —and keep them for a long time. For Hupp owners don't trade in every year . . . they don't expect to take but one bite out of a good apple! Hupmobile economy begins with the low purchase price. It continues, with low operating costs and trouble-free performance, through many years. If you are going to buy a new car—*first* drive the 1938 Hupmobile!

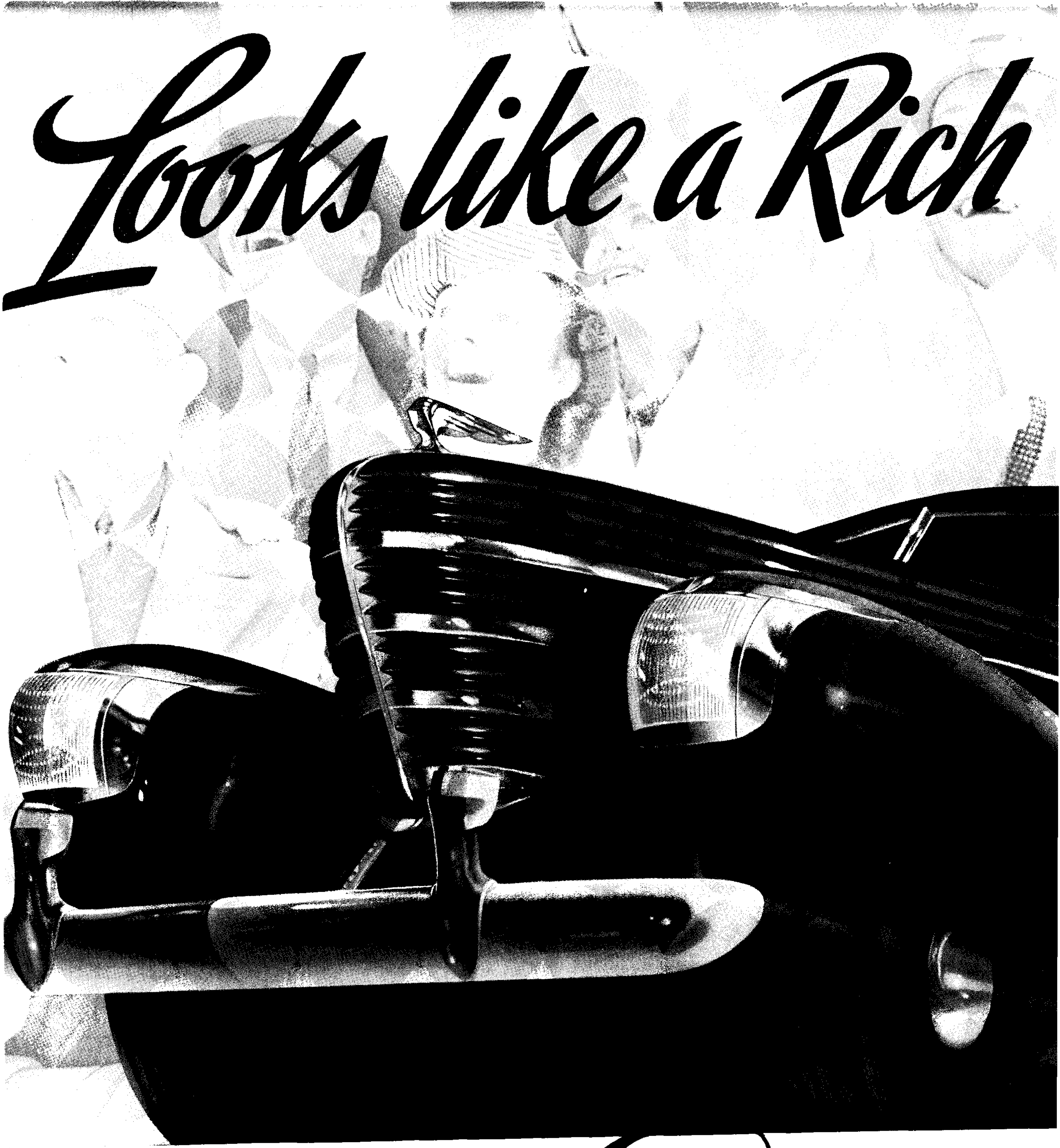

"STEP UP WITH HUPP"
"HUPP HAS ALWAYS BUILT A GOOD CAR"

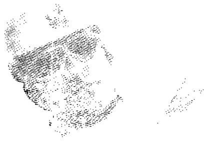
THE 1938

HUPMOBILE

SIXES and EIGHTS

EASE OF HANDLING? Tops!—With the smooth, responsive, 101-hp. Six or Custom Six (122″ wheelbase) or the sturdy, powerful, 120-hp. Custom Eight (125″ wheelbase). Instant obedience—to lightest pedal pressure on Hupp's double-action hydraulic brakes or slightest turn of Hupp's safety-control steering. COMFORT? Perfect!—With safe, silent, all-steel bodies, extra-roomy interiors, wider safety doors and soft, spring-action ride. PRICES? Surprisingly modest! Low monthly payments. Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit.





SUPERCHARGER

An Engineering Marvel That Slashes Driving Costs

●On land, on sea, and in the air, Supercharger engines have made history. Now the Graham Supercharger brings to thousands of motorists sensational new economy, undreamed of power and performance.

The Supercharger is conceded

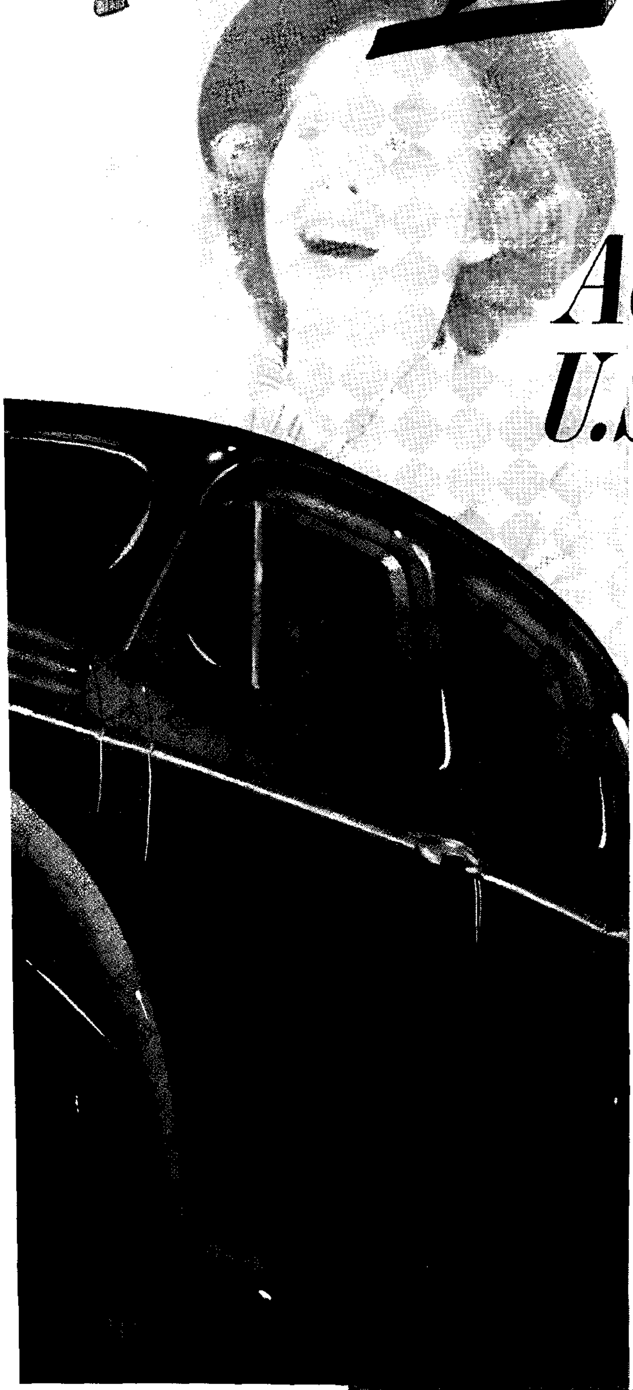
of far greater efficiency. Supercharger uses far less gasoline per cylinder explosion. That's why it's such an efficient gas-saver—that's why it slashes driving costs!

No wonder the Graham Supercharger holds the *Official* U. S. Economy Championship. Twice

Graham

Man's Luxury!

1938 Graham MAKES ITS BOW



Actually—It's the Official U.S. Economy Champion!

And Graham costs just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars.

Just when everybody was saying "all cars look alike today"—along comes Graham! Look at that racy, sixteen feet of clean-limbed automobile. So eager, so alive, so restless . . . it looks like it's going when it's standing still!

And wait till you drive this thunderbolt of power. Just to sit behind the wheel makes your pulse quicken. And when you bear down on this eager gas treadle . . . you can wave farewell to all others. It's alive with power! You'll never know the top performance of your Graham. You won't even want to. *In a Graham—you own the road!*

But with all its power and fine car performance . . . Graham holds the *Official* U. S. Economy Championship—a *proved* record of 23.95 miles on a gallon of gasoline. The Graham Supercharger actually uses less gasoline per cylinder explosion—slashes driving costs.

And, because of its tremendous reserve power, Graham is the safest of cars! Graham gives you lower center of gravity, extra wide tread, a Gyrolator fifth spring, oversized hydraulic brakes, all steel bodies, safety glass—a score of other unique new safety features. *We honestly believe that Graham is the safest car in America today.*

See the new Graham SPECIAL, the new Graham SUPERCHARGER! See all the exciting new features. There's a new Vacuumatic Gear Shift optional on all models. You shift gears with a finger. Overdrive transmission is also optional. If you intend to see any new car this year . . . you *must* see Graham. And we dare you to drive it . . . then try to go back to any ordinary car.

ONLY A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST! Ask your local dealer for the price of the big 120-inch wheelbase Graham *delivered right in your own town.* You'll be amazed at Graham's low delivered prices. Just a little more than the lowest!

OR 102

Chrysler
IN THE LOW-
Royal
CHRYSLER Royal - MORE FOR THE MONEY
IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!
TWO
Bea

BIGGER . . . *and a beauty!* That's the new Chrysler Royal for 1938. It has three inches more wheelbase than the 1937 Royal which invaded the low-priced field with spectacular success.

Look at that proud, commanding radiator . . . the jewel-like modeling of the radiator grille . . . the graceful union of hood and fenders and streamlined head-lamps!

When you look inside, beauty greets you again! The instrument panel sets the keynote . . . rich, smart, luxurious . . . blending in color harmony with the striking new steering wheel and its ring-type horn control . . . complementing the superb upholstery in new short-nap mohair

Glorious roominess! 119 inches of wheelbase. 96¼ inches from windshield to rear window! A 49 inch rear seat! The most spacious luggage capacity you ever saw!

High-priced riding comfort . . . long wheelbase . . . scientific weight distribution . . . slow-recoil springs . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . independently sprung front wheels.

Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . Chrysler hydraulic brakes . . . Such fine-car engineering features as valve seat inserts . . . finger-touch steering . . . silent synchronized gear-shifting . . . with Automatic Overdrive as optional equipment.

Craftsmanship such as only Chrysler provides . . . dozens of extra precision operations

SMART NEW BEAUTY!

Dynamic new front end design . . . vertical radiator profile . . . graceful, sweeping fenders.

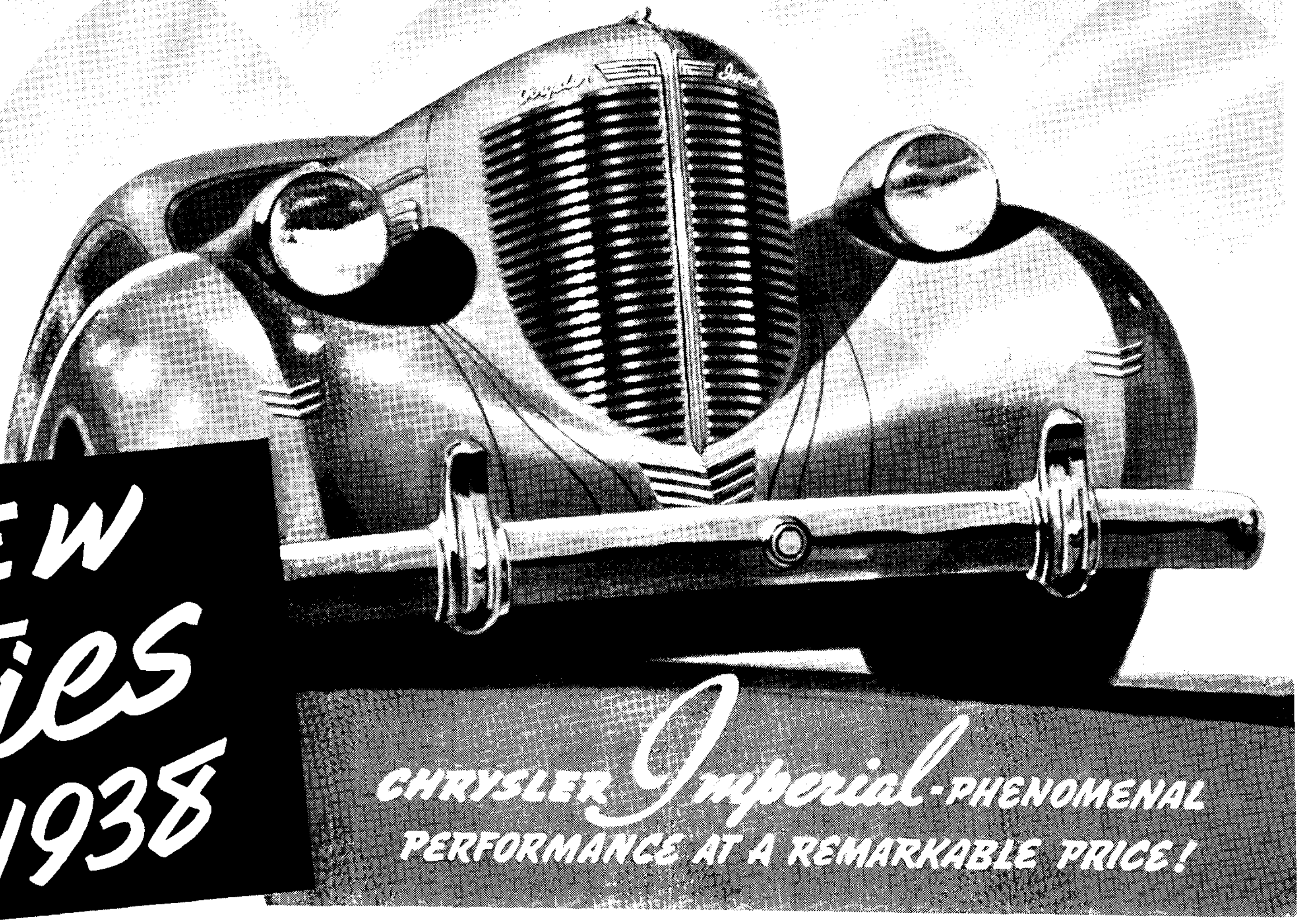
LONGER WHEELBASES!

Royal . . . 3 inches longer—now 119 inches
Imperial . . . 4 inches longer—now 125 inches

NEW LARGER ENGINES!

Chrysler Royal increased to 95 horsepower
Chrysler Imperial now has 110 horsepower

Sweeps On
PRICED FIELD!


CHRYSLER Imperial-PHENOMENAL
PERFORMANCE AT A REMARKABLE PRICE!

NEW
uties
FOR 1938

RICH NEW INTERIORS!

Beautiful new instrument panels . . . new steering wheel . . . mohair or broadcloth upholstery.

OUTSTANDING ECONOMY!

New larger, high efficiency Gold Seal engines . . . new masterpieces of Chrysler engineering.

NEW BALANCED RIDE!

Independently sprung front wheels . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . balanced weight.

The beautiful, high-powered Imperial for 1938! More fine car for the money than America has ever seen!

Under that long, impressive hood, a new, bigger engine . . . the most thrilling in Chrysler history! The electrifying response of 110 horsepower . . . cradled by Floating Power . . . made trigger-quick by advanced dual carburetion.

The proud, commanding beauty that comes from added length and size! Wheelbase increased to 125 inches . . . for low-swung smartness and grace.

Deep, wide, chair-high seats! Beautiful appointments . . . the buoyant, gliding smoothness of longer wheelbase . . . balanced weight distribution

engineering features . . . all at their finest expression. Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . steering and gear-shifting perfection that makes this big, powerful car as effortless as the breeze. Automatic Overdrive is optional.

You'll want to drive this split-second performer . . . you'll thrill to its ability, marvel at its price!

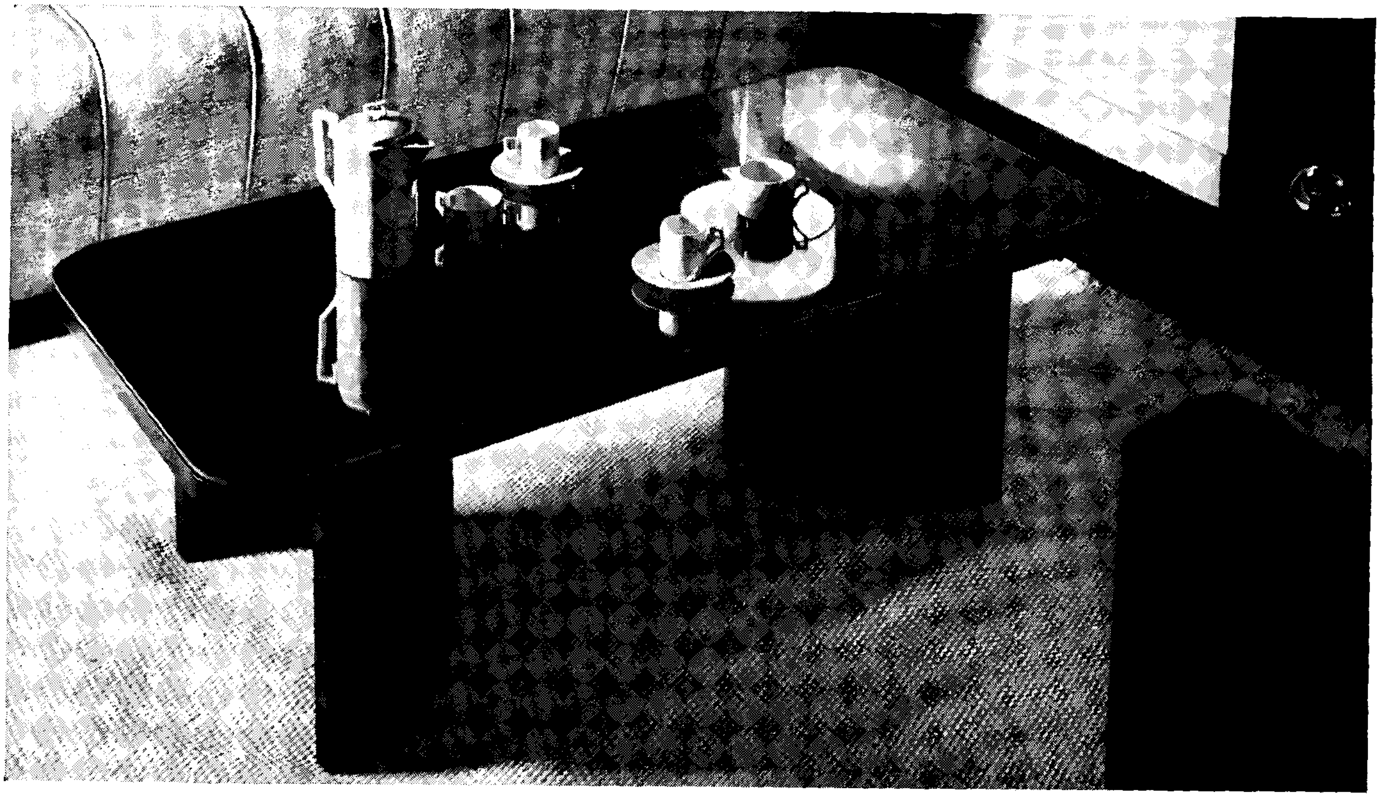
See Chrysler's two great new beauties at the automobile shows.

★ ★ ★

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL . . .** 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL . . .** 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.



every day a few more people discover that furnishing a home is no longer what it used to be.

The scheme of our living has changed. Even in the past ten years, eating, drinking, sleeping, entertaining have been carried on to a different pattern of manners, to a changed tempo.

Is the scheme of your home changing to fit?

Today we have a definite style in home furnishings. And that style changes—not as rapidly as fashions in clothes, but just as surely.

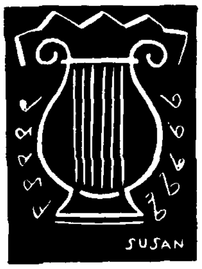
New wants have brought new things into being. Furniture and accessories have fresh lines, new textures. The fabric you choose for window hangings is as likely to have been pulled from a test tube as from the back of a Himalayan goat. Today the American market commands the world's most alert and inspired designers.

Your setting reveals your personal awareness of the age you live in. As surely as the tilt of your hat, it is a measure of your style consciousness.

Creative
DESIGN
IN HOMEFURNISHINGS

MUSICAL EVENTS

Long, Sometimes Large Nights With Orchestras and Ballets



THE nights are getting longer—and a good thing, too, because concerts and ballets are getting to be almost as long as the nights. Eugene Ormandy, conducting the first New York session this season of The Philadelphia Orchestra, contributed a large Bach transcription, a Ravel suite, and a work with chorus as complements for two violin concerti played by Fritz Kreisler. John Barbirolli, who got the Philharmonic-Symphony off to its ninety-sixth season, offered two overtures, an extended symphonic poem, a six-piece suite, and a symphony. Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe at the Metropolitan Opera House often keeps going until near midnight. Music consumers who require the traditional eight hours' sleep probably will have to capture some of it in our auditoriums. Some of them do. I counted four in one row at a clangorous Carnegie Hall concert last week.

The first of the Ballet's novelties was "Le Coq d'Or," staged as a songless show by Michael Fokine. We've had "Le Coq d'Or" as an opera without dancing, as a ballet with singing from the sidelines, and as a terpsichorean opera, but Sunday night there was no sound from the stage except one climactic grunt from Marc Platoff as King Dodon.

Somehow, "Le Coq d'Or," in Mr. Fokine's alert and inventive choreography, seemed a brighter and more intelligible entertainment than it used to be. The audience didn't miss the singing, and nobody had any trouble following the fable without the assistance of operatic French. Mr. Platoff's King, good as a bit of big-stomach-red-nose ballet comicality, hadn't the pompous humors of Ezio Pinza's presentation in the opera season. The rest of the cast was agile and amusing—especially the Mlles. Riabouchinska and Baronova. Efrem Kurtz conducted the Tcherepnine edition of the score (a clever job of transferring vocal effects to the orchestra) so well that a few blops from the instrumentalists were unimportant. It's the best orchestra this Ballet has had in town—which isn't a rave.

There'll be performances by the Monte Carlo Russians at the Metro-

ous of all ballet troupes, and they have everything, from old-fashioned heel-and-toe parties like "Aurora's Wedding" to dramatics like the "Symphonie Fantastique."

OLD MAN HYPHEN, that prolific composer, turned up on both the Philadelphia and Philharmonic-Symphony opening programs. The Philadelphians had a Prelude and Fugue in B-minor by Bach-Cailliet, and the home team presented a "New Suite for Strings, Four Horns, Two Flutes, and Cor Anglais" by Purcell-Barbirolli. The Bach-Cailliet music was a competent instrumentation of an impressive work for the organ, but there ought to be proportional representation for arrangements of Bach, since there's danger of Bach-Hyphen becoming a menace to the production of music originally composed for orchestra. Mr. Barbirolli's latest Purcell suite, based on the music of an underplayed genius, was the high spot of his concert, and the high spot of the high spot was the cor-anglais solo of Mr. Nazzi in Mr. Barbirolli's transcription of Dido's lament.

Mr. Kreisler's concerti with The Philadelphia Orchestra were the Bach E-major, worked up for a larger band than Bach ever imagined by a nameless transcriber and the Mendelssohn, both played with the welcome Kreisler magic that obscures sporadic technical slip-ups. Mr. Kreisler's projection of lyric passages remains a model of tone and honest simplicity, and after more than a half-century of public performances (he made his début when he was seven), he still has plenty of dash and brilliance. The orchestra served Mr. Ormandy with precision, although sometimes the boys were too uproariously enthusiastic. "The boys," I should add, now include four women—two harpists, a violinist, and a 'cellist.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony, like the Philadelphia group, also had a pretty loud opening night. Maybe things sound more bangy in Carnegie Hall on warmish evenings. Except for this tendency to give until it hurt the front-doormen, the Philharmonic-Sym-

WOR WORKS!
DIO ADVERTISING ON

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
IN
4 ACTS
ACT 1

TIME: *Before dinner*

1st CANAPE: Hm-m! This should be some dinner—serving *you* first.

DRY SACK: Well, if I do say so, I'm acknowledged everywhere to be THE superior medium dry sherry.

2nd CANAPE: From your manner the host is serving you slightly chilled.

DRY SACK: Sure, my fine anchovy, that's the *new* way. But my mellow "nutty" flavour makes friends at room temperature, too!

1st CANAPE: Lay off! HE has a right to brag. He's from the royal house of Williams & Humbert.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK
SHERRY

DRY SACK
(SHERRY)
Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA

The Old Fashioned Sherry in the Old Fashioned Bottle. Alcohol 20½% by volume. Bottled in Spain by Williams & Humbert. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y. *Sole U. S. Agents.*

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.

direction is even more proficient than it was last season. There'll be arguments about how Mr. Barbirolli treats some composers, but he's a fellow who knows the business of getting an orchestra to play his way.

Conductorial style note: Mr. Ormandy has abandoned the baton and now goes about his work barehanded. Mr. Barbirolli, at least for his first concert, didn't use a score except for, of all things, his own transcription.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Music by Phone

THE music that pours into hotels and restaurants through cagily concealed loudspeakers doesn't generally originate from an orchestra playing in the cellar, as some people have imagined. In at least three hundred institutions, it comes by private wire from 229 Fourth Avenue, where the organization known as Muzak keeps piping phonograph-record music to its clientele twenty-four hours a day. There are no announcements on the records, and most listeners may not be able to identify the orchestras which have made the discs, but the list of directors who have devoted their talents to building up Muzak's library includes Ray Noble, Glen Gray, Nat Shilkret, Emil Coleman, Bob Crosby, Al Donohue, Russ Morgan, Jimmy Dorsey, Sam Lannin, Isham Jones, Victor Young, Claude Hopkins, Louis Katzman, Alfred Wallenstein, Eugene Plotnikoff, Bernard Levitow, Edwin Franko Goldman, Ben Selvin, and about a dozen other celebrities. There also are records prepared by maestri whose correct names don't appear on the labels. Muzak isn't ashamed of these pseudonymous conductors, but it won't decode their disguises for its subscribers. Contractual reasons, you know.

The performances for Muzak are, of course, as good as those of the same musicians when they play elsewhere. The records themselves are remarkable, and you can't buy them to run off on your own phonograph. It would take special equipment to play them, they cost at least five times as much as commercial discs, and anyhow Muzak won't sell them. They're light, flexible, transparent pressings. You can't break them, and chances are you can't scratch them. If you draw your fingernail across one heavily, there'll be a mark on the record. It won't be a

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 2

TIME: *With dinner*

SQUAB: Well, you're just bubbling over with pride, aren't you?

BOLLINGER: And why not? Hasn't Bollinger been among England's most popular champagnes for 100 years? And *I'm* Bollinger, 1928—the vintage of the century!

SQUAB: Didn't I hear the host say a champagne is only as good as its maker?

BOLLINGER: Right! M. Jacques Bollinger personally supervised *me* from grapes to bottle. And connoisseurs know *that* means champagne at its best.

BOLLINGER
CHAMPAGNE

Extra Quality
BRUT
Renaudin Bollinger
1928 Vintage

Bollinger's degree of dryness just suits. You can get both Bollinger Brut and 1928 Vintage Bollinger. Ask for it by name. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 3

TIME: *After coffee*

COFFEE: So you're the chap whose name is always linked with mine. Tell me, what's the secret of your success?

BENEDICTINE: My secret formula . . . my unique flavour. I was first made by a Bénédictine monk in 1510—over four hundred years ago.

COFFEE: Whew-w! And during all those years you've never been imitated?

BENEDICTINE: No! Lots of people have tried to imitate my flavour, but it can't be done. I'm the one and *only* Bénédictine.

After Coffee a
BENEDICTINE
D. O. M

D.O.M
Julius WILE SONS & CO INC 2 PARK AVE N Y
BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
FECAMP

King of after-dinner liqueurs for 400 years. Pour into liqueur glass . . . sip slowly. Also mixes royally in many cocktails, 86° Proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

If you tuned in on Muzak's daily program and stayed with it for twenty-four hours, you'd hear 386 selections, played in groups of about ten minutes, with five-minute intermissions between sessions. Breakfast music is on the snappy side. The program goes on like that through the morning, until noon, when there's luncheon music, which is pretty ambitious, running to symphonic excerpts and occasional vocal or instrumental soli.

Teatime programs are restful stuff, but at cocktail time a swing element arrives. It's not extra-hot swinging, because Muzak doesn't supply much in the way of jam sessions. The theory is that hot jazz isn't the right obbligato for meals before 11 P.M. Dinner music is sweet, with plenty of unobtrusive waltzes. Beginning at nine, there's mostly current dance music, still prevailingly "sweet." At eleven, however, things get jazzier, and for the first time in the twenty-four hours, vocal choruses are permitted in popular music. There's no official explanation for the rule against singing in dance numbers before eleven, but it seems to be prompted by a notion that only a stimulated audience will enjoy it in a big way.

For twenty-five dollars a month, Muzak will pipe its regular program into your own loudspeaker, if it's the right sort. This is the "network" service, and puts you on even terms with hotels, restaurants, and a few industrial concerns that use Muzak broadcasts to soothe or inspirit the employees. There also is a "direct" service, costing fifty dollars a month. If you're a subscriber to this service, you can phone in for any music you want from the assortment of about five thousand records on the shelves. If you want announcements, or even gags about your guests, you have only to ask, for the Muzak engineers who operate the turntables have been trained for such chores. "Direct" subscribers ask for, and get, such specialties as complete marriage ceremonies, with everything except the minister. It seems that forty-eight couples were married this June to wedding march, background music, and dance tunes by Muzak.

If you don't care to have Muzak connected with your own radio—the service doesn't interfere with its regular operation, by the way—they'll install a special speaker. Most of the home subscribers like concealed speakers. Radiators are the favorite hiding places, but at least one subscriber is said to have his

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 4

TIME: *Throughout evening*

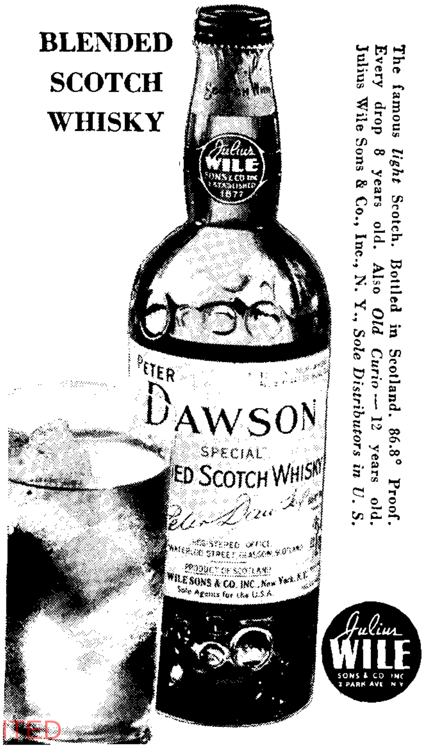
SODA: So *you're* the famous light Scotch all New York is talking about! Going places, aren't you?

PETER DAWSON: Why not? Folks these days prefer a Scotch like me—pleasantly light in body yet satisfyingly rich in flavour.

SODA: Well, you ought to be good—Peter Dawson is one of the units of the world's largest Scotch purveyors. But how will you mix with me?

PETER DAWSON: Here comes the host. You're about to see that while I'm light in body my rich flavour just hits the spot in soda.

PETER
DAWSON
BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY


Julius WILE SONS & CO INC ESTABLISHED 1877
PETER DAWSON
SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
WILE SONS & CO. INC. New York, N.Y.
Julius WILE SONS & CO INC 2 PARK AVE N Y

The famous *light* Scotch. Bottled in Scotland. 86.8° Proof. Every drop 8 years old. Also *Old Curio* — 12 years old. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole Distributors in U. S.*

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Glass and Glitter at the Palace

THE Automobile Show this year is more bewildering than ever. Among the twenty-two makes of cars on view, you'll see at least half a dozen which are so much alike front and back that you won't be sure who built them until you read their name plates. Automobiles are going to be considerably more expensive, it appears, but in return you're going to get more for your money. You'll discover that the 1938 models are easier to sit in, easier to drive, and—what is most important—easier to stop than those which came out a year ago. Visibility, glib demonstrators will tell you, is better. I'm *not* so sure of that. Most of the windshields are larger, it's true, but the extra square inches have been added at the top, so you can see traffic lights more easily. A lot of good that's going to do you when you want to see the ground close to your right front fender.

The new cars have more gloss and glitter, and are enamelled in brighter colors. This is a good thing, to my way of thinking. There ought to be more bright cars on the road, not only because they're safer, being easier to see at dusk, but because they add to the hoopla of motoring. Nevertheless, I suppose that most of the orders taken this week will be for black sedans.

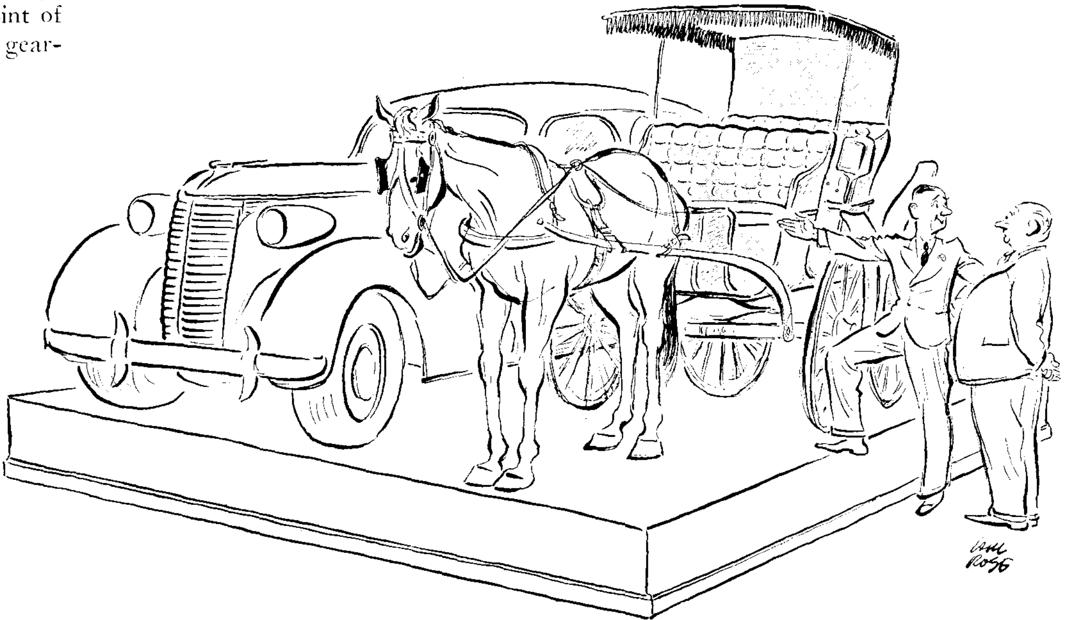
Major changes in motorcars come only every two years. It takes that long for a proposed innovation to pass cost accountants' huddles and proving-ground tests. The big talking point of salesmen at this show is the new gear-shifting, so presumably that is what the boys have been working on for the past two years. A dozen makers have picked the gear-change lever up off the floor and put it on the steering-wheel post or the instrument board. Cadillac, La Salle, and Pontiac have the first type. The shift positions are the same as on the standard transmission—you simply make the changes as though the gearbox had been turned over on its side. Studebaker, Graham, and Nash have gear-shift levers attached to their instrument boards. These work differently. When you slip the little lever from one slot into another, powerful suction from son and Terraplane have the gearshift unit on the steering-wheel post, and the trick is done with electric magnets, but this gearbox has been a feature of these cars for years. Then there's the semi-automatic transmission used by Buick and Oldsmobile, which has been described in these columns before. This also has the lever in a box on the steering-wheel post. (I'm thinking of tossing off an invention for a psychic transmission while I'm resting after the show.)

Somehow, ever since these new gear-shifts were introduced, I've wanted just once to flick the lever from high into reverse while driving, to see what would happen. Puttering around in one of the automobile factories in Detroit last week, I heard about a driver who was overcome by that curiosity. He was being shown the good points of one of the new transmissions during a trial spin, and the salesman, in a burst of enthusiasm, told him to change gears—any old gear at all, and go the limit. Speeding the car up to fifty miles an hour on a clear stretch of road, the driver selected the slot marked "R," which, naturally, stands for reverse, and jammed the lever into it. Nobody is quite sure what happened after that. The man who sat beside the driver thinks the car did a figure eight, went from that into a stiff-legged buck, tried to climb a fence backward, slipped into the road again, and, still backing, started off for home. Aside from bruised fenders, no harm was done.

It will be reassuring to timid drivers to know that you can't possibly go from forward into reverse unintentionally. The new gearshifts are nearly fool-proof, and it takes more manual effort to make such a change with them than it would with the conventional lever. If you select one of the cars with a new transmission, you won't really have to learn to drive all over again. For a day or two you may find yourself reaching unconsciously for the old stick, as I did while trying one of the new cars, but you'll quickly adapt yourself to the change.

They'll tell you at the show that the main reason for putting the gearshift lever on the steering post or dashboard is that three people can't sit comfortably on the front seat when the gearshift lever is on the floor. Three can't sit comfortably on the front seats of most of the cars with the new transmissions unless they're on very good terms indeed.

THE Lincoln-Zephyr is one of the cars you should be sure to see. It isn't at Grand Central Palace, but it's the show piece of Henry Ford's exhibitions at 1710 Broadway (54th) and at the Park Lane. The wheelbase has been lengthened three inches and the hood seven; it is more streamlined, and has a teardrop-type front, with only a

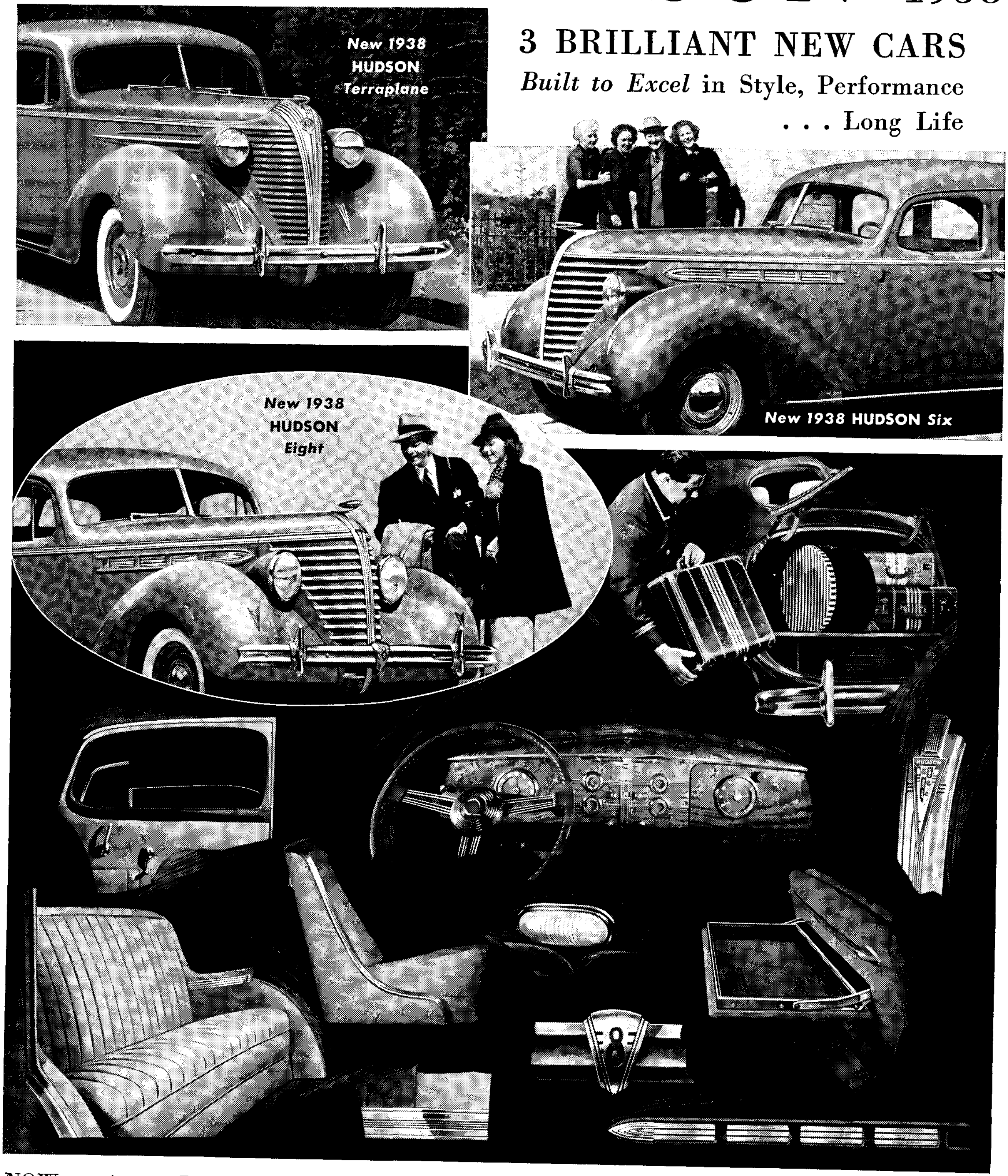


"This is my suggestion

MEET HUDSON FOR 1938

3 BRILLIANT NEW CARS

Built to Excel in Style, Performance
. . . Long Life

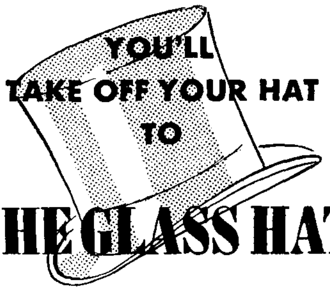

New 1938
HUDSON
Terraplane
New 1938 HUDSON Six
New 1938
HUDSON
Eight

NOW starring on Broadway and the highway . . . three really unusual new automobiles, all under the Hudson banner. ¶ Hudson Terraplane, Hudson Six and Hudson Eight for 1938. Brilliantly new in outside style; superbly new in inside luxury. ¶ They are cars which, we honestly believe, cost you less for what you get than any others in the world . . . and they come to you at prices that start down close to the lowest. ¶ See them at the Auto Show, or at that bright spot on the White Way

The
Sert Room

LEO REISMAN
and His Famous Orchestra
•
Songs by
EVE SYMINGTON
•
The HARTMANS
Satirists of the Dance
•
XAVIER CUGAT
The Tango-Rumba King
•
Two Performances Nightly
•
DINNER-DANCING SUPPER-DANCING
•
Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000

The
Waldorf-Astoria



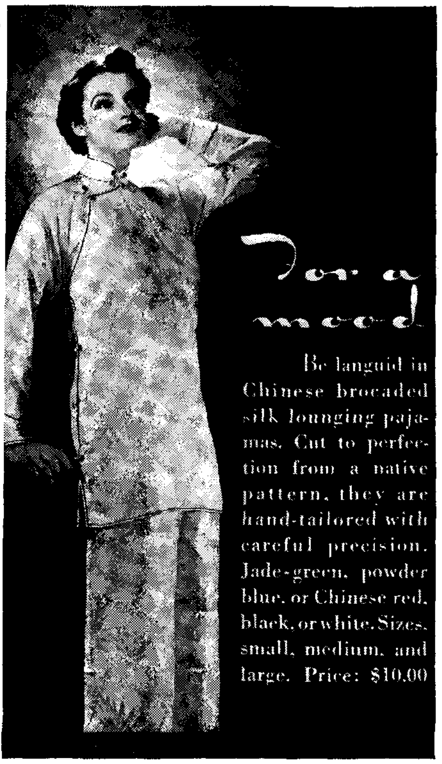
YOU'LL
TAKE OFF YOUR HAT
TO
THE GLASS HAT
130 East 50th Street
NEW YORK'S NEWEST
AND SMARTEST HOTEL
RESTAURANT
Featuring
ETHEL SHUTTA
Star of Radio, Stage and Screen
"Radio" Frank Bessinger
The Bachelors
Belmont Balladeers
Val Olman
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
De luxe Dinners from $1.50.
Luncheons from 65c
Belmont Plaza
Richard E. Daley, *Manager*
LEXINGTON AVE. at 49th ST.

small radiator grille near the bottom. I think most cars will look like this by 1942, and if you don't believe me, just glance at the pictures of the recent Paris Salon and the London show at Earl's Court.

The interiors of the new Zephyrs are roomier and more luxuriously upholstered. Two convertibles—don't miss seeing the brown convertible sedan at the Park Lane—and a new limousine have been added to the line. You'll find that the driver's compartment in the limousine is more comfortable, and the man at the wheel has more footroom. Ford has changed his gearshift lever, too. Now it comes out from behind the grille of the facia board, but its position in relation to the driver's hand is unchanged, and shifting is easier, if anything. Gear clashing is practically impossible now, and a new driver—well, not *too* new a driver—can go from high, through second, to low gear as easily as a veteran, for a device in the transmission prevents the engagement of gears until they're completely synchronized. The V-12 engine is so quiet, thanks to a valve-lifter which operates in oil, that you can barely hear it purr when idling, and the power it can develop is amazing.

FISHER and Fleetwood have saved their newest and neatest tricks for Cadillac and La Salle. There are only four Cadillacs—the Sixty, the regular V-8, the Fleetwood V-8, and the V-16. The Sixty sedan is quite a departure from Cadillac conservatism. It is low, measuring only five feet five inches from top to pavement, although its road clearance is normal, its gracefully curving back gives the impression of extra length, and it has no running board. The regular V-8 is conventional all around, but the Fleetwood V-8 has the widest back you ever saw, and a running board that doesn't join the fenders. The V-16 can be radical or conservative as the buyer likes, for it's built to order. The V-16, by the way, has a much shorter wheelbase than its sedate predecessors; the 1938 one measures only 141 inches. As I have mentioned before, all the Cadillacs and La Salles have gearshift levers on their steering posts, and you can't get the old walking-stick type of lever even if you want it. The La Salles are lower and more luxuriously fitted than they used to be, and offer better visibility from the driver's seat.

This year's Chevrolet is the smartest



For a mood

Be languid in Chinese brocaded silk lounging pajamas. Cut to perfection from a native pattern, they are hand-tailored with careful precision. Jade-green, powder blue, or Chinese red, black, or white. Sizes, small, medium, and large. Price: $10.00

YAMANAKA & CO.
INCORPORATED
680 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY
LONDON
CHICAGO BOSTON

MADAME VEUVE CLICQUOT 1777-1866
Founder of the champagne which still bears her name
Clicquot
Yellow Label
The Finer Champagne
AGENTS, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N. Y. C.

An Old Fashioned
Cocktail is Always
in Good Taste

It's the
ANGOSTURA

HERE'S ONE MAGAZINE YOU CAN'T BUY ON BROADWAY

Because THE FARMER'S WIFE MAGAZINE IS EDITED FOR RURAL WOMEN *Exclusively!*

IT may be hard for you local sophisticates to believe, but down on the farm, New York is just another spot on the map. In Manhattan a duplex apartment is the "tops"; out on the farm, they just add another wing on the house.

Which brings us to the point. What goes as a "woman's magazine" in the city, falls flat as a bride's first cake, from the rural woman's point of view. If she's going to pay out good money for a magazine, by golly, it better have plenty of the kind of informative articles she can apply to her work in a *farm* home.

For forty years, the out-and-out favorite magazine of America's rural women has been the Farmer's Wife Magazine. It's got what she wants because it's the only magazine edited for rural women exclusively.

When you start raising chickens in an apartment, you may enjoy the poultry articles in the Farmer's Wife Magazine. If the gas company cuts you off, Farmer's Wife Magazine is the place to find kitchen range recipes. If they close the theatres, Farmer's Wife Magazine editors tell you how to plan home talent plays. Right now things are going along pretty well in New York, so you have no need for this magazine. Over 1,100,000 rural women read it from cover to cover every month. More of them prefer it than any other magazine or farm paper printed. It knows what they want and *gives it to them.*

This vast, almost hand-picked rural market offers a tremendous sales potential, which warrants investigation! You miss rural women if you don't use the Farmer's Wife Magazine!

The
FARMER'S WIFE
Magazine
NEW YORK ST. PAUL CHICAGO

THE ONLY MAGAZINE EDITED FOR RURAL WOMEN EXCLUSIVELY

BELLOWS & COMPANY
Established 1830

PARTNERS' CHOICE
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof
All More Than Twelve Years Old

This great whisky was originated by the partners of our English shippers as a magnificent private whisky for their homes. Hence the name, "Partners' Choice".

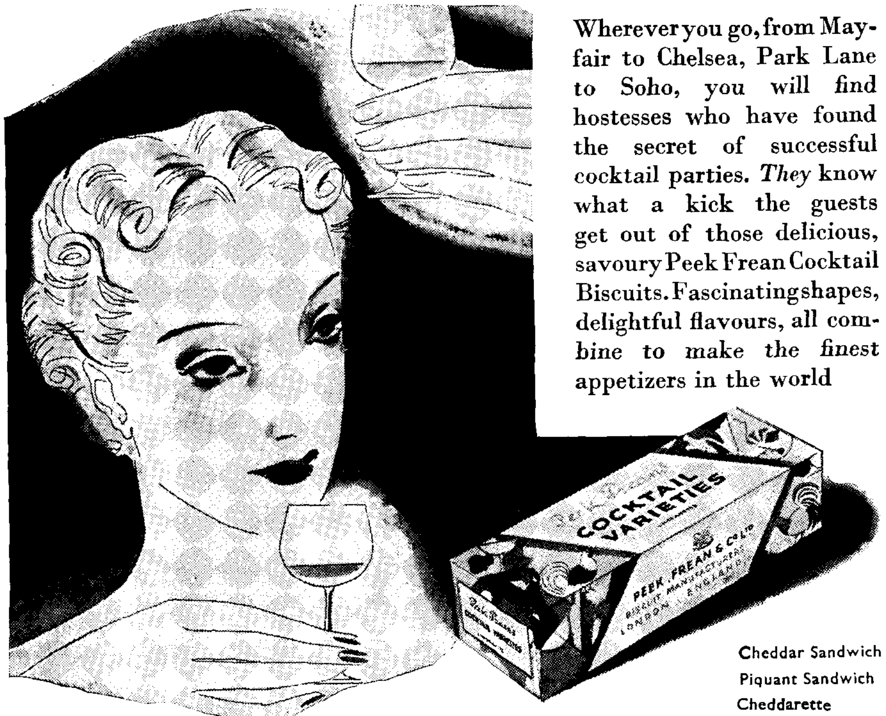
The superb quality of the whisky so appealed to our directors that they, too, adopted it for private use. Our friends in turn admired it and, due to their insistent requests, we have gathered sufficient stocks for public offering.

No finer Scotch Whisky exists.

New catalogues will be forwarded upon request

New York Chicago

A social success



Wherever you go, from Mayfair to Chelsea, Park Lane to Soho, you will find hostesses who have found the secret of successful cocktail parties. *They* know what a kick the guests get out of those delicious, savoury Peek Frean Cocktail Biscuits. Fascinating shapes, delightful flavours, all combine to make the finest appetizers in the world

Cheddar Sandwich
Piquant Sandwich
Cheddarette
and other varieties

PEEK FREAN cocktail biscuits

has been decorated with a bright horizontal grille; the whole effect is pleasing. Chevrolet's engineers are quite excited over the new type of clutch they've installed in the DeLuxe and Master models. They say it is lighter, simpler, operates more easily, engages more positively, and is more rugged than the one it supplants. You'll notice that in general the Chevrolet body types are unchanged, but that the interiors of the sedans have more leg- and headroom, and surprising storage space. You can carry a crate of eggs, a standard-size can of milk, and two hundred-pound sacks of oats, if that problem should ever arise, or half a dozen large-size suitcases and Gladstone bags, in the back of a touring sedan.

You have to look pretty closely at the Pontiac Eights and Sixes to tell them apart. The Silver Streak radiator, which is something of a trademark, is almost the same for both models; about the only difference is that the Eight has torpedo-shaped parking lights on the tops of the headlamps. The interiors of the Eights are done in heather-colored upholstery, those of the Sixes in tan.

Buick's semi-automatic transmission is installed only in cars in the Special series, and then it's an extra. All the 1938 Buicks have more powerful engines, and coil springs in the rear as well as in front. If you do much driving in the West or South in the summer, you'll appreciate the usefulness of a screen they've inserted between the radiator grille and the radiator which will keep insects from clogging up the cooling system. There are twenty-one Buick models to choose from.

Oldsmobile Eights and Sixes have determined-looking fronts, and speedometers that resemble binnacles. The semi-automatic gearbox is available for both models, but it's still in the category of extra equipment. The Oldsmobile body types include two- and four-door sedans, a coupé, a convertible coupé, and a "club" coupé, which has occasional seats instead of a rumble seat.

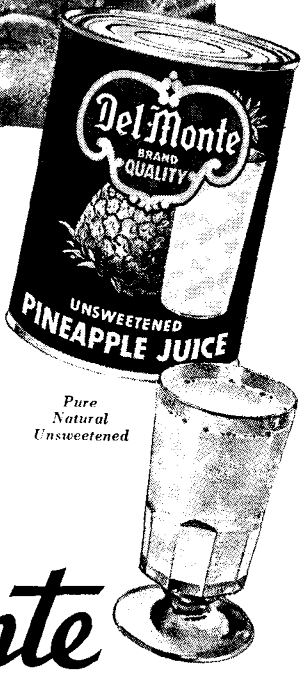
MR. CHRYSLER has removed that beetle-brow effect from the radiator grilles of his Imperials and Royals. Perhaps it occurred to him, as it did to me, that there was a resemblance in them to the profile of John L. Lewis. At any rate, lengthening the wheelbase of each model has done away with the overhanging front and made the car a lot better looking and better balanced. The six-cylinder Royals, which are particularly well turned out, come in ten be a convertible sedan in slate gray. The Imperials are larger and longer, and higher-powered, too, for they have eight-cylinder engines. If you're looking for something super-de-luxe, there are the custom Imperials.

There have been a lot of changes in the De Soto this year which ought to please its fans. It rides more smoothly, thanks to improvements in the frame, has higher speed and better acceleration, adjustable seats, and bodies that are sound- and draft-proof. The De Soto is available in six body styles on a 119-inch wheelbase, as well as a seven-passenger sedan on a 136-inch wheelbase.

The faces of Dodge and Plymouth have been lifted this year, but that isn't all. Both are more comfortable to ride in and more economical to drive than the 1937 cars. In conformity with the other members of the Chrysler family, their choke, throttle, and light switches have been set in recesses under the instrument panels, and the backs of the front seats in the sedans have been padded heavily to minimize injuries that might be caused to passengers by bumps and sudden stops.

THE Packard Eight (formerly the popular 120) and the Six are seven inches longer, and several inches wider and lower, than the 1937 models. The Packard bodies are insulated with layers of jute, asphalt composition, and rubber to make them quiet. They also have a new rear-wheel suspension system which gives the effect of independent springing. It's done with offset shock-absorbers and a control bar which together reduce sway when taking curves at high speed. I especially fancied the Packard instrument panel: the speedometer has a little white metal spearhead on a disc of celluloid instead of the usual pointer. The Super Eights and Twelves are practically living rooms on wheels. There's really nothing new about them, except for minor refinements.

I EXPECT that the new Graham will attract as much attention as anything in the show, for it has been restyled in such a way that it gives the impression it's going twenty miles an hour when it's standing still. You can have your choice of only two models: a four-door sedan and a coupé, each on a 120-inch wheelbase, with or without a supercharged engine. Graham also will have as optional equipment a semi-automatic gearshift, the lever of which is set in a well-arranged instrument panel. Interiors



Ah! Now you've discovered my weakness

And it's everybody's weakness, too—once they taste the tantalizing flavor of this tempting, golden juice!

Its heathful, zestful tang comes straight from luscious, field-ripened pineapples, grown DEL MONTE's way—that fresh, refreshing flavor from DEL MONTE's years of experience in canning quality fruits and juices.

Next time you order *any* DEL MONTE Product, let it remind you to include this sparkling favorite. Be sure of plenty, too. Its tropical goodness is hard to resist!

Pure
Natural
Unsweetened

IT'S Del Monte
PINEAPPLE JUICE

American Ships
noted for the VALUES
they offer in ocean travel

to ALL EUROPE
Weekly Service Direct to
IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE
and GERMANY

. . . America's largest, fastest, finest ships
in trans-Atlantic service

s.s. Manhattan • Nov. 3
December 1, January 4
s.s. Washington • Nov. 17
December 14, February 9
Cabin $181 up, Tourist $122 up, Third $88.50

President Harding — Nov. 10, Dec. 8
President Roosevelt — Nov. 24, Dec. 22
Cabin $136 up — Third $86

Also "American One Class" liners every Friday direct to London — fortnightly to Cobh and Liverpool — for only $105, one way; $199.50, round trip.

to CALIFORNIA
via colorful Havana, the
Panama Canal and Acapulco,
Mexico

s.s. California—Nov. 13, Dec. 24
s.s. Pennsylvania—Nov. 27, Jan. 8
s.s. Virginia—Jan. 22, Mar. 5

These famous "Big 3" liners—largest and most popular in Coast-to-Coast service—are operated by the Panama Pacific Line, an associated service.

Only $225 up, 1st Class to California—$195 up to Mexico. Tourist from $125 and $105, respectively. (1st Class rates slightly higher at some seasons.) Also rail-water "Cruise-Tours", with combination rates from home town back to home town.

See your local TRAVEL AGENT
for complete details.

United States Lines
ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK

sedan will hold six comfortably, for both seats are nearly five feet wide.

It was only a question of time before someone would develop air-conditioning for automobiles. Nash claims to be the first in the field, although, frankly, its device seems to me more like a new kind of heater. It's a box containing an air filter, an electric fan, and a hot-water heater, which fits under the cowl of the car and is connected with the cowl ventilator. When the automobile is in motion, air is drawn through the ventilator, heated, and blown into the car through the filter. Naturally, the heater can be cut off in the summer.

Other innovations in the new Nashes and LaFayettes are vacuum-operated gear-shifting, body sound-proofing done with sand (I don't know just how), engine changes which increase power and reduce fuel consumption, and an arrangement of shock absorbers that makes riding easier.

THE Studebakers are lower, wider, and stronger than their predecessors. The bodies were designed by Raymond Loewy, and you'll notice the airplane influence in the engine hoods, which have no louvers, the inset headlamps, and the sleek fenders and hind quarters. As in the last several seasons, Helen Dryden has styled the interiors, and done a good job, too. All the President, Commander, and Six models have huge luggage compartments. I figured that the club sedan's cubbyhole contains 20.9 cubic feet, and the coupé has a little hideaway of 36 cubic feet. Enough for four corpses.

Hupmobile returns this year after skipping last year's show. It always was a good car, and such changes as have been made are minor. The bodies are moderately streamlined, and the engines have six or eight cylinders.

Hudson and Terraplane, pioneers in the gearshift-on-the-steering-wheel-post movement, have brought out a collection of smart-looking sedans, coupés, and convertibles. I rather like the idea of painting the radiator grille the same color as the body instead of dolling it up in chromium plate, for even the best brightwork dulls and rusts if salt air and dampness get at it. Hudson has used metal trimming for the interiors of its eight- and six-cylinder sedans with interesting effect.

Willys-Overland, which attracted so much attention at the Palace a year ago, hasn't produced a new model. The 1937 one was so popular the firm is satisfied to stand on what it's got.

At the Ritz

Rudolf Friml, Jr.
and his orchestra

Hildegarde
chanteuse

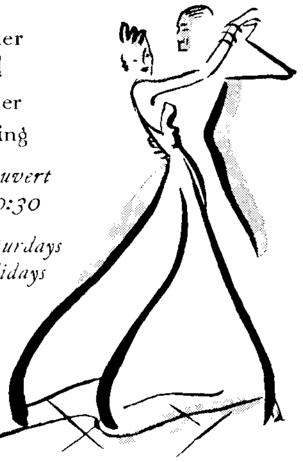
Jack Holland & June Hart
in their new dances

Ralph Rotgers'
tango-rhumba band

Dinner
and
Supper
Dancing

$1.50 couvert
after 10:30

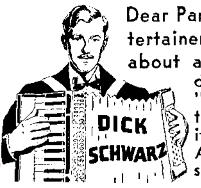
$2.50 Saturdays
and Holidays



Crystal Garden
11 East 46th St., N. Y.

ON THE WAY TO EVERYWHERE
BAR GRILL
Extra convenience . . . more time for enjoying delicious food . . . famous drinks. Cocktail Hour, Luncheon, Dinner, After Theatre.
HOTEL SEYMOUR
50 WEST 45

386 PARK AVENUE
is the new address of
T. AZEEZ
Jewelers



Dear Party-Giver: "Accordion Entertainer" describes Schwartsy about as well as "White Wine" describes G. H. Mumm's 1928 "Cordon Rouge"—but rather than take anyone's word for it, please let Schwartsy and Accordion call on you for a short personal interview.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new small car until some time next summer. Its contribution to the Palace parade is the same luxurious type of automobile that it has been building for thirty-seven years. Two groups are shown: eight-cylinder engines on 139- and 144-inch wheelbases, and twelve-cylinder engines on 139-, 144-, and 147-inch wheelbases. I believe the Pierce-Arrow limousine with a 147-inch wheelbase is the longest car in the show.

YOU'LL find something really new in the foreign-car section—a Fiat 550, which is about seven feet long, holds two larger-than-average passengers, plus luggage, can do forty miles an hour, and goes fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline. It has a four-cylinder, five-horsepower engine, which is mounted in front of the radiator, if you please, and the convertible coupé has the trickiest sliding roof you ever saw. You also can get a model which is only slightly larger but holds four people. The other foreigner is a Talbot, a British car of the sporting-racing sort so popular on the Continent, which is making its first public appearance in this country.

Mercedes-Benz, 247 Park Avenue (46th), is showing one of the famous supercharged Type 540-K models, and you shouldn't miss seeing it. This car is as marvellously constructed and exquisitely finished an automobile as I've ever seen, and the nearest thing to a magic carpet I've ever driven. It's $11,750, and worth it.

J. S. Inskip, Inc., 10 East 57th Street, will have on display in its showroom one of the Phantom Twelve Rolls-Royces, and a Bentley—England's smartest and fastest small car.

GENERAL MOTORS, as usual, will have a complete display of all its cars at the Waldorf-Astoria during Show Week, and Mr. Chrysler will hold open house at his salon in the Chrysler Building. I would suggest that the best time to see the show at the Palace is at ten-thirty in the morning, when the doors open, but if that's too early for you, you'll find the crowd thins out a little around six in the evening. —SPEED

•

The B. P. Schulberg picture called "Accidents Will Happen," later called "Living on Love," will be released as "She Asked for It."—*Peoria (Ill.) Journal-Transcript.*

We think we see what he's driving at.

PROLONG YOUR *Beauty years*

MARIE EARLE believes that most women can keep beauty alive far longer than they realize. She has proved it to many, with a Basic Treatment that is astonishingly simple. Just three preparations—which supply your complexion's most vital needs! And in a 10-minute application daily! The preparations are delightful—most women say they have never used anything so exquisite.

Ten minute home treatment CHECKS DRYING AND SALLOWING

ESSENTIAL CREAM. Soft and enriching—use first for deep cleansing. Apply a second coat, and to speed penetration spread over it a few drops of . . .

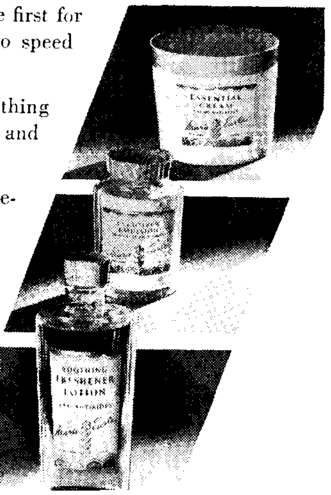
CUCUMBER EMULSION. Utterly unlike anything you've used . . . this creamy lotion helps whiten and clarify. A 10-minute application usually suffices.

EAU ANTIRIDES. A tonic at once soothing and refreshing—and utterly delightful to use.

Now . . . face your mirror . . . and determine to keep this vibrant look for years! The entire Basic Treatment may be had for $3 . . . at your favorite store.

New York Salon, 714 5th Ave. CIrcle 7-5818

Marie Earle



FRAMED WITH SNOWY ERMINE

Molyneux' hauntingly lovely evening cloak to wrap you in picturesque charm, make you a lovelier debutante, a more alluring young matron. Black rayon and silk velvet, crush-resistant, lined and interlined. Encircled with drifts of snowy ermine for the splendor of gala occasions.
$65

Bloomingdale

THE DEATH OF COLONEL PEYTON

THE way old Colonel Peyton died will interest you. The Doctor told him finally that he could have *no* whiskey, not any at all, not even a drop in the bottom of his water glass after breakfast, when he walked on his porch in the sun. His wife, who was perhaps seventy-five years old then, but agile as a fox, was given the strictest instructions by the Doctor. If she ever saw Colonel Peyton on the edge of taking a drink, she was to knock the glass from his hand. If necessary, she was to tie him to a chair and send for the Doctor. She could have done it, too, because she was bigger than her husband, and stronger.

But there was not any need for her to use force. Colonel Peyton listened sourly to the Doctor's order. “I think you're as crazy as hell, Medico,” he said, “but you've been bleeding me of my money for fifteen years, with your hentrack perscriptions I never had filled, and all your solemn guesses. I think, Medico, that I'll blast your pompous confidence in yourself and your expensive advice. I'll do what you say, and it will kill me. That should be instructive for you.”

This was not a long speech for Colonel Peyton, who talked all day in his chair on the porch. He had had his house built with a long, deep porch in front, facing the first of the real mounds in the Blue Ridges; the sun dropped its rays on the porch through the whole day, and the Colonel sat in the sun, unguarded except by an ancient gray fedora. Summer and winter he spent his days there, huddled in a green cane chair, shouting at the Negro women who passed down the road, and talking endlessly to anyone who called on him. When nobody else came, he would summon Chesterton, his Negro chauffeur, and talk to him, and Chesterton would stand, his head bowed attentively, and say “Yes, Colonel Peyton” for hours.

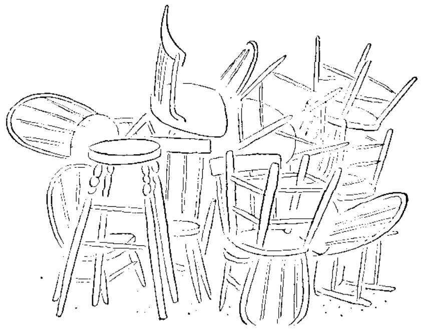
The Colonel did not touch another whiskey. He told all over again, to any visitor on his porch, the story of his first drink. The story started back in Charleston, on the seacoast, in his fifteenth year. “My father said to me that it was his earnest wish I should not put an alcoholic drink into me before my twenty-first birthday. I was going abroad then, first to school in England and afterward to live with the Russells, my cousins, in Paris. When with a boy named Charlie Randolph, and on the day before my twenty-first birthday we were in Naples. We went swimming that day, and in the evening at our hotel we ate an enormous dinner. When we were through, at about nine o'clock, we directed the waiters to clear the table, and we sat until midnight, alone in the dining room. At the stroke of twelve I called for two bottles of brandy. It was a splendid ceremony, let me tell you. We got very drunk.”

ON the morning after the Doctor's visit, Colonel Peyton said nothing about his drink. He went to the porch and walked a while, clearing his throat noisily, and then he sat in his chair and shouted very loud when the Negro women passed down the road. The women cried, “Morning, Colonel,” and he laughed at them and asked them where they'd spent the night, in whose bed. They laughed back, of course, as was their habit, but they knew he did not want an answer, and they walked on toward the University.

Within a week Colonel Peyton stopped calling to the Negro women. He sat in his cane chair in the sun, his eyes shaded by his wretched old hat, and he stared at his flowers as though he were watching them grow. He talked a lot less, and of course his wife had the Doctor stop in. Colonel Peyton said he was dying, when the Doctor asked how he felt. “Where is the pain?” the Doctor asked. Colonel Peyton told him to go to hell, there was no pain. “This is painless,” he said, “and I want you to remember that it's your responsibility.”

Perceptibly, through several months, he fell away, losing weight. For the first time, I saw that his hand shook as he held his cigarette. Then one morning he was dead, lying in bed with his knees drawn up close to his stomach. “This is what I was afraid of,” Dr. Burke told me afterward. “Heart simply stopped. His poor old pump has wasted out.”

“He had a fine time dying,” I said,



deliberately callous because it relieved the strain on us.

"He wasn't jesting," the Doctor said. "He believed I was killing him. I regret that, but I had no alternative. The whiskey would have done it sooner."

"How much sooner?"

"One cannot say," said the Doctor.

After the funeral, Chesterton, the Negro chauffeur, told me privately that Dr. Burke had killed Colonel Peyton. "Ain't there nothing for the law to do?" he said, almost pleadingly, with his wide black face wet and twisted. It was obvious he had spoken to others about this, certainly to the other Negroes. —WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

•

EAST SIDE SONG-HIT PARADE

WELL-KNOWN MALADIES, INTENDED TO BE SUNK

(TUNE: "HARRIGAN")

Hey chay dub bill la rye
Chee yea yen spells Harrigan,
Brow duff fall dee Irish blood dots
  in me,
Divil a men ken say a void agin me;
Hey chay dub bill la rye
Chee yea yen, use see,
Is a name dot a shame nef fair has pin
  gun neck tid wit,
Harrigan—dots me!

(TUNE: "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME")

Take meow to the ball came,
Take me outfit the kraut,
Buy me some bee nuts sen crack a shack,
I dun care reef fie nef fur get back;
Led me rude, rude, rude for the
  home deem,
Miff day dun twin knits a shame,
For Ritz fun, two, tree strikes, yaw
  routed
Dee old ball came.

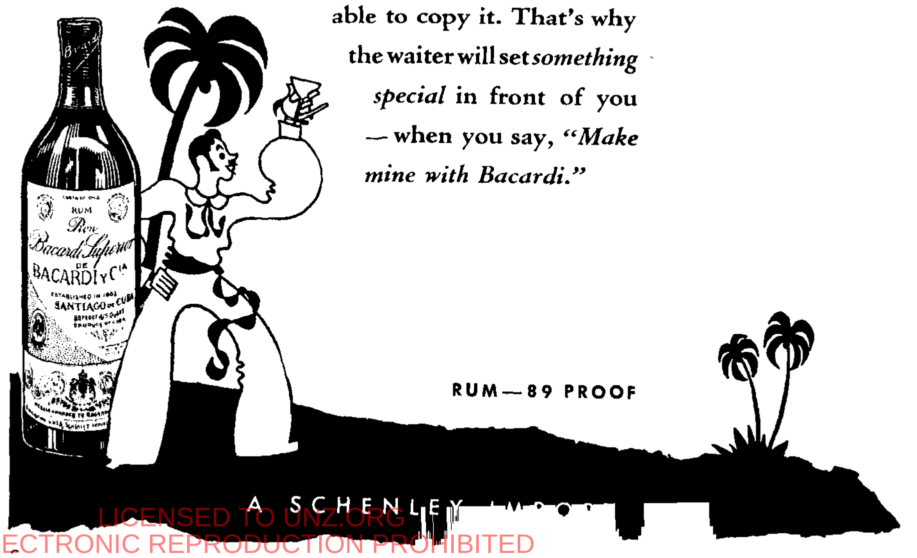
(TUNE: "ALL-AMERICAN GIRL")

She's got a half pack cat pencil wane
  yah,
She's got a quarter pack cat Yale
  less swell;
She curries bonds wit tan ended
  Centre
Ran a centre rat gore Nell.
She fairs subpœna fa guarded hah fit,
A Stanford tack gill has sir in a voile;
She's got a sweet hot at deaf free
  college,
She's chess sen null a merry kin goyle.

make mine with BACARDI

Of course, you know the Bacardi Cocktail—that best of all ways to fill the pause before dinner. But have you ever enjoyed the one-and-only flavor of Bacardi Rum *straight*—or in your other favorite drinks? Try Bacardi in a high-ball, old-fashioned, or sour . . . its *liqueur* quality makes them new and distinctive!

Bacardi is like no other rum in the world. The secret of its formula has been guarded for 75 years by the Bacardi family—no plagiarist has ever been able to copy it. That's why the waiter will set *something special* in front of you—when you say, *"Make mine with Bacardi."*



RUM—89 PROOF

A SCHENLEY

MR. WHITTEN, THE SHOE MEN, AND THE WEAKENED METATARSAL

As he gazed at the superb shoes displayed in the window of the little shop, Mr. Whitten rejoiced that his casual stroll had led him away from Fifth Avenue into Forty-fourth Street. It was astonishing, he reflected, to find English makes offered at such prices. And the tans in the corner were just what he needed to go with his brown worsted. A lot better than the shapeless brogues he had on, which were the only brown shoes he possessed. Glancing down at them, Mr. Whitten shuddered. Then he hastened into the store.

There was a soft, unhurried air about the place, and Mr. Whitten was quite alone. It wasn't until he had sat waiting for some time that a clerk appeared and bowed to him respectfully.

"How do you do, sir?" said the clerk.

"How do you do?" responded Mr. Whitten amiably. "I'd like to see some brown Oxfords."

The clerk drew up a stool and removed Mr. Whitten's right shoe. In the toe of his sock there was the beginning of a hole that filled Mr. Whitten with embarrassment, but the clerk paid no attention to it. He was absorbed in studying the shoe, holding it before him at various angles as he probed the interior with his fingers. Then suddenly, with obvious distaste, he indicated the worn spot on the sock.

"I knew it would be like that, sir," he said. "The inside of this shoe is all frayed."

"They're just an old pair," Mr. Whitten explained defensively.

"It's not a question of age, sir. It's a question of fit." The clerk frowned at the shoe. "Definitely wrong," he said.

Mr. Whitten wiggled his foot uneasily.

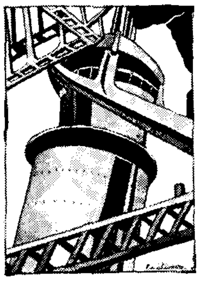
"What I would like to see," he said, "are those tan Oxfords you have in the window."

The clerk scrutinized Mr. Whitten's foot for a while.

"I'll see what I can do," he said at last, and went searching along the shelves.

When he returned, he had with him a pair of tans that delighted Mr. Whitten. They were long, light, and graceful, with an admirable simplicity of line.

"Just what I want!" Mr. Whitten exclaimed.



One of the shoes on Mr. Whitten's foot and tied the lace. He ran his fingers over Mr. Whitten's instep thoughtfully. Presently he arose and backed off a few paces. He seemed a trifle puzzled.

"Frankly, sir," he said, "I don't know."

"This feels fine," said Mr. Whitten. "Perhaps you ought to put the other one on and let me walk up and down a few times."

The clerk shook his head.

"Not advisable, sir. I think we better let Mr. Wheatley have a look at them. If you'll wait a minute, I'll get him."

After the clerk had gone, Mr. Whitten sat admiring his foot in the tan shoe. There was, he decided, nothing wrong with it at all. He was about to get up and walk around a little when the clerk returned, accompanied by a tall, rather severe-looking man with white hair.

"This," said the clerk, "is Mr. Wheatley."

"How do you do?" said Mr. Whitten.

Mr. Wheatley nodded distantly.

"I suggest," he observed, "that you take the new shoe off and let me have a look at your foot."

"It feels fine," Mr. Whitten pointed out.

"Must see the foot, though," said Mr. Wheatley. "Or, better, both feet."

The clerk bent down and removed both shoes. The left sock, Mr. Whitten noted sadly, was in the same condition as the right.

Mr. Wheatley circled around the chair.

"I don't like that arch," he commented.

"I thought you wouldn't, sir," said the clerk.

"Bound to be gaping with that arch," Mr. Wheatley mused.

"I thought," the clerk suggested diffidently, "that we might try to take care of it with a metatarsal."

Mr. Wheatley smiled patronizingly.

"Quite out of the question," he said.

"But Mr. Holling used one the other day on just this type of foot," the clerk protested.

"These shoes," interrupted Mr. Whitten, "are perfectly all right with me."

Neither Mr. Wheatley nor the clerk paid any attention to him.

ley, glancing disapprovingly at the clerk, "that we'd better have Mr. Holling's point of view on the subject so that *you'll* be satisfied, Alfred."

"All right," said the clerk coldly. "I guess he'll know what's what."

While the clerk was seeking Mr. Holling, Mr. Whitten addressed Mr. Wheatley earnestly.

"I think these shoes are fine. I wish you'd let me walk up and down in them."

"We couldn't possibly let you have an ill-fitting shoe, sir," said Mr. Wheatley. "And now Mr. Holling's coming along and perhaps he'll be able to think up an adjustment."

Mr. Holling was short and plump, and he greeted Mr. Whitten jovially.

"A little difficulty, I hear," he said. "Ah, well, must have troubles. Now, just what's wrong?"

"The gentleman," said Mr. Wheatley, "has taken a fancy to these Oxfords, which aren't right at all. I was wondering if you could suggest some way of making them fit."

"I thought," put in the clerk, "that you might try a metatarsal, like you did with that lady the other day."

"It would be better," said Mr. Holling, "to remove the socks before we go any further."

Swiftly the clerk stripped off Mr. Whitten's socks.

"Now, if you don't mind," continued Mr. Holling, "just stand up, sir."

Reluctantly Mr. Whitten obeyed. As he shuffled awkwardly on the carpet, the shoe men watched his feet intently.

"You know, sir," said Mr. Holling, "you have an odd foot. A hard one to fit. Just the opposite of mine."

Briskly Mr. Holling removed his shoe and sock, and held out his foot for Mr. Whitten's inspection.

"It looks all right to me," said Mr. Whitten.

"Oh, no, no, no," expostulated Mr. Holling. "Notice the tendency to spread wide at the toe, and the narrow heel and high arch. With you, it's practically the reverse."

"That's all well and good," said Mr. Whitten wearily, "but I'd like to have these shoes."

"You mean these Oxfords?" Mr. Holling was horrified.

"They're exactly what I mean," replied Mr. Whitten.

"Impossible," said Mr. Holling.

"Perhaps with a metatarsal—" the clerk began.

"Absurd," said Mr. Holling. "The

this shoe would be useless. Show the gentleman something else, Alfred."

"Listen," said Mr. Whitten harshly, "I want these shoes."

"I'm sorry, sir." Mr. Holling shook his head mournfully. "We couldn't sell you a shoe that didn't fit."

"I want these shoes or none at all," said Mr. Whitten.

"I couldn't possibly sell them to you, sir."

"All right." Mr. Whitten was defiant. "I won't take any."

As the clerk helped Mr. Whitten on with his shoes, Mr. Holling tried to persuade him to look at something else. But Mr. Whitten was firm. "Those shoes or none," he repeated. Mr. Holling shrugged apologetically.

"It's a rule with this house," he said, "not to sell a shoe unless it fits."

The clerk followed Mr. Whitten to the door.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you'd like to see some of our imported socks."

Muttering angrily to himself, Mr. Whitten plunged into the afternoon sunlight. He was nearing Fifth Avenue when a boy approached him lugging a shoe box.

"Shine, Mister?" the boy inquired.

Mr. Whitten glared fiercely over his shoulder at the shop.

"Shine," he agreed savagely.

—John McCarten

•

The dinner was aboard a miniature of the liner Normandie in the Seine, off the Paris Exposition. The main course, a celebrated French rabbit dish, was tied in a blue satin ribbon, signifying "The Duchess's favorite color, the Duke's blue blood and the Normandie's trans-Atlantic blue ribbon."—*The Herald Tribune.*

What did the rabbit signify?

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

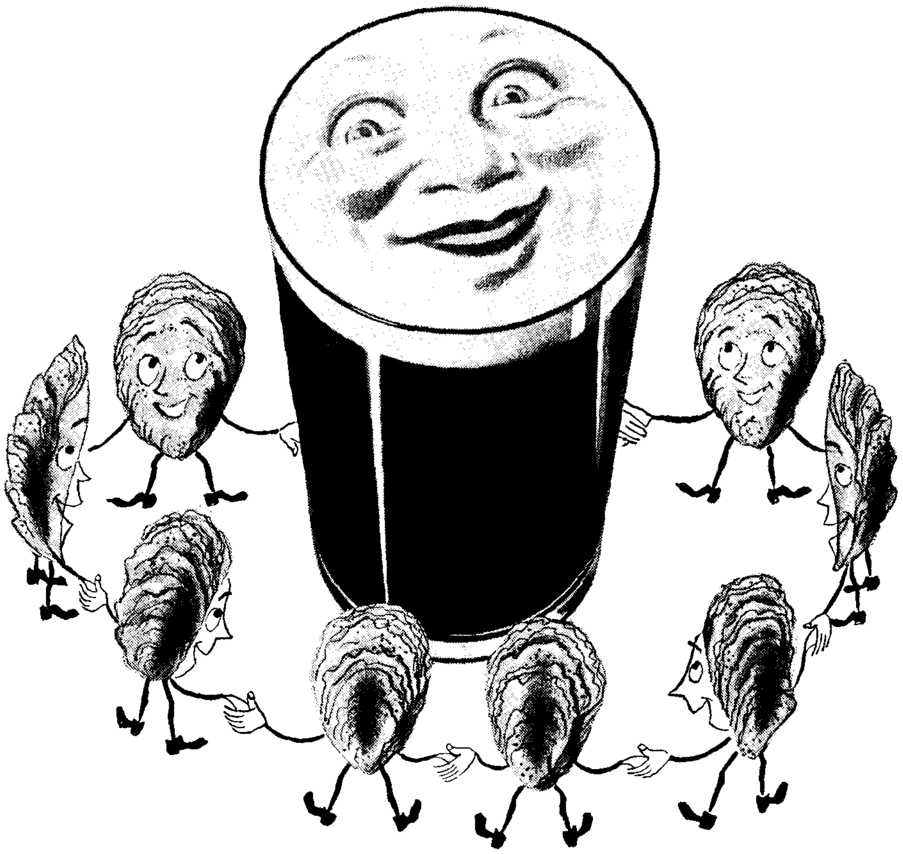
[*Saturday-Evening Sprint for Unsponsored Adverbial Clauses, from a Book Review in the Chester* (*Pa.*) *Times*]

As for Freud, in describing the extreme results of a variation of the common "Oedipus Complex," with its lack of emotional and sexual emancipation, regression to infantile states of behavior, sense of guilt, and suppressed conflict between duty and desire, reality and fantasy, which subconscious conflict is the cause of neurosis and psycho-neurosis, according to this school of psychology, whose principles of treatment include retracing the steps of the development of the complex and bringing the unconscious mental factors to the awareness of the patient, both processes being reviewed from the

WITH A BLUE POINT, CHINCOTEAGUE, CAPE COD, OR COTUIT

GUINNESS is Good

. . . but perhaps you knew it!



The dry taste of Guinness is the perfect counterpart to the smoothness of oysters. Try a split of Guinness next time you order oysters—you'll be convinced that they never should be eaten alone.

Brewed in Dublin since 1759, Guinness has a full body, creamy head and beautiful ruby colour. There's no other drink just like it. With oysters or without, it has brought so much hearty pleasure that it has become the most popular brew in the world.

GUINNESS IS ENJOYED *before or during meals, after exercise or when tired, and before retiring. Get it wherever you buy good beer or ale.*

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

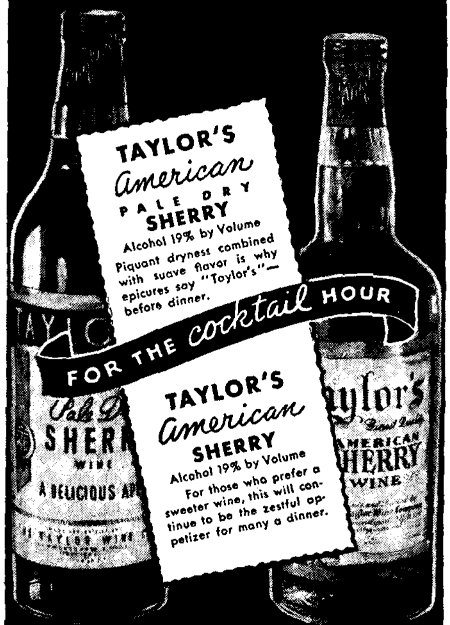
Since 1759

***The story of Guinness since 1759:* 66 pages, 44 illustrations. Write American Representative: A. Guinness, Son & Co.**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAYLOR WINES of New York State

TAYLOR Wines, subtly delicious in flavor . . . are quite naturally present wherever discriminating people gather. Ask your dealer about TAYLOR'S 14 FINE WINES.


TAYLOR'S
American
PALE DRY
SHERRY
Alcohol 19% by Volume
Piquant dryness combined with suave flavor is why epicures say "Taylor's"—before dinner.
FOR THE cocktail HOUR
TAYLOR'S
American
SHERRY
Alcohol 19% by Volume
For those who prefer a sweeter wine, this will continue to be the zestful appetizer for many a dinner.

TAYLOR WINE CO. Hammondsport, N.Y.

COLUMNISTS ACCLAIM
New York's
SMARTEST DANCE ORCHESTRA
at the
CASINO-ON-THE-PARK
(Winter—Silver and Rose Room)

In Person—Mr. RICHARD
★ HIMBER ★
and His ESSEX HOUSE ORCHESTRA

Other Outstanding Entertainment Personalities
The Food and Service at Dinner and Supper match the excellence of the Dance Music and Entertainment Program. Dinner from $1.75. Supper a la carte, no cover charge. For Reservations telephone Circle 7-0300.

OSCAR WINTRAD, Managing Director
ESSEX HOUSE
CASINO-ON-THE-PARK

OUT OF TOWN

All Over the Map

THE steamship companies and travel agencies had their winter round-the-world cruises all scheduled and their big colored brochures all printed before the war began in China. There has been some hurried rerouting, therefore, which is still going on. The Stella Polaris cruise never had China on its itinerary at all, but the four others—those of the Franconia, Empress of Britain, Reliance, and Bremen—have had to shift. If conditions are still bad in the East when the time comes, the Franconia, which leaves on January 6th, will cut out Chinese and Japanese stops and substitute, among other ports of call, Sydney, Auckland, and Suva. She is omitting the Mediterranean this year. She will sail from New York to Rio de Janeiro with intermediate stops, cross the southern Atlantic via St. Helena to Cape Town, and thence on to Madagascar, Bombay, Singapore, and Bangkok. The minimum price is $1,900 for 146 days.

The second to start out will be the Empress of Britain, on January 8th. She's using the Mediterranean, but with no Spanish stops, of course. She will make some African calls, and some French, Italian, Greek, and Holy Land stops, before going through the Suez Canal to India and the South Seas. The exact itinerary hadn't been set when we inquired, but they expected it would be any day. Probably the length of the cruise—128 days—will not be changed, or the minimum price of $2,300. Following her closely for the first part of the trip will be the Reliance, which sails the very next day, January 9th. She will touch at Madeira, Tangier, various other Mediterranean ports, call at Turkey, and go on to India, the Islands, and the East. Her route is definitely remapped by now; the last part of it runs as follows: Singapore, Java, Bali, Thursday Island, New Guinea, Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, Wellington, Suva, Apia, Honolulu, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Panama Canal, Havana, and New York; 136 days in all, for $1,900 minimum.

The Bremen, like the Franconia, is making the eastward crossing of the

THE
BERESFORD
APARTMENTS
81st to 82nd Streets

The Aristocrats of Central Park West

THE
SAN REMO
APARTMENTS
74th to 75th Streets

HOW ABOUT DINNER AT THE CAFÉ LOUIS XIV?
PERFECT! IT'S NEAR THE THEATRE AND THE FOOD IS DIVINE.

Delicious dishes served in an atmosphere of French royalty, makes dinner an occasion at the Café Louis XIV... rendezvous of discriminating diners. Convenient to smart shops and theatres.

Luncheon • Dinner
Wines and Cocktails
Music

CAFÉ LOUIS XIV
15 West 49th Street • Rockefeller Center

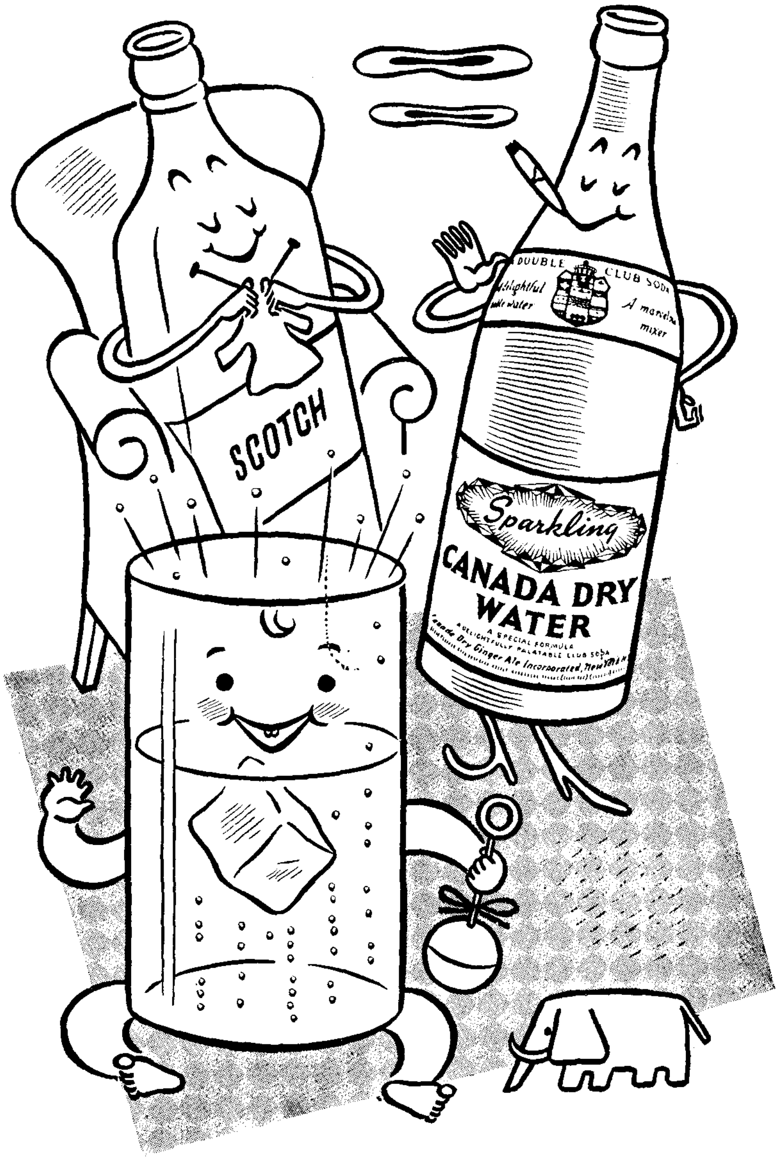
The Smart French Drink

Amer
PICON
78° PROOF • A LIQUEUR
THE SMART FRENCH DRINK

at Barbados and Rio. After Cape Town, she's off to Durban, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Java, and Bali. Her new schedule will send her from there to Melbourne, Sydney, Milford Sound, N.Z., Wellington, Auckland, Suva, Honolulu, and so on through the Canal after touching at San Francisco. Her sailing date is February 2nd, and she'll be gone 90 days; minimum, $2,400.

THE Stella Polaris, which sails on January 21st, has a trip so different from the others that it is given here in full. In the first place, the cruise, although it begins in New York, terminates at Southampton, England. You make the westward crossing of the Atlantic on your own hook. She touches at Havana and then goes through the Canal to Cocos Island, thence to the Galápagos Islands, the Marquesas Islands, the Society Islands, Tahiti, the Samoan Islands, the Fiji Islands, Papua, the inevitable Bali, Java, Singapore, Sumatra, Nias, Ceylon, India, Seychelles Islands, and Zanzibar. Then down the eastern coast of Africa, calling at Portuguese East Africa, South Africa, and St. Helena, from there to Liberia, and on to stops at the Canary Islands, Morocco, and Gibraltar before heading for Southampton. The cruise takes 110 days and costs $1,250 minimum. A few of the islands mentioned are not on the regular routes of any steamship lines. Less well known than some of the other boats, but familiar to cruise addicts, the Stella Polaris is a Swedish motor ship built ten years ago and specially designed with a shallow draft to enable her to enter lagoons which a larger liner couldn't manage. This cruise is limited to 135 people, less than her capacity.

The steamship companies, by the way, report that the wars here and there haven't seemed to discourage booking. On the contrary, they say that if the market only behaves itself, this should be one of the biggest cruise seasons of all. One company reported a cancellation when the news leaked out that the itinerary would skip China. The cancel-


SCOTCH
DOUBLE CLUB SODA
Delightful table water
A marvelous mixer
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
A special formula delightfully palatable club soda
Canada Dry Ginger Ale Incorporated, New York

HE'S GOING TO HAVE A LONG LIFE

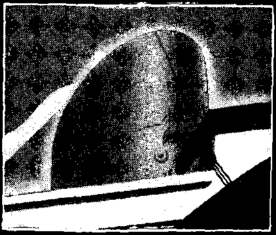
A highball made with Canada Dry Water is sure to have a long life...and that means a fresher taste...because the sparkle *lasts.* Canada Dry Water is so lively, you can leave an opened bottle in a refrigerator. Twenty-four hours later it will still sparkle with life. Or pour Canada Dry Water into a champagne glass and notice the lively, steady "Champagne" Sparkle. There's a reason for the extraordinary zest of Canada Dry Water. It's PIN-POINT CARBONATION, a special Canada Dry process.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

Now at new low prices.

THE WATER WITH THE "Champagne" SPARKLE

TO *all Europe*
through ports of
ENGLAND · FRANCE
GERMANY
North German Lloyd



Swift Expresses
BREMEN · EUROPA
COLUMBUS
◆
Your Travel Agent or
Hapag - Lloyd
57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

There's no finer tissue . . . yet you save with this 2,000-Sheet Roll

You can't buy a finer, safer tissue than this soft, sheer Satin Tissue! Yet you'll save money using it. The 2,000-sheet roll holds two to three times as many sheets as others! Fits all fixtures. In Pure White, Natural, and smart colors. 25¢ a roll, or in 4-roll cartons. At better drug, grocery and department stores. Or, write A.P.W. Paper Co., Albany, N. Y.

A.P.W.

ler, an elderly lady, demanded to be allowed to see Shanghai.

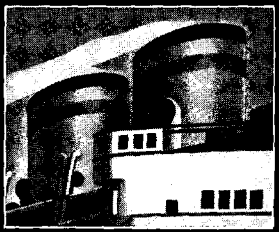
A CORRESPONDENT of this department writes in about a vacation he took last winter which he says he's going to repeat this year. He was once a round-the-worlder, but says he found this alternative just as restful as a cruise: He took a plane to Miami, and switched there to a plane for Key West. On his arrival, he rented a house and dug in for three weeks. At the end, he caught a boat for Havana for one day's fun, and then flew back to New York via Havana, a new man. In case you want to mull over this scheme, here are a few facts: The round trip by plane to Miami via Eastern Air Lines is $129.20. The plane you take from Miami to Key West is run by a small air line, but the personnel and equipment are Pan American Airways'. The boat from Key West to Havana is operated by the Peninsular & Occidental Line. It leaves Key West at 8:30 in the morning on Wednesdays and Sundays and reaches Havana about six hours later. The plane from Havana back to Miami is Pan American's, and the flight takes only two hours ($25). The topnotch hotel at Key West is the Casa Marina, but there are smaller ones in the town which are perfectly all right, and you can rent houses and apartments for long or short stays. The natives make a specialty of clearing out for visitors, and their houses are often architectural gems. Some of the people will leave their own servants for you, and you can even arrange to have dinner waiting when you arrive. For information write to Mayor Harry C. Galley. There are no hills down there, and everyone rides bicycles. You won't find any hilarious excitement, but the town is always interesting, and there are two night clubs. You can take a short jaunt by plane to the Dry Tortugas, the little group of islands off the Florida Keys, and see the deserted old fort on Dr. Mudd's Shark Island, or just loll on the beach in a cabaña made of palm leaves. Key West is full of government murals and paintings; even the sign "To the Turtle Crawls" is FERA. —S. R. W.

◆

In England the other day the Duchess of Kent attended a garden party wearing beige (most of the royal family are wearing grilled tomatoes during her tennis championship matches.—*Toronto Star Weekly.*

Well, all families have their little

TO *all Europe*
through ports of
IRELAND · ENGLAND
FRANCE · GERMANY
Hamburg-American



Famous Four Expresses
NEW YORK · HAMBURG
DEUTSCHLAND · HANSA
◆
Your Travel Agent or
Hapag - Lloyd
57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

ISHAM JONES
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Blue Room
HOTEL LINCOLN
44th Street at 8th Avenue • New York
★★★★

BRADFORD PERIN
former student of the Slade School, London, will hold a **drawing class** in his studio
321 East 72 Street
Mornings 9:30—12:30 • Individual Instruction
Re. 7-3185

✡ ✡ ✡ ✡ **WHY NOT**
make it possible for the buyer to find your property?
PREVIEWS INCORPORATED
THE NATIONAL REAL ESTATE CLEARING HOUSE
342 Madison Ave. N. Y. C. • Philadelphia

FOOTBALL

Bad News—Dear Old School Days

LAST Saturday's mud and rainy weather started people wondering again whether playing football could possibly be any fun. One man who seemed to be getting pleasure out of slipping and sliding in the Yale Bowl muck that day was Brud Holland, Cornell's Negro end. Perhaps that was because he was almost the only player on his team who was accomplishing much of anything against Yale. Every time he got into the Yale backfield and knocked down the ball-carrier, Holland came up smiling. Negroes, we think, really do like the game. Not many manage to make the varsity, but the few who do are always good players, and always have fun. Paul Robeson, long before "Show Boat" came along, played football at Rutgers as if he enjoyed it. Joe Lilliard, a much less famous back, who came East some years ago with an Oregon college team, is another. He's still at it. If you are up around Dyckman Oval on a Sunday afternoon, you might look in and see whether Joe's colored team, the Brown Bombers, is playing there. The day we were there the Bombers were playing a team from White Plains which had several old Fordham and N.Y.U. men in the lineup. It was a fine, hard-played game, with the home boys winning in the last second on a thirty-five-yard field goal by Joe himself. There is a certain amount of informality at Dyckman Oval. Once, when the Bombers tried the complicated lateral-pass play which the Ritz Brothers use in the movie called "Life Begins at College," the last man to handle the ball found himself thirty yards behind his scrimmage line and practically on his own goal, in the midst of a group of White Plains tacklers. The Bomber thoughtfully threw the ball on the ground just in front of him, and the Negro referee, sensing his compatriot's chagrin and distress, hastily ruled the whole regrettable affair an incomplete forward pass, which put the ball back on the thirty-five-yard line. If you go to a game there, be sure to buy a program and keep it. Each program is numbered, and if you're lucky, yours may bring a prize in the turkey raffle held at midfield between the halves.

ON dark, morbid days like last Saturday, old men's thoughts run, somehow, to injuries and disasters

players' shortcomings and handicaps. Someone was pointing out to us that Bill Dickens might well be the best guard in Yale's greatly improved line if it weren't such a chore for him to play football at all. Dickens, like Al Wilson, Yale's fast little halfback, is taking an engineering course, which is hard enough work in itself, and Dickens has Engineering School classes which keep him indoors three afternoons a week and make him very late for practice. Because he gets practically no contact work, he's usually held out of the starting lineup on Saturday and dropped into the line when he's needed. Dickens, incidentally, didn't go to Yale by accident. His uncle Tom, later a prep-school football coach, was also a Yale guard, on Tim Callahan's team.

Bobby Taylor, Columbia's sophomore back, has to wear glasses off the field, but although he can't wear them when he's playing, his work this fall has been first-class. Charlie Miller, who customarily alternates with Bill Dickens at Yale's right guard, is supposedly handicapped by being a bit nearsighted, a fact which will probably surprise the linemen who've been up against him this fall. So far, they've noticed nothing wrong with his performance. Elliot Hooper, the right guard who does most of Cornell's punting, is left-footed, but his punts are longer and better placed than those of most orthodox punters. Maybe a good player is a good player, no matter what his idiosyncrasies.

As for the injuries and disasters we are constantly reading about, quite a lot of them are exaggerated. The only men who take all the coaches' announcements at face value are the old grads who always believe that everything is going to pot back on the campus and that something should be done about it right away. These men, you will find, always want a point or two better than the prevailing odds when they make their annual bet on the big game, because it seems that half the first-string team isn't going to be able to play. George Peck, the Cornell line-bucker whose enforced absence from the lineup has converted Cornell back into an ordinary team, was supposed to be through with football after the bumping around he got in the Princeton game. Last week, however, he was on the field again, even though he was used

DIRECT FROM LONDON
LEO
DESLYS
in his own sophisticated
songs old and new
APPEARING TWICE NIGHTLY
AFTER THE THEATRE
★
MEYER DAVIS' MUSIC
at dinner and supper
ESQUIRE AT THE BAR
★
Luncheon Cocktails
"Theodor" Eldorado 5-7262
THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
MADISON AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

WHEN IN
PRINCETON
FOR THE
HARVARD
GAME

Cocktail Bar
Yankee Doodle Taproom.
Drop in for a drink,
a good meal, or
a week-end.

NASSAU
TAVERN
PALMER SQUARE
PRINCETON, N. J.

They're back for the season —and better than ever

Guy Lombardo

and his Royal Canadians

Delicious food, prepared by an artist—Chef André.

A perfect floor . . . and there's only one Lombardo!

✶ ✶ ✶ ✶ They're back again...and everybody's happy . . . including the Royal Canadians! "We *LIKE* the Roosevelt Grill," says Guy Lombardo, "people seem to have such a good time here." And you'll find that this beautiful mirrored room, the food, and the reigning "No. 1" dance orchestra add up to a mighty big evening. ✶ ✶ ✶ ✶ We strongly urge reservations in advance, especially for Saturday nights. Call "Victor", VAnderbilt 3-9200.

There's also tea dancing from 4 till 6 (daily except Sunday) with music by Lukewela and his Royal Hawaiians.

The ROOSEVELT GRILL

never when his team was in a scoring position. Princeton's Jack White didn't play against Rutgers, because he had been hurt in the game with Chicago and needed a rest—not as badly as Princeton needed him last week, we think, for all he complained of to his friends was a bad headache. The headache couldn't have been too bad, either, because we noticed that last Friday night he was, like everyone else in Princeton, at the movies on Nassau Street.

DURING our brief stay at a prep school which had better be nameless, we played alongside a young man named Grover Garland, who really had no business on any squad. He was so nearsighted he couldn't see more than four or five feet, but because he was jolly and willing and popular, we all assured our coach that Grover had been a great guard at another school, from which he had just transferred. We said guard because a guard doesn't have to be too keen-sighted to play his position. Grover did well enough on offence; since he stood next the centre, he managed to see when the ball was snapped, and he was stout enough to knock down whoever played against him. On defence, he looked rather awkward, although everyone gave him the breaks in practice, but we had actually played two games before the coach decided that perhaps Grover had better have a little individual defensive drill. He assigned Grover a man to follow on each play, and ran alongside the moving target to see just what was wrong with Grover's technique. Grover, willing to the last and groping earnestly into the fog before him, missed his opponent and knocked the coach flat on two successive plays. The coach, a bright and bitter man, guessed the trouble at once, and after a few awful questions, delivered a general dressing-down and then told Grover, who was beginning to cry, to turn in his uniform. We all looked at the coach in cold silence; we were mostly in the graduating class and in the school on athletic scholarships, and didn't give a hang about school spirit or our coach's record. In honor of Grover, who really loved being on the squad and was heartbroken, we ingeniously managed to lose the six remaining games on the schedule, and the coach, who realized all along what we were doing, lost his berth at the end of the season. We never did know what became of him, but Grover—when last anyone heard—was working for an oil company in Burma and making more money

FRANCES CLYNE
GOWNS HATS
GLITTERING
★ LAMÉ GOWN
BELT OF CABOCHON
JEWELS $145.
★ FOR THE HORSE SHOW
9 EAST 56TH
TELEPHONE PLAZA 3-8782

Raleigh Room

Louis Sobol Says:

"I would vote it Manhattan's most glamorous assembly spot—afternoon or evening."

★ LUNCHEON ★ COCKTAILS ★ DINNER SUPPER ★ SUNDAY COCKTAIL DANSANT

Frank Novak and his orchestra at cocktail time and supper. Murals by Dean Cornwell.

The Warwick
65 WEST 54TH STREET

LUXURIOUS COMFORT
—WITH ECONOMY—
add to the pleasures of living at

The Surrey Hotel

On a Quiet Residential Street
Convenient to Shopping and the Theatres

MODERATE RENTALS

Extra Large Rooms—Over-Size Closets
All with Serving Pantries
Furnished or Unfurnished
Exceptional Cuisine

20 EAST 76th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

NO. 1 FOR SWING!

BENNY GOODMAN
KING OF SWING

in the

MADHATTAN ROOM!

● Dinner and supper dancing nightly except Sunday. Dinners from $2.00. After 10 P. M. supper cover: week nights, 75c; Saturday and holiday eves, $1.50.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

LAUGH, NURSE, LAUGH

PRACTICALLY everything I read these days terrifies me, but the other morning I came across something in the *Herald Tribune* that plain scared the life out of me.

"Nurses," declared Dr. Laurens Hickok Seelye, president of St. Lawrence University, in an address before the New York State Nurses Association, "must be artists in the blending of discipline and humor." That is what I read, and I began to get all cold right there, because it seems to me that life is difficult enough without having nurses start to blend discipline and humor on us. "The nurse with humor . . . sees the point at which to make the humorous allusion, the witty comment, recount the disarming experience. For her the life of a nurse combines the authority of a corporal with the sense of humor of a columnist," said Dr. Seelye. And that is where sheer horror got me. First of all, what columnist does he mean? I admit that a dash of Walter Winchell might conceivably be borne, depending, of course, on how sick you were. At a certain wistful stage of convalescence, I can see, it might be acceptable and even rather gratifying to have the nurse announce coyly that a certain patient is that way about a certain doctor. But you would have to be practically well to stand having her leap in at seven o'clock in the morning crying, "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea—let's wash our face!" Dr. Seelye should have thought twice before making that speech, because if nurses begin to take him seriously, the time may come when we won't know if we have a trained nurse in the house or O. O. McIntyre.

Encouraging nurses to exercise their humor is just putting dynamite in their hands. What about practical jokes? Suppose you get a nurse who thinks it is terribly funny to black up and say, "BOO!" What's going to happen then? A dead patient or a dead nurse, I'd say, depending on the strength of the patient. And how about dressing up? I don't know about other people, but it takes more than a funny hat to amuse me, even when I am awfully well, and if I were sick, I wouldn't care at all to have my nurse put on a little black mustache and ask me to guess who she was. And what about telling funny stories? I don't mean the disarming experience; I mean the one about the two Irishmen walking down the street. Am I going to find myself all

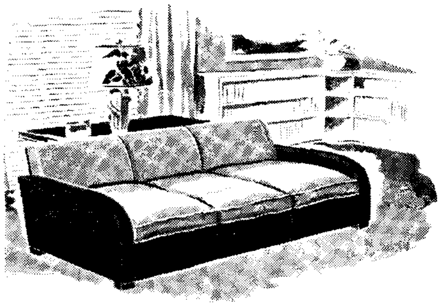
day listening to *that*, for God's sake?

What is the sickroom of the future going to be if this thing gets under way? It is bad enough right now, with doctors barging in and out, laughing and joking and carrying on, without having a roomful of nurses doing the same thing. What is so humorous about sickness, anyway? I may be as ridiculous as all getout when I am sick, but I don't want any nurse giving me aspirin and laughing softly to herself at the same time. And if there are any witty comments to be made, I want to be the one to make them, provided I can think them up. If Dr. Seelye asked me, I would say that everyone would be a whole lot happier if nurses would let humor go altogether and just concentrate on getting the soap off when they wash you. *There's* something for the Doctor to advocate, and he might also say a word or two about the proper use of the personal pronoun, because the way things are at present, most nurses talk as if they were either editors or Lindbergh. And the sooner they learn that remarking brightly that we are going to have our stitches out this morning never fooled a patient yet, the better.

The way I feel when I have something unpleasant to endure is that I don't want to be talked to at all. Of course, everyone doesn't feel the same way. Dr. Seelye is quoted right in the headline as saying that he wants no soulless, bottle-bearing martinet, no white-capped robot, waiting on him. But I don't know. Let Dr. Seelye have a good, painful tonsillectomy just once and see how he feels then. Give him a day or two of that, attended by a nurse who is an artist at blending discipline and humor, and I'll bet he'll be begging for a martinet or a robot.

Personally, I'll take a robot any day, white cap and all, and I don't care how soulless or how little of a humorist she turns out to be. Though of course there are two sides to everything, and if a nurse could achieve the perfect combination of Florence Nightingale and Jimmy Durante, I don't say that it wouldn't have its points. But it would have to be perfect. A false nose and a lamp in the hand wouldn't be enough. I've got my own idea of the whole thing, if Dr. Seelye doesn't mind, and it is very simple indeed. A nurse to nurse me is what I want. A good, gloomy nurse to take care of the Nightingale end, and some arrangement with Durante in person about dropping in to see me on visiting day.

a new spirit
in decoration
called
MODERN



Whether period or modern, the keynote of today's home decoration is **contemporary!** Away with ornateness, heaviness, dinginess . . . bring on simplicity, lightness, spaciousness! The modern we offer achieves this new spirit . . . we do countless homes which retain some of the beautiful things of the past, but "go modern" in feeling. Our furniture is designed and built by us to fulfill this need. Our floor coverings and draperies are new . . . in color, texture, design. As America's largest source of **contemporary home furnishings,** we invite those who wish to "modernize" their homes (without going modern to the nth degree) to consult with our decoration planning department. There's no obligation!

MME. MAJESKA
Consultant Decorator

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.
Open Mon., Wed.
till 8, Sat. 6

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

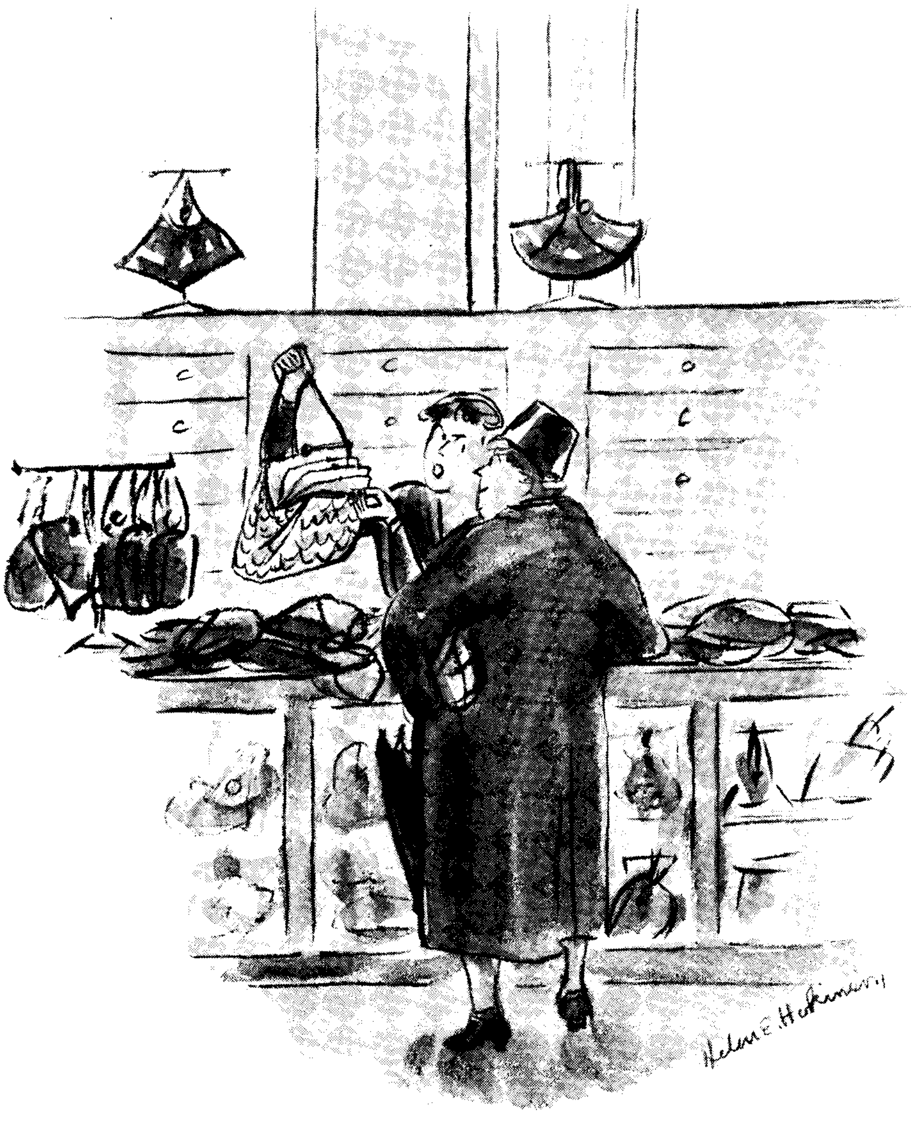
PARIS, OCT. 25

MOLYNEUX'S MIDSEASON COLLECTION IS AGAIN THE ANSWER TO EVERY WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR "SOMETHING TO PUT ON RIGHT AWAY." WOOL DRESSES WITH MODERATELY SUNPLEATED SKIRTS HAVE VERY SHORT JACKETS, WHICH ARE INVISIBLY FASTENED DOWN THE CENTRE AND HAVE HIGH, WIDE, ROUNDED LAPELS BORDERED BY NARROW ASTRAKHAN APPLIED IN CURLICUES. THREE-QUARTER OR FULL-LENGTH COATS OF BLACK WOOLLEN ARE NARROWLY BANDED WITH BROADTAIL, WHICH FORMS CONTINUOUS REVERS DOWN THE FRONT; SHEATHLIKE DRESSES ARE WORN WITH THESE. FUR MUFFS AND TOWERING STOVEPIPE CHÉCHIAS OF FELT ACCOMPANY MOST DAY ENSEMBLES, WHICH ARE ALWAYS BLACK. SCHOOLGIRLISH BLACK CRÊPE DRESSES HAVE VERY WIDE SKIRTS PLEATED OR GATHERED AROUND THE WAIST. THE SLIM, BELTLESS EVENING GOWNS WITH A TWIST OF DRAPERY OVER THE BOSOM ARE OF SATIN, LAMÉ, OR SILK CRÊPE. PICTURE DRESSES WITH VOLUMINOUS SKIRTS AND TAILORED BODICES COME IN MADONNA BLUE, BOLDINI BEIGE, OYSTER WHITE, AND CORAL PINK. V. A.

AND IN NEW YORK—

TO the best of my knowledge, the oysters have made no report as to what kind of winter is shaping up for us, except to say that pneumonia will be newly chic. But even were the cagey bivalves to risk a forecast, Best wouldn't care, for they have stocked up with coats suitable for climes both temperate and bitter. The Hollywood coat is far and away the most spectacular of these. It's a roomy, casual affair, with raglan sleeves and a wool jersey lining, in a wool that is all huge checks—wine and tan or dark green and gray. It has enormous bag pockets dangling on each hip, tremendous leather buttons, and a swank that is very special—all for $69.95. There are many conventional reefers in odd imported tweeds, and others, quite light in weight, of a wool in a check of the district type. The latter, very fitted and double-breasted, have revers that flare even more widely than ever. And pale-beige camel's hair makes the belted, youthful coat with a childish nutria collar which has become a standby. Among the dressier coats, the handsomest bargain is a fitted, brown wool affair with a quilted satin lining. It is buttoned all the way down, and has brown Persian lamb set into the rever collar and making a swirl to suggest pockets high on the chest ($69.95). In another model, Persian lamb makes the collar and two panels down each side of the button fastening. A narrow band of mink goes straight down the front and encircles the flared skirt of a coat of nubbly black wool (most of the wools are on the spongy, nubbly side) with a pointed fur collar.

WOMEN of all ages and all sizes have so long sworn by Martha West's machine-knit clothes, which are tailored to a nicety, that I have a fear of seeming pompous every time I point her out to you. Her things have a way of staying in shape, too—a lovable, as well as practical, quality that exquisite hand-knit extravagances often lack. Her three-piece suits, combining patterned and plain knits and contrasting scarves, are justly famous; so are her two-piece jumper outfits. Among the latter, you will find a plain skirt with a vertically striped jumper (looks very tweedy), belted and buttoned up the front to a plain round collar. She harbors also a town-or-country plain knit dress with a high, zigzag neckline and buttons down the back. A striped bolero, primly buttoned in front, goes over this. There are other simple dresses, designed along sports lines, which have fine gold-kid piping that even this crank approved of. Her blouses and sweater blouses have always been noteworthy,



"It's the kind of bag you can dive into."

LOTS OF PEOPLE BUY EXPENSIVE FUR COATS

WHO NEVER COME TO JAECKEL

• Strange but true. They follow the line of least resistance and casually order furs when buying clothes. It seems so easy when a flattering fur is brought out to complete the ensemble.

• We know the arguments—"this fur was created to go with this particular style of gown", "a dressmaker is so sure of the fashion", etc.

• BEING FURRIERS AND DESIGNERS OF FUR FASHIONS WE DISAGREE. Furs are highly specialized, not only in peltry but in workmanship and fashion.

• EVERY IMPORTANT FUR FASHION TODAY HAS EMANATED FROM A FUR AUTHORITY and Jaeckel have to their credit many of the most significant fashions.

• Or perhaps they know someone who can get their furs "wholesale". There are few strictly wholesale houses today, and we would remind you that Jaeckel have been wholesale and retail furriers since 1863. Style, quality, service and reliability being considered, Jaeckel prices stand comparison with any wholesaler.

• We are specialists in furs—all Jaeckel executives are Jaeckels. We eat, think and sleep furs and fur fashions.

• We admit we are perfectionists—allowing no compromise on quality or workmanship—a Jaeckel buys our pelts, a Jaeckel supervises our workmanship, a Jaeckel styles our furs and every sale is made under the supervision of a Jaeckel.

• This is a banner year with us. We have a magnificent collection of sables in a year when they are hard to get, our mink pelts have never been finer, we have a group of ready-to-wear fashions as charming as they are reasonable, and our models have never been so different or so romantic. We give you a slogan—

SEE A FURRIER FIRST

Jaeckel

546 FIFTH AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

In California: 8660 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles

Russian Ermine—young and very smart.

Never has our Mink collection been finer.

Sport coat of Guanaquito —only $300

The favorite Sable Jacket $3950—in Kolinsky $1100

Entertaining
in the
Neptune Room
at the
Hotel Pierre

★

Sunday Nights
MARION COOLEY
and her informal
Buffet Dinners

★

Every Night
NAT BRANDWYNNE
his piano
and his Orchestra
for
DINNER and SUPPER
DANCING

Also playing
the Cocktail Hour

★

For reservations
telephone "Bonaudi"
Regent 4-5900

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

and now suède, in a soft, glovelike texture, has been added to the repertoire. You can get conventional sleeveless jerkins or marvellous sports shirts, gathered on the yoke and buttoned up the front to convertible collars, and also striding-across-the-moors belted suède suits of the English type. Then there are citified suit blouses with short sleeves and darts dashing away from a round neckline, and others with geometric yokes. Short-sleeved boleros, too. Just a reminder for people who like to be encased in tweeds and knits in the daytime; her prices are moderate.

IN the window sits an airy woman of fashion, made of wicker, like one of your garden chairs, and sporting a black lace apron. Behind this whimsy from the Paris Exposition is the tiny custom shop of Dickerts, at 11 East 55th Street, where they are completely in accord with my belief that hats should lift the spirit and spur the ego into feeling that the wearer is the Cutest One. There are lots of open-top hats here (it is cold and all, but they can be filled in). For example, a towering cone wrapped in Paisley, pulled slightly out at the crown, and crushed a bit to one side. This model, modified slightly in height and having a visor over one eye, is wonderful in tweed to match your suit, or in felt, or whatever. You can have bluebirds flying over a plate of mink, held on by a back strap, or Patou's felt, flat up the back, which looks like a wavy and exaggerated cook's hat in front. Or maybe you'd prefer the Dickerts yen for conical crowns that tilt backward; or Alix's brown felt with the brim curving down at one side; or felt with a dipped brim that suggests the visor of a soldier's cap in profile; or an off-the-face stitched velvet affair with a lovely Chanel butterfly of multicolored paillettes perched on top. Dickerts adores to put these butterflies on inconsequential bits of evening headgear, too, and also has boutonnieres of paillettes, in the loveliest possible color combinations, and silly, tiny muffs of black paillettes, smothered in orchids or white gardenias, with a youthful tiara to go with them. It is all very young and very gay around these premises.

WHILE we are on the subject of lunacy, Howard Greer, the leaping genius of the West Coast, has designed some suède gloves which Saks-Fifth Avenue now offer with some apprehension. The thumb and the first finger are encased in the conventional

herded together as they haven't been since your mitten days. Some of the gloves have inserts of contrasting suède between the first finger and the mitten, and, strangely enough, they look very smart indeed.

I KNOW that none of you addicts ever forget a word I say, but maybe you should be told again that Lawrence Parker, of 444 Madison Avenue (49th), is a boy to see if you adore pumps and haven't abandoned the search for your dream last. This is just a nudge. The real news is that he is also showing some shoes by Bally of Switzerland. There are shoes with fiery tongues flaring up on the insteps, and Oxfords with small, bright leather strips on each side. All of the Bally shoes have excellent detail and the minimum of seaming. Among the domestic shoes, look at Run Riot in black or rust suède, which is practically a solid wrap-around with a scooped-out low square heel. Parker likes flat-heeled shoes for evening as well as for daytime; there is a spring-heeled sandal, called Glide, with an open toe and heel that would make me feel like a flat-footed ballerina, but he swears "people" are going to adore it. The Swiss offer Blackmail, a very fine step-in evening sandal with gold strippings up the front, and, aside from sandals, are proud of their open-toed pumps for evening, the pet being of black satin with gold-kid bands and heel.

Thus I limp to a close. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Rooms in Review

STORE decorators around here are getting to be so good it is as much as your peace of mind is worth to walk through their room shows, particularly if you have just finished doing over your own rooms at great expense and are feeling happily smug about the results. You may now, if you wish, expose yourself to this risk in a number of places, for new exhibition rooms are opening all over town, and most of them are good enough to start you dreaming once more.

W. & J. Sloane's House of Years, for one, is better than it has been since the first show that was staged in it. It is no longer furnished as a complete house, of course (it hasn't been for some time), but as a series of small, nonhousekeeping apartments. This gives the Sloane decorators a better chance to show what they can do with various bathrooms in which to work out more of those spectacular effects for which the House of Years is famous. As it is done this time, the House has three bathrooms—one entirely in bright-blue glass brick that doesn't quite look worth all the money you would have to spend on it; one in white glass brick (better) with mirror Venetian blinds; and one with grass cloth walls and wine-red plumbing fixtures. The customary Sloane hotcha bedroom is also present—a good, ripe one with an enormous all-mirror bed glittering against bamboo-patterned silver walls, and a white leather dressing table set in an alcove lined with corrugated mirror glass. This one needs only to be seen by a movie scout to be off for Hollywood, kit and caboodle, by fast plane.

In the living rooms, Sloane really got down to business, and turned out three of the best jobs the House has had to date. Two of them are upstairs on the second floor—a Swedish modern one with white leather walls and low-slung furniture, and a Regency room done with some of the store's prize antiques, lots of gunmetal mirror panels, and Schumacher's wonderful silk damask with the design worked out in hand-clipped fringe. The third one, downstairs, is of indefinite, more-or-less eighteenth-century origin, and has a color scheme so beautiful you almost forget to notice anything else. With chagrin for my ignorance, I had to ask for the name of the wall color. It's smoked gunmetal, flecked with gold, in a paper that comes in rectangular blocks (seven separate blocks to a regulation roll; $7.50). Against this dark and handsome background they have placed mahogany furniture upholstered in eggshell-and-turquoise fabrics, and eggshell silk curtains with swag valances in turquoise satin. The doors and wood trim repeat the eggshell-and-turquoise, gold trimmings occur at every possible point, and the entire mantel and all the panelling around it are mirror. The last detail is almost, but not quite, Too Much.

There are also two hobby rooms in the House of Years. The one for a camera addict (upstairs) is workmanlike and no doubt functional, but attractive withal. It has Swedish modern furniture in natural unstained oak. The china collector's room (ground floor) is small and *intime*, and worked out with great success in burnt orange, gray, and yellow, a pretty scheme that looks new. The burnt orange, used inside a pair of niches, makes a fine background for a display of rare china plates, and the soft grays and yellows in the

SHERRY
GONZALEZ
PRODUCT OF SPAIN
BOTTLED & SHIPPED BY
GONZALEZ, BYASS & C°
JEREZ
CORONET
VERY DRY AND PALE
SHERRY
SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION NEW YORK
Schenley IMPORT

Part of our beautiful bodega at Sanlucar. This has been called . . ."both architecturally and practically speaking, the finest storehouse of wine in the world."

a King said:

"I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS SO MUCH WINE IN THE WORLD!"

Beyond these stately casks which are replenished from time to time is the Royal Entrance. This arch was built in 1862 to honor the visit of a great queen.

THAT WAS decades ago. Today, our stocks of fine sherries are among the greatest in Spain. If you would rejoice with us in this treasure, try "Coronet"... a delightful cocktail-hour sherry of refreshing dryness and moderate price. It is one of the noble wines that has given the Gonzalez family the title, "Sherry Kings of Spain."

Copyright 1937, Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Alcohol 20% by volume

GRANDEE OF DRY SHERRIES

Coronet

Dry Sherry

BY GONZALEZ, "SHERRY KING OF SPAIN"

Also shippers of Diamond Jubilee and Cochran Sherries

WE BELIEVE IN:

ROGER SMITH

The best quality food—prepared so that it *keeps* its quality.

Service that makes a meal a *comfortable* occasion.

Prices that do not tax the modest purse.

We practice this belief
in all

ROGER SMITH RESTAURANTS

There is one near you—you'll like it!

Luncheon 55¢ **Dinner $1**

At the Wyndham, 42 W. 58 St. Luncheon from 75¢

Double Sparklers from 25¢

When out of town, try—

THE ROGER SMITH
STAMFORD, CONN.

THE WOODROW WILSON
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

THE ROGER SMITH
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Apartments of one, two, three or more rooms. Some have terraces. All have serving pantries; full hotel service. Furnished or unfurnished for immediate or fall occupancy. Excellent restaurant and Duplex Cocktail Lounge. Air cooled.

Permanent or Transient

The Beverly Hotel

ONE TWENTY-FIVE EAST FIFTIETH STREET
William A. Buescher, Manager

You CAN have lovely hair!

Even though it may be gray, faded, over-bleached or over-dyed, its natural tint and youthful beauty can be restored. Pleasant surroundings, too, for your ZOTOS Permanent. You may take years off by consulting

Mary Greene

I Grand Prix

rest of the room couldn't be a better foil for the whole thing.

LORD & TAYLOR's William Pahlmann went to France, England, Sweden, and Denmark last summer for stuff to put in his fall rooms on the store's seventh floor and came back laden with ideas. Items: Baroque scrolls painted on the floor of an entrance foyer; felt, in curtains, chair slipcovers, and circular-cut tablecloths coming down to the floor all around; an enormous, mirror-topped cocktail table in leather, fully three feet square but less than a foot high, and set on castors for easy pushing around; Danish Biedermeier furniture, which I never heard of before and would be inclined to regard with suspicion if I didn't like it so much; and striped satin damask in blue, gray, and white, used to cover not only the walls of a sumptuous Regency-Modern-Empire dining room (*that* wouldn't be news) but also a pair of inside-shutter screens that pull out like accordion pleats from either side of a French window, replacing blinds and throwing spectators into a complete dither.

Those are only a *few* items, at that. You'll see at a glance that Pahlmann still likes blackamoors; antiqued mirror glass in panels; dark, rich wall colors (mauve, chocolate brown speckled with gold, deep blue like the color of larkspurs); heavy gold curtain poles with elaborate swag draperies twisted around them; and as many purely modern notes mixed in with the traditional as can be used without nudging the edges of chaos.

There isn't a room in the Lord & Taylor show that you wouldn't enjoy owning, but I found myself lingering longest in a little boudoir with quilted chintz walls in a gray-and-pink swag pattern, fairly large in scale. The windows are hung with the same quilted chintz, and the most conspicuous furniture pieces are a pair of Victorian right-and-left chairs in tufted green velvet, dramatic against a white rug. If this room had been done in pale instead of in strong colors, it probably would have turned out to look like a Syrie Maugham job.

DOGGED folk who want to make a thorough day of it should also go to Altman, where Progress House has been reopened, and to Wanamaker's Home Store (South Building), which now rejoices in Viking House. Progress House is full of a gloomy grandeur which nevertheless has spots of genuine news

Quality

Fanny Farmer
CANDIES

TELEPHONE
MANHATTAN—PEnnsylvania 6-5499
BROOKLYN—PRospect 9-2700

CAFE CONTINENTAL

Luncheon . . .	**$1.25**
Club Lunch . . .	**1.00**
Dinner	**2.00**

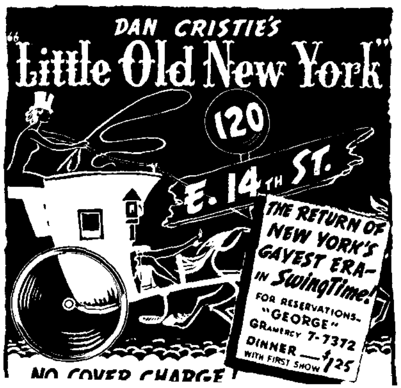
Specialties included in the Prix Fixe

Supreme of Guinea Hen Continental
Croustade of Red Partridge
Pheasant in Pineapple

ADLER & TAUBMAN
Violin • Piano • Miniature Organ
play during dinner till closing

10 E. 52d St. • Wickersham 2-8952

CAFE CONTINENTAL
Air-conditioned



DAN CRISTIE'S
"Little Old New York"
120 E. 14TH ST.
THE RETURN OF NEW YORK'S GAYEST ERA—IN SwingTime!
FOR RESERVATIONS—"GEORGE" GRAMERCY 7-7372
DINNER—$1.25 WITH FIRST SHOW
NO COVER CHARGE

cornucopias over the dining-room doors; a lighting fixture done in pewter and glass centred directly above the mantel in the living room; and some modern furniture using pewter inlays that make sense and look very handsome indeed. Viking House is a vastly different matter, since its purpose is to provide, in Swedish-peasant decorations, a new note for American country houses, on the theory that any minute now everybody is going to get sick of American Colonial, French Provincial, and the Tyrolean; and maybe everybody is.

PURELY PRACTICAL: Word has come of a place called the Sherwood Workshop, 38 Bond Street, where some very fine things get done in the way of upholstery, furniture repairs, mattress renovating, and kindred household chores. The work is handled by experts who formed a little group when things got bad a few years ago. They are said to be very good and not expensive.... Friends keep telling us of the Canine Country Club, 507 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd), which has a dog-walking service: one hour or more a day in the Park, at daily or monthly rates; attendants guaranteed trustworthy, intelligent, and conversant with dog psychology.... Secretariette, 159 East 60th Street, may be just what you need for the season ahead, since it is an organization equipped to take such dismal things as Christmas cards, invitations, gift shopping, and such off your hands; or to furnish, for $20 a month, an efficient personal secretary who will come in for one full day a week to do your correspondence, pay or send out bills, balance checkbooks, etc. ... Macy has a fine, useful thing in Old English Tinted Wax, which has just enough wood stain so that when you polish slightly damaged furniture with it, you see scratches in the veneer disappear before your fascinated eyes. Old English Tinted Wax comes in mahogany, walnut, and light-wood tints, and costs around a dollar for a pound can, which seems large enough to last a long time.

—B. B.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Jacksonville* (*Fla.*) *Journal*]

Because the sun is now on the equator of the sky, it rises directly east and sets directly west. Hence, supposedly it is above the horizon for half of the 24 hours and below for the other half, making the days and nights equal. In fact, the name "equinox" means "equal night." However, because of the bending of the sun's light as it comes through the atmosphere, we can actually see the sun while it is slightly below the horizon

DISCOVER
VICEROY
WITH THE NEW
FILTER TIP
Real tobacco flavor! No loose crumbs in my mouth! And no brown stain on my teeth! Some smoke!
VICEROY
NEW IMPROVED FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES
"REG U S PAT OFF"
VICEROY FILTER TIPPED
15¢
UNION MADE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RALEIGH AND KOOL CIGARETTES

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION
FOR THE NEW YORKER

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00

(Canada, 1 year $5.50; 2 years $8.00; Foreign, 1 year $6.00, 2 years $9.00)

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us

THE NEW YORKER,

Persian Room at the Plaza

EDDY DUCHIN
and his Unrivalled Orchestra

PAUL DRAPER

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

Eddy Duchin at Saturday Cocktail Dansant
Paul Draper at Sunday Cocktail Dansant

COCKTAIL HOUR
DAILY AND SUNDAY
VINCENT BRAGALE
and his Orchestra

THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST.

Fun AND frolic FOR Man AND Boy
(WOMAN, TOO!)

Don't let anyone fool you—fool them first with some of the insane tricks and jokes that Shackman's big store is so full of! Men, women and children love this place. You'll get a "kick" out of our Taxpayer's Reward joke . . . you'll be fascinated by the tiniest steel scissors in the world (25¢); or a pearl-handled pen-knife an inch and a half long (it cuts!)

Our wares include party favors and decorations, marvelous miniatures, gifts, games, *all sorts* of novelties. And inexpensive. Come and see!

SHACKMAN'S
34th Street & Madison Avenue
New York

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

QUITO

[SOME PEACEFUL NOTES ON THE SCENE OF MR. HECHT'S WARLIKE PLAY]

THE Grace liner Santa Lucia, which took me to Guayaquil, Ecuador's principal seaport, had a surrealist touch. Every morning, when I came on deck, I found on a table beside the swimming pool an empty coffee cup and an artificial leg wearing a white sock, a tennis shoe, and a blue garter. I could never find a one-legged passenger. I also saw a large cylindrical container marked "Leica" fastened to the floor of one of the lifeboats, indicating, I suppose, that some candid-camera addict among us was prepared for the worst.

Quito, three hundred and fifty miles inland, has its social centre in the Hotel Metropolitano. In its leather armchairs lounge the assorted ministers of war and education, and the owners of the baronial haciendas. Careless, sunburned young lieutenants, who would seem familiar to readers of Richard Harding Davis, clank their ten-pound cavalry sabres up and down the lobby, in and out of the bar.

Isaac J. Aboab, the energetic little proprietor of the Metropolitano, has assembled under his roof a nightmare of potted palms, wicker rocking chairs, and vehement seascapes casting up their purple waves for doomed frigates. On Sunday afternoons, the solid bourgeois families, consisting invariably of a husband and wife and their two marriageable daughters, gather to admire these horrors and drink tea. The girls wear middy blouses and wide-brimmed sailor hats, and pretend languidly to hide their long, black-stockinged legs from the bold glare of the military.

Quito is a city of diplomacy, of tradition, of many churches, and, above everything else, strong family ties.

"Here in Quito," one attaché told me despondently, "we have not to offer the passing loose pleasures of the big city. Either you love your wife or you go to Paris, and just now Paris is very far away, the exchange is so bad."

A young lieutenant was even more gloomy.

"It is terrible, Señor. First you must make love to this girl until your nose bleeds. Second, you must make love not only to her but to her mother, her father, her butler, and her parrot. In the end, always you must marry her."

"Always?"

"Always," he assured me bleakly. "Always."

The old families and the diplomatic circle entertain mostly in their homes. Their dinners are starchy sessions of many courses, which have left their traces in soft, round arms, motherly profiles, and padded wrists and fingers.

A clique of some hundred people forms the café society of Quito. Twice a day they visit the bar of the Metropolitano. On Wednesday evenings, they attend the gala performance at the cinema. You will meet them on Sunday in the arena, watching bullfights that are not even very good butchery. Far into every night, they sit at the tables of the Ermitage, Quito's only night club, where they gossip apathetically and stare at newcomers. The ladies of this circle wear ancient hats, and their costumes would arouse no envy in Kansas.

Lastly, there is a desperate group of young dancing men, *agents provocateurs*, concessionaires, and English remittance men; and Quito, like many another metropolis, has its own outcropping of the *Affaire Mayerling*. Franz Josef's local grandson has at least some superficial claim to authenticity. His accent is correct, he clicks his heels and kisses hands in good Viennese tempo. He is also thick-lipped and unhappy. At one reception, when he came to the buffet to get hors-d'œuvre for the girls on the patio, he lined his arm with plates all the way up to the elbow, stuck a bunch of forks inside his cummerbund, and whisked his napkin under his arm with the technique, if not of a Hapsburg, at least of a grandson of that other old Franz Josef, the one at the Bristol in Vienna.

In one short hour's drive from the centre of Quito, you will find: to the south, a replica of the road from Nice to Monte Carlo; to the west, Africa with bananas, Negroes, monkeys, and malaria; to the north, the Bad Lands of the Dakotas; and to the east, Capuchin and Dominican monks in sandals walking over a carpet of green grass, like that along the Danube between Stift Melk and Linz.

—LUDWIG BEMELMANS

•

TOWN OF THE WEEK CLUB

Sleepy Eye, Minn.
Alternates: Vigor, Va.; Wakemup,

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Music and Tears

EDDIE CANTOR'S "Ali Baba Goes to Town" takes its trimmings from "The Arabian Nights," but it stays close to home all the time. A bright musical to cheer up the electorate at this season of the year, it shows us a Cantor vagrant, wily and airy, who floats off to Bagdad in a dream and persuades the Sultan to give up his throne, or his cushion or pouf, or whatever it is in Bagdad, and run for President. We see a nice election parade with slogans of a noble dignity, like "Every Man a Sultan, Every Home a Harem." Things go wrong with the vagrant at last, and he is in danger of being "berled in erl" until he discovers the word that lifts a magic carpet to the heavens, which word is none other than our old pet, "inflation." Perhaps you can gather from these little items somewhat the general idea. The film is helped by a pervading liveliness, some bright tunes, and Cantor's own particular version of a vagrant, a fancy vagrant who is a movie fan and autograph-seeker. I was also touched by the licence plates on the camels in various desert scenes. Altogether, looking upon the film rather as entertainment than as a political treatise, I am tempted to think it one of the lightest and most absurd of the Cantor series. After all, it's Eddie Cantor who is the hero, and not Walter Lippmann.

On a slighter scale, and with none of the profundities of political and economic thought of "Ali Baba," "Music for Madame" turns out to be a rather comical kickshaw. Nino Martini is also a vagrant in this morsel, but a vagrant with a prize tenor voice and serious Hollywood aspirations. There's a snack of a plot about a theft of some pearls at a Hollywood wedding, which brings in a farcical district attorney, a rôle I thought Grant Mitchell made very funny. Naturally, there are songs, and pleasant enough ones, and the whole thing, casual and unpretentious as it is, is nice diversion after your demi-tasse.

Still in the light mood, for not until we get to the ladies this week does any serious note creep into our lives, we find Brian Aherne in some fancy clothes

MAIDEN FORM Presents

"ALLO" for heavier-than-average breasts..

*"Intimo" (above) gives a smart "dividing line" to busts of average proportions. Made in various lengths—$1.00 to $3.50.

*"Variation" brassieres achieve a more modified "line-of-separation" and use under-breast*stitching for uplift support. Bandeaux or with diaphragm bands—$1 to $2.

Even though youthfully firm, heavier-than-average breasts are especially susceptible to premature "breaking down." "Allo" brassieres were created to safeguard these heavier bosoms and also to give them the well-uplifted, well-separated contours demanded by current fashions. In bandeau style or with three- or six-inch band for control of the diaphragm—$1.00 to $3.50.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · "ONCE-OVERS"

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COPYRIGHT 1937, MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO. INC.

Send for free Foundation Booklet N; Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

HENRI
Finest Food
in the French Manner
Luncheon à la carte . .
Dinner daily from $1.50
and all day on Sunday . .
Famous cocktails from 30¢
40 WEST 46TH
Famous French Candies

PROBLEMS
OF THE SMALL
ADVERTISER
discussed in Booklet C, sent on request.
Albert Frank-Guenther Law, Inc.
The Large Advertising Agency
that Invites Small Accounts
131 Cedar Street New York
Philadelphia Boston Chicago San Francisco

HAMPSHIRE
HOUSE
150 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
New York's Newest
Apartment Hotel
Furnished or unfurnished
suites with full hotel
service — by the year,
season, or day.
Park Views–Terraces
–Duplexes
1 to 7 Rooms
STYLED BY DOROTHY DRAPER
MANAGING DIRECTOR,
ALBERT F MILLER
TELEPHONE: CIRCLE 6-7700
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
MANAGING AGENT
15 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

M
MERCURY 41 ST. E. of B'way
Phone: BRy. 9-3688
New York's Classical Repertory Theatre
OPENS SAT., NOV. 6th
SEATS NOW AT BOX OFFICE
William Shakespeare's
CAESAR
Production by Orson Welles
POPULAR PRICES 55c to $2.20

OPENS MON. EVG. NOV. 1ST Curtain at 8:30 Sharp
The French Theatre of New York
presents
LE THÉÂTRE DES QUATRE SAISONS
(fresh from its triumphs at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées for the Paris Exposition)
IN THE FIRST OF 8 WEEKLY PRESENTATIONS
Labiche's "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon"
at the BARBIZON PLAZA Theatre, 58th St. & 6th Ave. ● Every Evg. Except Sat.
SEATS NOW ON SALE Cir. 7-7000—Ext. 327 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"One of the 6 plays worth seeing." W.-Tel. ● "Gayest Modern Comedy in Town."
THE LADY HAS A HEART
with VINCENT PRICE & ELISSA LANDI
LONGACRE THEATRE, 48th St. W. of B'way Eves. 8:40. Matinées, Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Gilbert Miller provides us with the FIRST PLEASURE OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON"
— WATTS, Herald Tribune
FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS
with Frank Lawton
Guy Middleton
Cyril Raymond
Marcel Vallée
Penelope Dudley Ward
Jacqueline Porel
and Hubert Gregg
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., W. 43. Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40 Evgs. 8:40

"One of the most fascinating plays of the season."—Lockridge, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
THE WOMEN
Comedy Hit by CLARE BOOTHE
CAST OF 40 — ALL WOMEN
Ethel Barrymore Th., W. 47 St. Cl. 6-0390
Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
BEN HECHT'S NEW PLAY
TO QUITO AND BACK
with SYLVIA SIDNEY
LESLIE BANKS
and a distinguished cast
GUILD THEATRE 52nd St. W. of B'way Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30. Evgs. 8:30

Marc Connelly presents
"Having Wonderful Time"
That Comedy by Arthur Kober
Awarded the Dramatists Guild Prize for "The Best Comedy of the Year."
LYCEUM-W. 45 St. Tel. BRY. 9-0546

GUTHRIE McCLINTIC presents
The STAR-WAGON
"The first job of the season worth
A new play by MAXWELL ANDERSON
BURGESS MEREDITH
LILLIAN GISH

rick." The story of this polite sketch is almost as fancy as the eighteenth-century clothes, and seemed to me as spontaneous as an Elsa Maxwell costume party, but there is a neatness and nice good humor which makes it agreeable. It's about the actor, of course, and how the staff of the Théâtre Française once took him for a ride, and how he turned the tables on them. It is a little bit like one of those big, unwieldy practical jokes people work up, but it is brightly enough managed, and the joke isn't on us customers.

ASIDE from "Double Wedding," which has Myrna Loy and William Powell in it, but buries them under such unfortunate silliness that they can't survive it, there is left only that couple of ladies who bring us to the serious side of things. And who should these ladies be but our old friends, Mesdames Bovary and X? And who should be Emma Bovary but Pola Negri? This "Madame Bovary" is German—in fact, very German throughout—and has that sombre, somewhat relentless gloom the German studios endorse these days. Madame Negri's Emma is beautiful, statuesque, and tragic, and worthy, I feel, of more adequate support than she gets.

"Madame X," too, may be a surprise, if you don't read the movie announcements, because Gladys George, whom we knew as the tough, funny actress in "Personal Appearance," is the celebrated wife and mother. Once the film gets well launched and Madame X is an outcast loose in the dives of the western hemisphere and no longer the great lady of Paris society, Miss George manages very well. And in the great trial scene, youthful John Beal bolsters himself up to a suggestion of sincerity and eloquence that actually freshens even the climax of good, familiar "Madame X," which, I assume, we shall have always with us. Elderly types who cry easily will love it, probably, and the less flinty of even the juvenile element may bawl a bit. —JOHN MOSHER

•

ARTIST-WRITER; must be college man, Protestant, at least 40, tall and strong; must be person of integrity, single, without dependants; must love the earth, landscaping, etc., work out of doors part time to pay for room, board and a cottage with fireplace for studio; beautiful lake, gorgeous in Autumn; near Berkshires; we have car, typewriter, water-color, paper and canvas. Y 2452 Times Annex.—*Adv. in the Detroit Times.*

Throw in some tubes of oils and an

3 GEORGE ABBOTT HITS!
ANGEL ISLAND

By BERNIE ANGUS
National Thea. 41ST & 7TH AVE. EVES. 8:45.. MATS. WED. and SAT.
A COMEDY Room Service
By JOHN MURRAY & ALLEN BORETZ
Cort Theatre W. 48TH ST. EVES. 8:45... MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:45

BROTHER RAT
A Comedy
By JOHN MONKS, Jr. & FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE
Hudson Thea. W. 44TH ST.—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
● RODGERS' & HART'S Musical Comedy Hit
Babes in Arms
"A warm-hearted and lively show."—Brooks Atkinson, Times
MAJESTIC THEA., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:40—$1 to $3 Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:40—$1 to $2

"The WISEST and WITTIEST play in town"
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. Presents
10th Month
Yes, My Darling Daughter
By Mark Reed
with Lucile WATSON — Violet HEMING — Nicholas JOY
PLAYHOUSE W. 48. Evgs. 8:45. Mats. Election Day & Sat.

JOHN C. WILSON presents
GEORGE and MARGARET
The London Comedy Success by Gerald Savory
MOROSCO Thea.. W. 45th St. Cl. 6-6230
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS Direct from Dublin
HELD OVER "THE FAR-OFF HILLS"
NEXT PLAY IN REPERTORY
Playboy of the Western World
followed by "IN THE TRAIN" (1st Time)
AMBASSADOR THEA. W. 49th St. Eves. 8:40 MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"AN EVENING OF SHEER DAFFINESS"
WHIPPLE, WORLD-TELEGRAM
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT at 9
"THE FIREMAN'S FLAME
AMERICAN MUSIC HALL
141 EAST 55th ST • PHONE PLAZA 3-8565
RESERVED CHAIRS at TABLES $1.65 & $2.20
DINING AND DANCING in CHEZ FIREHOUSE BAR • BEFORE AND AFTER

JOHN GOLDEN presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in
SUSAN AND GOD
A new Comedy by RACHEL CROTHERS
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St W. of B'way

SAM H. HARRIS PRESENTS
GEO. M. COHAN
in a New Musical Show
I'D RATHER BE RIGHT
BY GEO. S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
MUSIC & LYRICS BY RICHARD RODGERS & LORENZ HART
ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd ST., W. OF B'WAY...
EVES. 8:40 MATS. WED. & SAT. AT 2:40

The PULITZER PRIZE PLAY 1937
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
A COMEDY BY
MOSS HART & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th ST., W. OF B'WAY
EVES. 8:40 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

LOEW'S LEADS IN NEW YORK
LEXINGTON LEX. & 51 St.
ZIEGFELD 54th & 6th
PARADISE IN THE BRONX
72nd ST. 83rd ST.
CALL BRYANT 9-7800 FOR TIMES OF SHOWS
Paul MUNI
Luise RAINER
"GOOD EARTH"
Starting Oct. 28th
at 83rd......1 week
at 72nd......5 days
with "Consul for Crime"
at Lex. & Zieg. 5 Days
at Paradise......1 week

Mr. Paul MUNI in
THE LIFE OF EMILE Zola
MAT. DAILY
Twice Daily 2:40-8:40 p.m.
Buy Seats in Advance
HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
Bway. at 51 St.—Circle 7-5545

BRIAN AHERNE • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
in "THE GREAT GARRICK"
UNITED ARTISTS RIVOLI Broadway at 49th Street
DOORS OPEN 9:30 A. M. • MIDNITE SHOWS

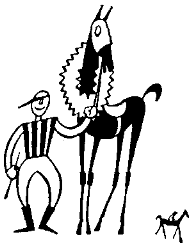
2nd Week!
William POWELL • Myrna LOY
in M-G-M's "DOUBLE WEDDING"
Coming—Garbo and Chas. Boyer in "Conquest"
CAPITOL B'WAY & 51st ST.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
"VICTORIA THE GREAT"
with ANNA NEAGLE
Directed by HERBERT WILCOX
Many scenes in TECHNICOLOR
Gala Stage Revue • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. CO. 5-6535

VILLAGE BREWERY
THE PERFECT RESTAURANT
Surprisingly inexpensive
Positively The Best Food • Delightful Dance Music
Unpretentious Entertainment
SPECIAL SAT. LUNCH DANCE SIXTY CENTS
186 WEST 4TH ST.—WATK. 9-9204

THE RACE TRACK

Shoes and Slips



At one time or another you've certainly noticed men peering at the shoes of horses in the paddock just before a race. Usually, they're either former trainers who have become observers for bookmakers, or clever betting men who want to know how each horse is shod. An animal wearing smooth racing plates will slither all over a muddy track, and shoes with calks will slow him down if the course is fast. Which is one reason a favorite is sometimes beaten.

Wandering around the paddock at Empire City the other rainy afternoon, I learned something about blacksmiths. At the height of the season there are more than thirty on the New York tracks. A third of them are employed all year by the big stables; the others work on their own, setting up their little forges in buildings assigned to them by the racing associations. Practically all the platers, as they prefer to be called, are men past middle age, and the good ones, trainers say, come from Kentucky. They're a clannish lot, and have their own union, a sketchy sort of guild to which they haven't admitted an apprentice in years. They really don't need apprentices, for they're constantly getting recruits from the Grand Circuit, and trotting-horse platers are the best in the country, with the possible exception of Howard Dern, who has shod the Whitney horses for years; Jimmy Boyle, who is in George Odom's stable; and Red O'Connell, who is kept busy shoeing Hirsch Jacobs' string.

The farrier's bill of a big stable runs into a pretty penny in the course of a year. Plating a horse with smooth shoes for everyday work and racing costs $6; if the shoes have calks, which give a better grip on muddy tracks, they're $7; special ones, with bar plates, aluminum pads, and other orthopedic extras, cost from $10 to $25. Shoes must be changed at least once a month. If you run a horse on a muddy track, he really ought to be shod especially for it, and then you've got to change back again.

Racing plates are made by hand. They're swaged out, as the blacksmiths

HORSE
NATIONAL SHOW

Nov. 3 (Wed. Mat.)
thru Nov. 10 (Wed. Eve.)
International Military Jumping Competitions every evening.
Exhibition by "Black Horse Battery", 16th Field Artillery, nightly and Sat. mat.
Jumping Contests matinees & evenings.
SEATS NOW: Garden Box Office. Week Days: Eve., $.55 to $3.85. Mat., $1.10 to $2.20. Sat. Mat., $1.10 to $2.75. Tax inc.
Popular price Gala Show
Sunday Evening, Nov. 7th
$1000 International Military Jumping Sweepstake
Interstate Military & Police teams jumping, etc.
$.55 to $3.30. 6000 Seats $1.10. Box Seats $3.85
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

"A FABULOUS PLAYGROUND, THE EIGHTH WONDER OF BROADWAY"
(Richard Manson, Post)
INTERNATIONAL CASINO 44 to 45 Sts. On Broadway
For Luncheon, Cocktails and Dancing, Dinner, and After the Theatre

CLIFFORD C. FISCHER'S
NEW Folies Bergere
2 Complete Shows 8 & 12
$2.50 MIN. Full Course Dinner. Supper A La Carte. Sats. & Hol. Min. $3. 1st 3 tiers 50c extra
NO COVER CHARGE
LOU BREESE & JOE RINES ORCHESTRAS
French Casino
7th Ave. and 50th St. • Res. COl. 5-7070
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE-RESTAURANT

DON'T BE A "HORSE" ON THE DANCE FLOOR!
Learn to Dance with Ease and Confidence all the smartest steps of the Tango, Waltz, Fox-Trot, Rumba • Class & Private.

Swedish steel that weigh three ounces. Some trainers prefer aluminum shoes, which are almost as durable, but weigh only half as much as steel. They're quite expensive, though, for after you buy them (they cost around $6 a set), the blacksmith will charge nearly as much to put them on as to make an ordinary pair. The change from heavy to light plates frequently makes a surprising difference in the form of a colt, and usually is worth the extra expense.

I once saw a set of plates, invented by a very practical horseman, which were hollow. When the trainer didn't bet on his horse, he filled them with mercury, and the animal merely galumphed along, but when the trainer bet, he took the mercury out, and the horse usually won.

EVEN the old grumblers couldn't find fault with the racing—but I couldn't say as much for the favorites—at Empire City last Saturday. The Ardsley Handicap was first-class, and I wasn't surprised to see Alvin Untermyer's Chaps, who is much better on a muddy track than on a fast one, beat Essjaytee, a 25–1 chance. Frankly, I can't cry over Dauber. I don't think he'll run within pounds of his race in the Nursery Handicap again this year. Thorson had a hard time winning the Yorktown Handicap, but now that it's all over, everyone agrees that he's much better on a heavy track than Esposa is, and that Caballero II should have a rest.

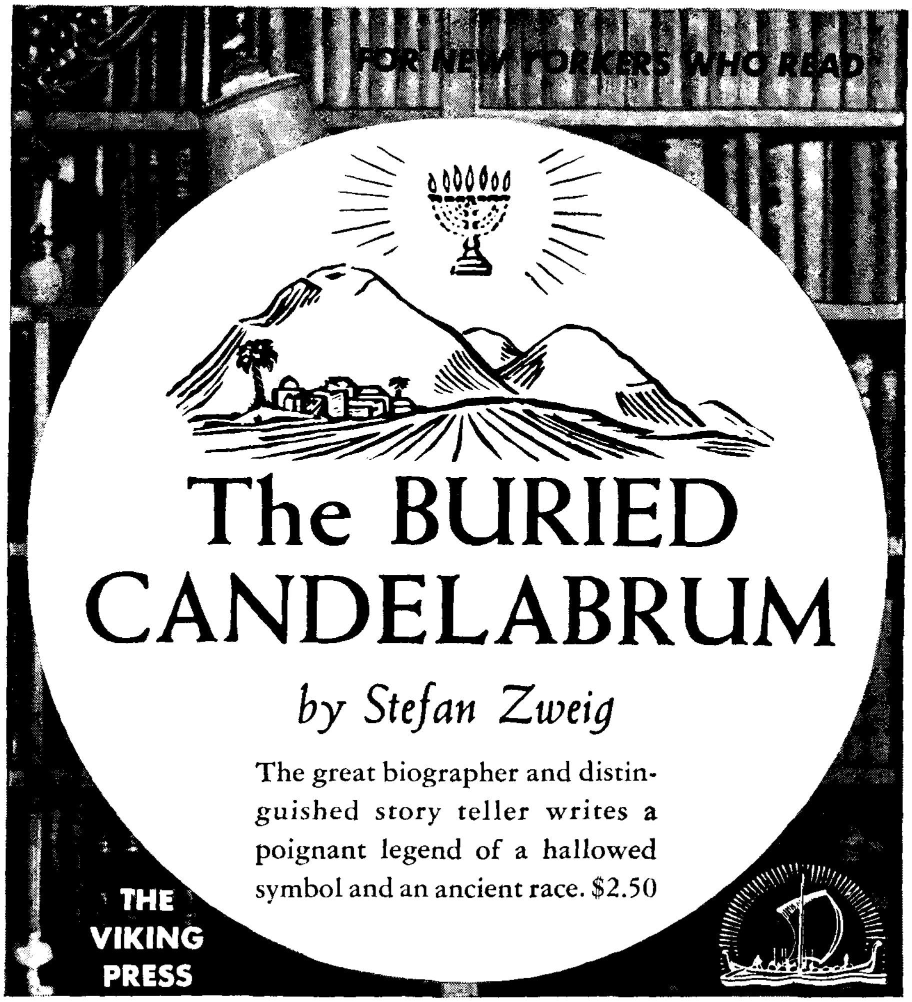
The clubhouse at Empire City has been so crowded, especially on Saturdays, that James Butler is toying with the idea of having a members' enclosure next season. Saratoga also may have one when the new grandstand is built in 1939. It's not exactly a new idea. The clubhouse at Sheepshead Bay was for members only.

THE MORNING LINE: Shiny Sleeves Sam, always the hunch player, wonders if anybody noticed that Deep End beat Milky Punch in the rain last Wednesday. . . . The Hon. George's Saturday double is Tiger for the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, at Louisville, and The Chief for the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Handicap, at Laurel. . . . And Colonel Martingale wonders if morning workouts will get weight off War Admiral. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Saturday Evening Post's index*]

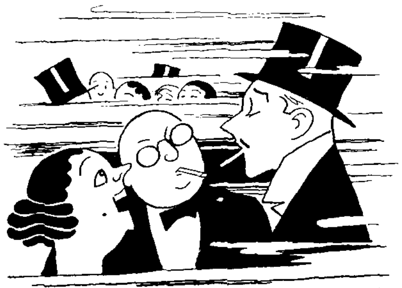

FOR NEW YORKERS WHO READ

The BURIED CANDELABRUM

by Stefan Zweig

The great biographer and distinguished story teller writes a poignant legend of a hallowed symbol and an ancient race. $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS



It tells you

what's good, what's new, what's interesting in the world of the theatre, music, motion pictures, radio, supper clubs—in the whole round of metropolitan life after dark. A lively and interesting, yet thoughtful magazine, richly illustrated.

The price by subscription is $3 a year.

STAGE

LONGMANS

Pity the Tyrant

JUST OUT!

By HANS OTTO STORM

Ask your bookseller. $2.00

Even in the care and feeding of

Babies

—it's all been done before!

DO you know that any modern mother could follow the advice of Dr. Soranus, whose book on bringing up children was the latest thing in Rome, *1800 years ago?* . . . Just one of hundreds of fascinating things you'll have fun reading in Wilfred Funk's

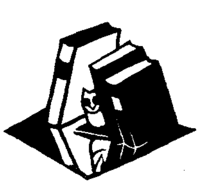
So You Think It's New

"I read it with delight!"—*Boake Carter*

Funk & Wagnalls

BOOKS

Dullish Week



CAROLINE GORDON'S "The Garden of Adonis," her second novel within the year, does not seem to me an excessively good one. Miss Gordon is so conscientious a craftsman that one balks at accusing her of hasty writing, and yet there are passages, pages, and chapters in this new book of such casual composition that they hardly seem the work of the distinguished author of "Penhally" and "None Shall Look Back." This would be a creditable performance for a beginning young writer, but it is a bit disappointing from Miss Gordon.

"The Garden of Adonis" sets out, I think, to be a study of social relationships in the contemporary South. In particular it aims to assay the stresses and strains of the conflict between a hard-pressed plantation owner (of the "old money" sort) and a family of sharecroppers. Unfortunately this relationship is never thoroughly developed. The climax of the book, in which the sharecropper shoots Allard, the plantation owner, is hardly prepared for and strikes the reader as vapid melodrama.

The main thread of the narrative seems to concern itself with the low affairs of an *homme fatal*, Southern style. You have to be a Deep Southerner, I fear, to understand just why the girls break their hearts over Jim. He never comes to life except for a few pages, when he talks about training dogs. Indeed, at this point the book seems to snap to attention and lose its mechanical and aimless aspect. But these pages are hardly enough to redeem the story from being, for the most part, merely a narrative of silly adulteries among unimportant people. No doubt Miss Gordon was out after bigger game than this. Somehow the game has eluded her.

GALLERY-HAUNTERS and antique-shop devotees may extract a special pleasure from Booth Tarkington's amusing

fle, "Rumbin Galleries." Mr. Rumbin himself, with his several chins, unplaceable accent, and expansive willingness to dilate on the tricks of the art business, is too exaggerated to count as a memorable character, but he is a most agreeable cartoon. Mr. Tarkington owns a remarkable ear for odd accents, and he has used it well in setting down Mr. Rumbin's monologues. The Rumbin accent is not Slavic or Teutonic or Jewish, but a weird combination of all of them—a triumph of synthesis. I don't much care about what he says, but I listen to him willingly.

The plot, a negligible confection, deals with the rise of Mr. Rumbin's fortunes and the development of a sickly affair between Georgina Horne, his assistant, and Howard Cattlet, an assistant assistant, who is hired because he owns a cutaway and has a "dumb aristocratic" countenance. The atmosphere of this romance is reinforced by six improbable illustrations which, in their engaging artlessness, bring back the stuffy charm of the early nineteen-hundreds.

The conversation in "Rumbin Galleries" runs to pictures and artists now rather out of fashion—Raeburn, Lawrence, Stuart, Copley, that sort of thing—and it is interesting to listen to Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Rumbin working up enthusiasm for paintings the bright young people wouldn't bother to sniff at. But even if your taste should not jibe with Mr. Rumbin's, you may be diverted by his shoptalk of fakes and forgeries, by the queer scrapes he gets into and out of, and by that extraordinary accent.

CONSCIENTIOUS followers of the daily press may have become aware recently of one Earnest A. Hooton, a highly vocal professor of anthropology at Harvard. As wisecracking schoolmasters are traditionally considered Hot Copy, Professor Hooton's acid remarks about his specialty, the human race, have bagged considerable publicity for him. This Most Popular Professor atmosphere infects but does not dominate "Apes, Men and Morons," a collection of his essays and lectures. I gather that the Professor thinks we have descended more or less literally from the apes and that we are working our way up to the morons. I found myself less interested in these vaticinations of a classroom Jeremiah than in the straight anthropology which Professor Hooton popularizes so deftly. The author is worth listening to on such grave matters as race and nationality, the age of man, and the need for intelligent breeding—by which he does not at all

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

Clifton Fadiman says "You'll have to read it, of course," and Time Magazine calls it "The hardest hitting prose of the century..."

To Have and Have Not

by Ernest Hemingway

Third Big Printing

$2.50

at all bookstores · Scribners

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

REMEMBER!*

A COPY
FOR YOURSELF
AND
A COPY
FOR SOMEONE
WHO LIKES
THE BOOKS
YOU LIKE

Academic Procession

by JAMES REID PARKER

$2.

*(the professors!)

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Avenue, N.Y.

Our large assortment of sets in fine old English bindings

offers a varied choice of authors and range of prices. These beautiful sets are especially suitable for presents.

mean the Union League Club eugenics expounded by Dr. Alexis Carrel.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GARDENER WHO SAW GOD, by Edward James. Mr. James' gardener suffers an emotional upheaval sufficient to make him see, just before dawn, all the beasts and the flowers spread out on the sky like a Blake drawing, with suitable manifestations of heavenly light. This is interesting in itself, but even more interesting are Mr. James' animadversions. These range from observations on surrealism to a satirical discussion of the mores of the British aristocracy for the past thirty years, with a few sideswipes at the lower middle class, and a more tender consideration of the servants to the rich and great. In other words, when he is not talking about his most unusual gardener, whose *avocation* is reading Shakespeare, Mr. James is talking, in a turgid but not unpleasant style, about anything under the sun.

LAUGHTER IN THE WEST, by L. A. G. Strong. Mr. Strong's latest excursion into the supernatural is firmly earthy in tone. The farmers are strong as bulls, the tavern mistress is a thoroughgoing old harridan, the village idiot is tormented by an evil spirit, and the mysterious influence of Dartmoor overshadows them all. If you are partial to the novels of Mr. T. F. Powys, you will like "Laughter in the West."

REHEARSAL IN OVIEDO, by Joseph Peyré, translated from the French by R. H. Torres. The bloody Asturian revolt of 1934, filtered through the experiences of one man. Interesting as an account of what preceded the present war in Spain, but disappointing because M. Peyré has evidently determined to be stark at all costs, and often sacrifices clarity as a result. Not nearly as good as "Glittering Death."

LÄLEEN, AND OTHER STORIES, by Myrtle Johnston. As gruesome a collection of short stories as you are likely to meet this season. The scene and persons are Irish, the subjects include suicide, the drabness of poverty, simple murder, multiple murder, child murder, wife murder, with only a few tenderer themes to lighten the gloom. In spite of a touch of amateurishness in the writing, the

Speak for Yourself

A GUIDE TO CIVILIZED CONVERSATION

by Alan Marshall

You will chuckle over some of the charming, sophisticated anecdotes that are scattered throughout the book, and re-tell them to your friends; suddenly you will realize that Mr. Marshall has told not merely an amusing story, but has used a clever, illuminating bit of ribaldry to denounce an all-too-common flaw in the art of conversation.

At all bookstores, $2.00

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT BORES
THE JOYS OF JAW MUSIC
CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS
THE WORDS FOR WEAR
THE TONGUES OF MEN
SEE?-SICKNESS

HILLMAN-CURL, NEW YORK

Noel Coward SAYS.

"ACT OF GOD

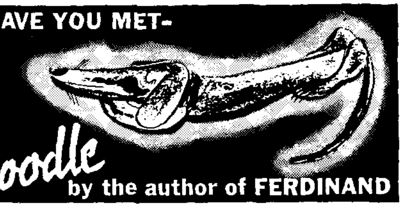
BY F. TENNYSON JESSE

is a fine, beautifully balanced, highly courageous book."

At All Bookstores $2.50

GREYSTONE PRESS • N. Y.

HAVE YOU MET-



Noodle by the author of FERDINAND

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

Fenton. The story of a nice little kid who began with poverty and unhappiness at home, passed through a reform-school education and the deceptive pleasures of easy money, and ended as a killer in the electric chair. Pathetic, but not as tragic as the author probably intended.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES, 1937, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Twenty-eight stories by English, Irish, and Colonial authors. Contains one extraordinary tale—"Womankind," by John Royston Morley.

GENERAL

FORBIDDEN JOURNEY: FROM PEKING TO KASHMIR, by Ella K. Maillart, translated from the French by Thomas McGreevy. Ella Maillart's account of the Sinkiang journey which she took in company with the irrepressible Peter Fleming and which he described in his more picturesque but less solid "News from Tartary." Photographs.

THE SCENE CHANGES, by Sir Basil Thomson. Mainly about Sir Basil's early pre-Scotland Yard career (in the South Seas and as governor of Dartmoor Prison). There are half a dozen interesting chapters about his part in handling the espionage problem during the war. Illustrated.

MIDAS OF THE ROCKIES, by Frank Waters. The story of the eccentric and not especially charming Winfield Scott Stratton, who drew a fortune in gold out of Colorado's soil and was her greatest mining freebooter. Overwritten but interesting. Illustrated.

BRISBANE: A CANDID BIOGRAPHY, by Oliver Carlson. A good study of Hearst's No. 1 boy. Mr. Carlson sees Brisbane as an example of the degeneration of a liberal reformer into a Big Business megaphone. Photographs.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY, selected and edited, with an introduction, by Philip Van Doren Stern. Eleven hundred pages of the Opium Eater, deftly fitted into one volume, together with a sound and helpful introduction.

THE MAN WHO WAS CHESTERTON, compiled and edited by Raymond T. Bond. A welcome anthology of G.K.C., containing eighty essays, five Father Brown stories, some poetry, and selections from his economic and autobiographical writings.

BACKGROUND OF WAR, by the editors of *Fortune*. A reprint of six valu-

DIEU ET MON DROIT
ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

METROPOLITAN OPERA SEASON OPENS
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH

You'll see examples of Weatherill Tailoring at all the important operatic and social events.

Bernard Weatherill INC.

677 Fifth Avenue, New York

Only branch in the U. S. of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., London, Royal Warrant Holders

FRANCIS I (1494-1547) *ruled France from the Chateau de Cognac*

THE ONLY COGNAC BOTTLED AT THE

Chateau de Cognac

True Cognac brandies are produced only in the Cognac district of France. It is significant that of all the distinguished brandies produced in this region only Otard is bottled at the Chateau de Cognac.

Copr. 1937, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

OTARD Cognac BRANDY

84 PROOF

Schenley IMPORT

Washes your sins away!

Household hint! To remove traces of the night before, follow these directions carefully. Open a can of Hormel Onion Soup. Heat it. Eat it. There's something about the rich beef stock, the sliced sautéed onions and the tangy touch of rare old Parmesan cheese that graciously forgives your past sins . . . clears your conscience for a new day. It's an old French custom!

Free! Serve a round of Hormel Onion Soup at our expense. For big, free can, tear out this ad, send it with name and address, before Nov. 6, to Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Dept. B, Austin, Minn. Only one to a family, and don't forget you must clip the ad.

HORMEL
Flavor Sealed
ONION SOUP

HORMEL
French Style
ONION SOUP

EXCLUSIVE
Fall and Winter Sports
COLONY

—in Rip Van Winkle's Mountains

Snow-clad Scandinavia may be inaccessible but ownership of a mountain lodge at Big Indian assures participation in the activities of an exclusive colony in white-hung forests of the nearest real mountains (4,000 feet) to New York. Whether for sports or rest, a few days in this high, stimulating climate proves a pleasure and benefit. The Association's attractive clubhouse is open to a few non-member guests interested in seeing this grand country less than 4 hours from New York. References requested. Inquire of—

Big Indian
Association
25 West 45th Street New York City

able articles which, on the basis of the facts as the editors of *Fortune* see them, weigh the question of the imminence of world conflict.

The Old South: Struggles for Democracy, by William E. Dodd. Scholarly study of the beginnings of Southern colonization, by the American Ambassador to Germany. Illustrated.

Speak for Yourself: A Guide to Civilized Conversation, by Alan Marshall. The subtitle is a bit ambitious, the general tone, however, by no means Carnegie.

Free Speech and Plain Language, by Albert Jay Nock. Incisive essays by an American who writes like an eighteenth-century English gentleman.

America's 60 Families, by Ferdinand Lundberg. An important book, loaded to the gunwale with facts. Claims to answer the questions "Who controls America's great fortunes today?" and "How are these fortunes used?"

Augustus, by John Buchan. A careful study of a great Roman Imperialist, by the Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Buchan himself writes in something like the antique Roman style. Illustrated.

Men, Women and Tenors, by Frances Alda. If the opera, and particularly Met gossip, mean something to you, better look into these flighty, warmhearted reminiscences by a prima donna and the former wife of Gatti-Casazza. Illustrated.

The Romance of Textiles, by Ethel Lewis. The story of design in weaving, from early Egypt down to rayon and Cellophane. Well illustrated, of course.

West Indian Odyssey, by Charles B. Parmer. Brief, illustrated guide to the Caribbean islands.

MYSTERIES

Night Over Mexico, by Todd Downing. Hugh Rennert, marooned with a party of suitably eccentric people, does a neat job of solving a series of murders on a Mexican ranch. That rare kind of mystery which can be safely recommended to almost any sort of reader.

•

"In the past," said Senator Thomas, "I have advocated a cheapening of the dollar to the end that the general price level might be raised. However, I am opposed to inflation in the same degree that I am opposed to inflation."—*The Times.*

How do you stand on the *status quo*,

VOTED
FIRST

by people who have been everywhere

• Home from a popular world cruise, hundreds of tourists, by shipboard ballot, voted South Africa the "most interesting" of all the countries they had visited.

And for good reasons: Here are the beauty and refinements of civilization; picturesque, primitive native life; natural scenery in unspoiled grandeur; closeups of African game in its natural habitat; all kinds of outdoor sports; together with a splendid climate—and comfortable hotels and modern transportation.

Detailed information from all leading tourist and travel agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA
The World's "Most Interesting Travel Land"

Trencher

Dark Eastern Mink
$5000.

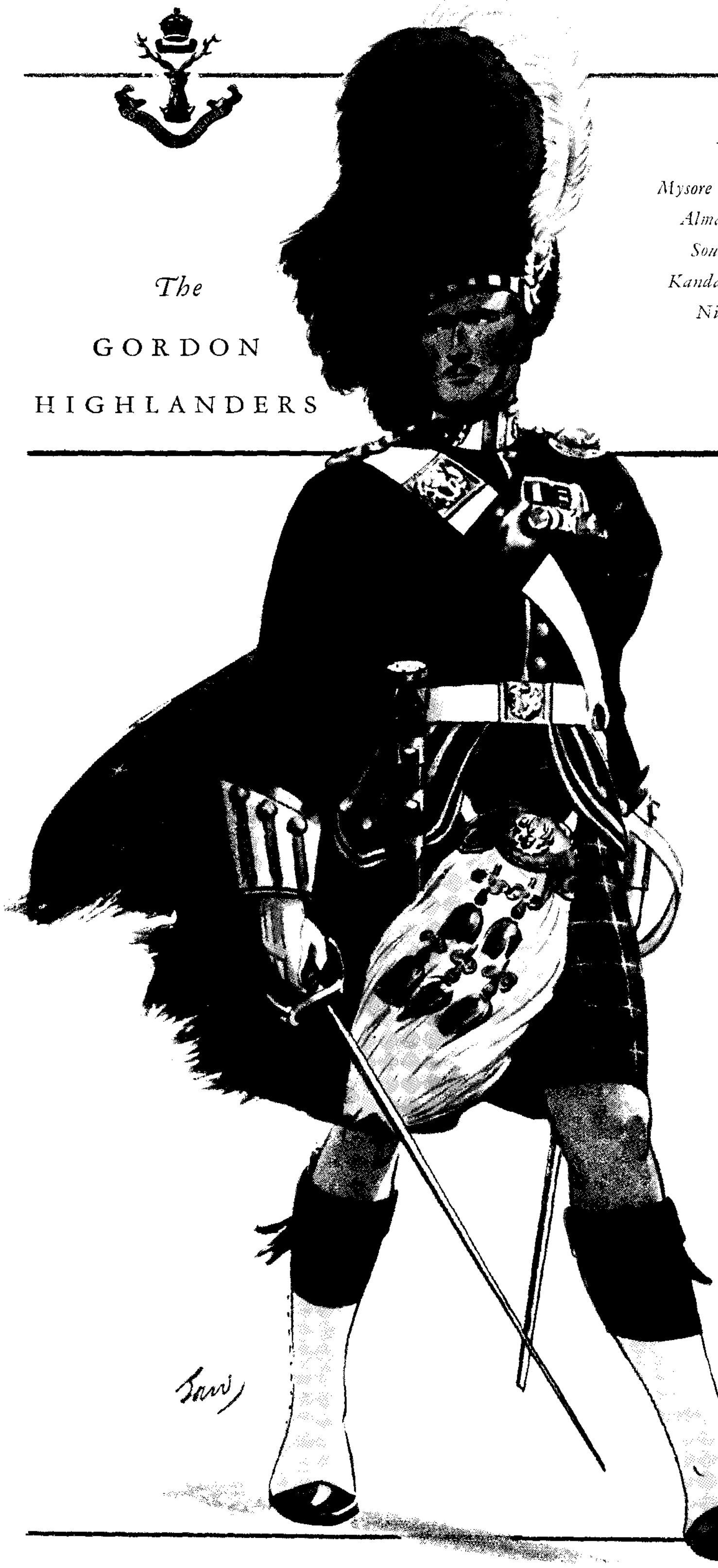
Rarest Natural Wild Mink, Forest-Fresh, individually fashioned by TRENCHER, the Largest Exclusive Furrier in *Old New York.

*277 GRAND ST., NEW YORK

THE MOST TALKED ABOUT SHOW
DINNER $1.25 - $1.75
Featuring
Montmartre Boys
Mary Lane
REVUE 8.45 11.45. 2.15
JOE CAPELLO ORCHESTRA
Jimmy Kelly's *The Montmartre of New York*
181 Sullivan St-AL4-1414

WHEN IN NEW YORK *visit the*
"RIVIERA" OF AMERICA
Ben Marden's
RIVIERA
JUST ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

For Distinguished Service



The

GORDON

HIGHLANDERS

HONOURS OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

Mysore Seringapatam Egmont-op-Zee Mandora Corunna Fuentes d'Onor
Almaraz Vittoria Pyrenees Nive Orthes Peninsula Waterloo
South Africa, 1835 Delhi, 1857 Lucknow Charasiah Kabul, 1879
Kandahar, 1880 Afghanistan, 1878-'80 Tel-el-Kebir Egypt, 1882, 1884
Nile, 1884-'85 Chitral Tirah Defense of Ladysmith Paardeberg
South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Le Cateau Marne, 1914-'18
Ypres, 1914-'15-'17 Loos Somme, 1916-'18 Ancre, 1916
Arras, 1917-'18 Cambrai, 1917-'18 Vittorio Veneto

HONOURS OF DEWAR'S

"White Label"

MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Award of the Queensland International Exhibition, 1897 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

Throughout the Empire and the World, DEWAR'S, "the Gentleman's Scotch," is honoured as a seasoned veteran, an old campaigner with over 60 medals for distinguished service. Command DEWAR'S *White Label*. . . highball of the highlands and be "At Ease."

White Label
8
years old
86.8 PROOF

Ne Plus Ultra
12
years old
86.8 PROOF

AWARDED 30 MEDALS
John Dewar & Sons Ltd Perth
"Ne Plus Ultra"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
Product of Scotland
Twelve Years Old
Specially Selected and Blended by
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth
Scotland
86.8° Proof
Schenley Import Corporation
New York, N.Y.
"White Label"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
Product of Scotland
Eight Years Old
Blended by
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Distillers
86.8° Proof
Perth
Scotland
Schenley Import Corporation
New York, N.Y.

A Schenley IMPORT

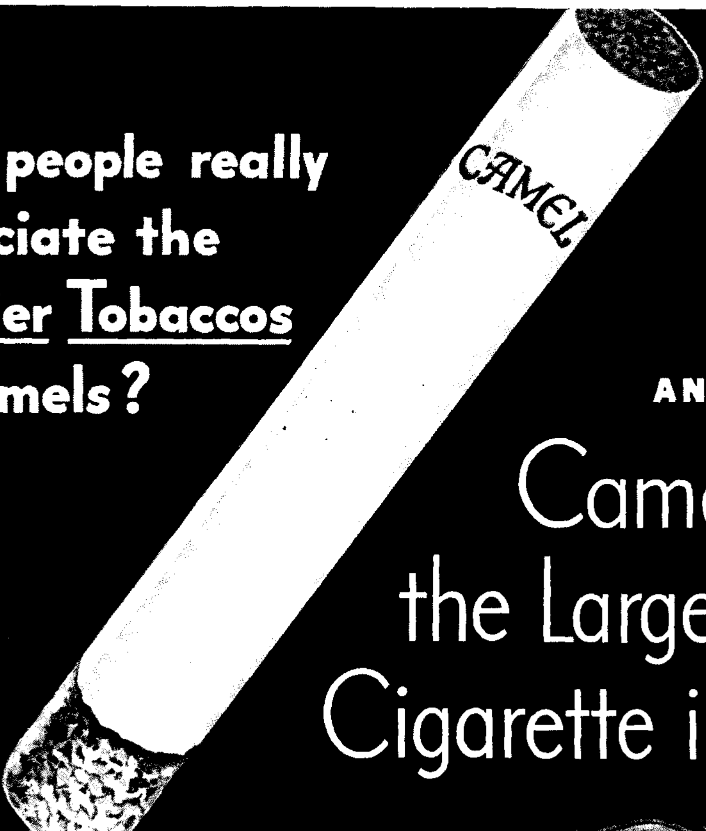
Dewar's "White Label"
(Pronounced Do-ers)

The Medal Scotch of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Copr. 1937, Schenley Import Corp., New York

Can people really appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?



ANSWER:

Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America

Camel pays millions more for finer tobaccos—so smokers may enjoy them with increasing pleasure

CAMELS bring a new thrill to smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, why not try the cigarette which has brought more pleasure to more people than any other? Turn to Camels. Put them to the *severest* test—smoke them *steadily*. For then the true nature of a cigarette is revealed. Find out for yourself how true it is that there's no substitute for *costlier tobaccos*.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, Rosamond Morse (*right*): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."

COL. ROSCOE TURNER (*above*): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"

RALPH GULDAHL, (*above*) Golf Champion: "Camels *are* different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."

TEXAS RANCHER (*above*), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."

SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (*left*): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

THE CAMEL CARAVAN now on the air with a full-hour show!

"Jack Oakie College" and Benny Goodman's "Swing School"! Sixty fast minutes of fun! Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

A MATCHLESS BLEND of finer, More Expensive Tobaccos, Turkish and Domestic